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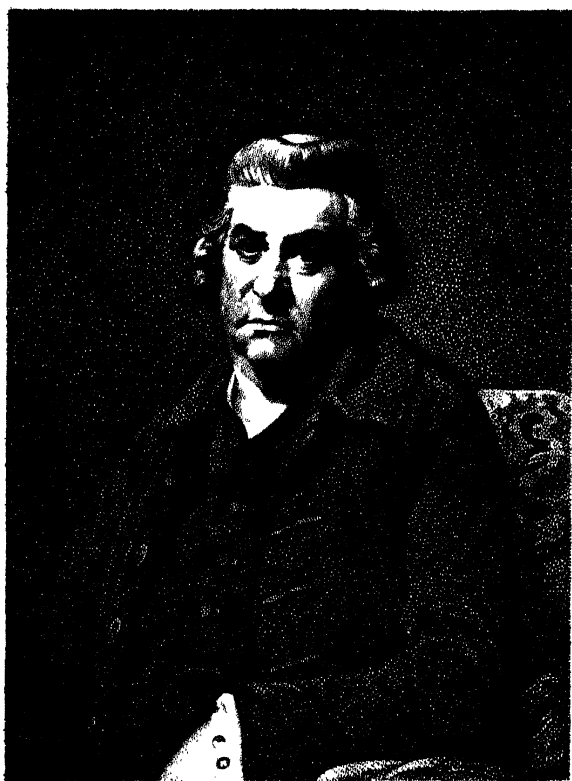












THE REV. THOMAS WARTON.

*Engraved by W<sup>m</sup> Holl from a Picture by  
Sir Joshua Reynolds*

THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF THE LATE

THOMAS WARTON, B. D.

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD;

AND

POET LAUREATE.

FIFTH EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

To which are now added

INSCRIPTIONUM ROMANARUM DELECTUS,

AND

*AN INAUGURAL SPEECH*

As Camden Professor of History, never before published.

TOGETHER WITH

MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS;

AND

NOTES,

CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

---

BY RICHARD MANT, M. A.

FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

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VOL. I.

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## PREFACE.

THE public are here presented with a more complete edition of the poems of the late Laureate, than has yet appeared.

My first object in subjoining notes, was to illustrate his allusions, and to explain some peculiarities in his language; and a field being thus opened to comment, I could not resist the temptation of remarking his imitations, whether accidental or intentional, of other poets, when such imitations occurred to me, and particularly of his favourite Milton, in whose footsteps I have been more studious to trace him. His early and unceasing love of Milton is the reason of my having noticed resemblances, which might otherwise seem impertinently minute. A few of these remarks, suggested by an interleaved copy of Warton's *Poems* of the edition of 1777, which belonged to the late Mr. Headley, and was kindly put into my hands by Mr. Kett of Trinity College, will be

acknowledged in their proper places. Some explanatory notes, which appeared in Warton's own editions, are retained, and marked with his initial. W. A few other suggestions I have received from the Rev. John Warton and two or three other friends. The notes have certainly reached to a much greater extent than was at first designed or apprehended: but I hope they will be found neither altogether irrelevant, nor tediously numerous and prolix.

For the power of republishing the Inscriptions, which are added to the Poems, I am partly indebted to Mr. Kett, who obligingly procured me the use of the only copy I had at that time seen. I have been informed that the late most amiable Mr. Benwell of Trinity College had once intended to republish this little work, with additions, and had got together some materials for the purpose: but in his copy, which, by the kindness of the gentleman now possessed of it, I have examined, there is no intimation or appearance of such a design.

The value of this publication is greatly increased by the addition of Mr. Warton's Inaugural Lecture as Camden Professor of History.

For the communication of this I am indebted to the friendship of Mr. John Warton, to whom my readers will doubtless concur with me in acknowledging the obligation. The same gentleman also favoured me with his uncle's translation of two Odes of Horace, and his Epitaph on Mr. Head, neither of which pieces had before come to my knowledge: as Mrs. Jane Warton, the poet's sister, did with the pleasing little piece, entitled Solitude.

In composing the Memoirs, I have endeavoured to compensate my own want of personal acquaintance with Mr. Warton, by such enquiries as I could make with propriety, and with any prospect of success. To those persons, to whom I applied without success, I am nevertheless indebted for their polite reception of my application. One of these however let me not pass by without a tribute of respect and veneration to his memory. Mr. Langton no longer survives to hear my acknowledgments; but I cannot refrain from adding, that though I failed in the immediate object of my application to him, I have felt both instructed and improved by his conversation.

In some quarters I have been more successful. Mr. Phil. Smyth, of New College, supplied me with two or three curious particulars:—to Mr. Price, of the Bodleian Library, I return my hearty thanks, not only for the zeal which he shewed in giving me such oral intelligence as might be serviceable, but also for favouring me with what he possessed of Mr. Warton's correspondence:—nor must I, in acknowledging the unfolicited communications of Dr. Huntingford, the present Bishop of Gloucester and Warden of Winchester College, omit to mention how much their value was enhanced by the manner in which they were made.

In endeavouring to do honour to my author, I am happy to have formed an acquaintance with some of his relations, whose assistance I mention with peculiar satisfaction. His sister will, I hope, believe me, when I say, that her contributions are doubly valuable as coming from her; and much as I prize Mr. John Warton's communications upon their own account, still more do I esteem them as testimonies of the very friendly regard, which I have experienced under his hospitable roof.

It should ~~be~~ noticed, that, in addition to these private aids, I have derived assistance from the lives of Mr. Warton in Anderson's edition of the British Poets, and in the 15th volume of the Biographical Dictionary: though I have found ~~more~~ than one occasion to correct an error in the former. From the latter, which I have reason to believe was drawn up by a friend of Mr. Warton, I have extracted the account of his Oxford habits and manners.

I am not aware that there are any more acknowledgments for me to make. So ~~that~~ having completed the object of this preface, I now commit it, together with the volumes which are the subject of it, to the public: certainly not careless of public approbation, but conscious that no great share of it can be expected: yet at the same time not without some hope, ~~that~~ what I have done may afford to the general reader, what it has afforded to me, a pleasing and, I trust, innocent relaxation.

R. M.







I wish I could have had the Pleasure  
of a longer Conversation with you at  
Oxford. I wanted to tell with you  
about a work which I have now  
in hand. I am writing the History of  
English Poetry: a plan which I once  
mentioned to you, & you were so  
kind as to encourage me to proceed.  
Gray had once an Intention of this sort,  
but he dropped it; as you may see  
by an advertisement to his Novels ady.  
Trin. Coll. Ox. Jan. 23. 1769. T. Warton.



MEMOIRS  
OF THE  
LIFE AND WRITINGS  
OF  
THOMAS WARTON.



## MEMOIRS, &c.

**T**HOMAS WARTON was descended from an ancient and honourable family of Beverley in Yorkshire : different from the Duke of Whar-ton's, but the same with that of Sir Michael Warton, Bart. of Warton-hall, Lancashire. Antony Warton, who appears to have been the first of the family that settled in Hampshire, was a member of Magdalen College in Oxford, and Rector of Breamore in the New Forest. He had three sons ; of whom it is remarkable, that two were deaf and dumb. Of these one, who had been placed under the care of Mr. Lely, nephew to Sir Peter Lely, and promised to be a good painter, died young ; the other lived to about 60. The third son, Thomas, father of the subject of the present sketch, was born at Godalming, Surrey, in 1687 ; and became fellow of Magdalen College in Oxford, and afterwards Vicar of Basingstoke, Hants, and Cobham, Surrey. He appears to have been in politics a warm Tory ; and is said to be " the " reverend poetical Gentleman " spoken of in the 15th and 16th numbers of Amhurst's

**Terræ Filius.** It is to the credit of his, as it would be to that of any man's character, that he was an intimate friend of Mr. Digby, through whom he was acquainted with Pope; and to the public respect, in which he was held, the University bore testimony by electing him to the office of Poetry-Professor, which he held from 1718 to 1728. He married Elisabeth, daughter of the Rev. Joseph Richardson, Rector of Dunsfold, Surrey; and had by her three children, Joseph, the late head-master of Winchester College; Thomas, the subject of these memoirs; and a daughter, Jane, now living unmarried at Wickham, Hants. He died in 1745; and is buried under the rails of the altar in his Church at Basingstoke, where his sons placed an inscription to his memory. It does not appear that he published any thing himself; but in 1748 a volume of his poems, from which he seems to have been a man of some poetical taste, was published by subscription by his eldest son: at the end of the volume are two pleasing elegies on his death, the one by his daughter, and the other by the editor. <sup>a</sup> He is also said to have been the author of a well-known epigram, occasioned by a regiment of horse being sent to Oxford, by George the Second, at the

<sup>a</sup> This is asserted in the "Biographical Dictionary," edit. London, 1798. article "Warton." I have seen it elsewhere ascribed to Dr. Trapp.

same time that he gave a collection of books to the University of Cambridge.

His son, Thomas, was born at Basingstoke in 1728, and is said to have discovered at a very early age a fondness for study, and a maturity of mental powers, unusual in a boy. As a proof of this, it has been mentioned, that in the excessive cold winter of 1739-40, when he was but eleven years old, he would quit the family fire-side, and retire to his chamber, and there apply himself assiduously to his books, not as a task, but an amusement.

He had commenced his poetical career at a still earlier age; and I shall hope for the indulgence of my readers, if I here insert his first composition, written in a letter to his sister, when he was about nine years old, and by her kindly communicated to me. Dr. Joseph Warton always preserved it as a literary curiosity.

“ Dear Sister,

“ I thank you for your letter; and  
 “ in return, I send you the first production of  
 “ my little Muse, which I wish was now old  
 “ enough to make a song for you to set to  
 “ music; but at present I send you these four  
 “ Verses.



“ On Leander’s swimming over the Hellespont to Hero.

“ Translated by me from the Latin of Martial.

“ When bold Leander fought his distant Fair,

“ (Nor could the sea a braver burthen bear)

“ Thus to the swelling waves he spoke his woe,

“ Drown me on my return,—but spare me, as I go.

“ I agree with you in thinking that Friendship,

“ like Truth, should be without form or orna-

“ ment ; and that both appear best in their

“ dishabille. Let Friendship, therefore, and

“ Truth, Music and Poetry go hand in hand.

“ The above Verses I know are a trifle—but

“ you will make good-natured allowances for

“ my little young Muse ; it will be my utmost

“ ambition to make some verses, that you can

“ set to your harpsichord<sup>b</sup>;—and to shew you

“ upon all occasions

“ how sincerely I am your

“ affectionate Brother,

“ THOMAS WARTON.”

“ *From the School,* }

“ *Nov. 7, 1737.*” }

It is asserted in a late life of Mr. Warton<sup>c</sup>,  
that he was educated at Winchester College :  
and the assertion is made on the authority of a

<sup>b</sup> He was always very fond of Music, which his sister was then learning.

<sup>c</sup> In Anderson’s edition of the “ British Poets,” Edin. 1795. Life of Warton.

passage in his "Description &c. of Winchester," and of his poem, intitled "Mons Catharinæ." But whatever interpretation may be given to the former passage, it is remarkable that, in the poem alluded to, he does not use a single expression, which might lead the reader to suppose that he was educated at the College. And the fact is, that, whatever interest Wykehamists may take in the name of Warton, Winchester College had no share in his education. He was indeed, as might be expected, at all times extremely partial to a school, over which his brother so honourably presided; though he had never been a member of it, but had continued under the care of his father, till he was removed to Oxford.

<sup>d</sup> On the 16th of March, 1743, in his 16th year, he was admitted a Commoner of Trinity College, and soon after was elected a Scholar of that society, to which he continued warmly attached till his death.

It has been stated that he "very early exerted his poetical talents:" and that in 1745

<sup>d</sup> Ego Thomas Warton, Filius Thomæ Warton Clerici, de Basingstoke in Com. Hantoniensis, natus ibidem, annorum circiter 16, amissus sum Communis inferioris Ordinis sub Tutamine Magistri Gearing Die Martii 16, 1743. Extract from the College register.

<sup>e</sup> Anderson's Poets, and Biographical Dictionary.

“ he published Five Pastoral Eclogues, 4to. the  
 “ scenes of which are supposed to lie among  
 “ the shepherds oppressed by the war in Ger-  
 “ many.” These Eclogues afterwards appeared  
 in Pearch’s Continuation of Doddsley’s Collec-  
 tion. But I do not learn that they ever had  
 the name of Warton affixed to them, and can  
 assert on the authority of his sister, that he abso-  
 lutely disclaimed them.

In 1747 he published without his name  
 “ The Pleasures of Melancholy,” which had  
 been written in 1745, his seventeenth year, and  
 shows his early attachment to Milton. This  
 poem was reprinted with material alterations in  
 Doddsley’s Collection.

This was the voluntary effusion of his genius;  
 but he was soon called upon to exert himself  
 on a more public occasion, of which the fol-  
 lowing account is given in the Biographical  
 Dictionary. “ Not long after, in the year 1748,  
 “ he had full scope afforded for the exertion of  
 “ his genius. It is well known that Jacobite  
 “ principles were suspected to prevail in the  
 “ University of Oxford, about the time of the  
 “ rebellion in 1745. Soon after its suppression  
 “ the drunkenness and folly of some young  
 “ men gave offence to the court, in conse-  
 “ quence of which a prosecution was instituted

“ in the court of King’s Bench, and a stigma  
 “ was fixed on the Vice-Chancellor, and some  
 “ other heads of colleges in Oxford. Whilst  
 “ this affair was the general subject of conver-  
 “ sation, Mr. Maſon published his ‘ Ifis, an  
 “ Elegy,’ in which he adverts to the abovementioned  
 “ circumstances. In answer to this poem,  
 “ Mr. Warton, encouraged by Dr. Huddesford,  
 “ the President of his college, published, in  
 “ 1749, ‘ The Triumph of Ifis,’ which excelled  
 “ more in manly expostulation and dignity,  
 “ than the poem that produced it did in neat-  
 “ ness and elegance.”

A poem, written under such circumstances,  
 would naturally be received with its merited  
 approbation and applause. That part of it<sup>f</sup>, in  
 which the character of Dr. King is given, was  
 especially commended : and my friend, Mr.  
 Richards, of Oriel College, has told me what he  
 was informed of by Mr. Prince the bookfeller,  
 that Dr. King came into his shop soon after the  
 publication, and having enquired whether five  
 guineas would be of any service to the young  
 man, who was the author of the poem, desired  
 Prince to give him that sum. The two poems  
 were afterwards published together in *Pearch’s*  
*Collection*, and in the *Union*.

<sup>f</sup> The 109th and following verses.

“ It is remarkable” (says Dr. Anderson, the Editor of the British Poets at Edinburgh) “ that though neither Maſon nor Warton ever “ excelled theſe performances, each of them, as “ by conſent, when he firſt collected his poems “ into a volume, omitted his own party produc- “ tion.” Whence it may appear ſtrange, that this forbearance was not practiſed by Warton in the third edition of his poems, 1779 ; where the Triumph of Iſis was introduced with no notice of the circumſtance, except that there was in that edition one piece more than in the firſt. The occaſion of the addition is connected with another anecdote, which is as follows.

On the anonymous publication of the “ Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers” about the year 1776, it is known that various opinions were entertained, as to who was the author. Mr. Warton being preſent in a large company, where it was the ſubject of converſation, aſcribed it to Maſon. The declaration was at firſt made inadvertently. “ Well,” ſaid he, “ if I “ had been Maſon, I would not have written it.” When his words were taken up, he was ſurpriſed at his having ſo committed himſelf ; but having once delivered, proceeded to ſubſtantiate, his opinion. It was founded on the internal evidence of the poem ; verſification, ſtyle, &c.

“ But, Mr. Warton, style is so uncertain a criterion :—how can you pretend to say that the poem was written by Maſon from its style ?” “ Juſt (he answered) as a hatter would tell you who made that hat.”

The opinion, thus delivered and ſupported, by ſome means came to the knowledge of Maſon ; who, having occaſion to write to Warton about the time, took notice of it in the following letter § :

“ YORK, *April 24, 1777.*

“ SIR,

“ Our good friend the <sup>h</sup> Biſhop of Liſchfield had ſent me your obliging letter to him the poſt before I received yours on the ſame ſubject. I think myſelf much honoured by your attention to this application in behalf of Mr. Plumer,<sup>i</sup> and heartily hope he may be deſerving of the favours you mean to ſhew him. I muſt own to you however, that the Gentleman is a ſtranger to me, and that I was induced to apply to you, by means of the

§ Communicated to me by the Rev. John Warton, of Blandford, Dorſet.

<sup>h</sup> Dr. Hurd.

<sup>i</sup> I believe the Gentleman here mentioned is the celebrated barrifier, who afterwards became fellow of Univerſity College.

“ Bishop, in order to oblige a third person, who  
 “ gave him a high character.

“ I have to thank you also for the very flat-  
 “ tering sentiments which you express of my  
 “ late publication<sup>k</sup>, and also for the most ac-  
 “ ceptable present of that elegant collection  
 “ of poems, with which you have obliged the  
 “ public. I am however sorry to find, that  
 “ ‘The Triumph of Isis’ has not found a place  
 “ near the delicate ‘Complaint of Cherwell,’  
 “ to which it was a proper companion; and I  
 “ fear that a punctilio of politeness to me was  
 “ the occasion of its exclusion. Had I known  
 “ of your intention of making this collection,  
 “ most certainly I should have pleaded for the  
 “ insertion of that poem, which I assure you I  
 “ think greatly excels the Elegy which occa-  
 “ sioned it, both in its poetical imagery, and the  
 “ correct flow of its versification. And if I put  
 “ any value upon my own juvenile production,  
 “ it is because it is written on those old Whig  
 “ principles, which I am as proud of holding  
 “ now that they are *out* of fashion and I am  
 “ turned fifty, as I then was when they were *in*  
 “ fashion, and I was hardly turned twenty. I  
 “ trust, Sir, you are a Tory moderate enough to  
 “ forgive me this wrong.

“ But while I have the pleasure of writing

<sup>k</sup> Perhaps The English Garden.

to you, I feel myself half inclined to add a  
 " short expostulation on another subject. I have  
 " been told that you have pronounced me very  
 " frequently in company to be the author of the  
 " Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, and  
 " I am told too that the Premier himself sus-  
 " pects that I am so upon your authority.  
 " Surely, Sir, mere internal evidence (and you  
 " can possibly have no other) can never be suf-  
 " ficient to ground such a determination upon,  
 " when you consider how many persons in this  
 " rhyming age of ours are possessed of that  
 " knack of Pope's verification, which consti-  
 " tutes one part of the merit of that poem ;  
 " and as to the wit, humour, or satire which it  
 " contains, no parts of my writings could ever  
 " lead you, by their analogy, to form so per-  
 " emptory a judgment. I acquit you however  
 " in this procedure of every, even the slightest  
 " degree of ill nature ; and believe that what  
 " you have said was only to show your critical  
 " acumen. I only mention it that you may be  
 " more cautious of speaking of other persons  
 " in like manner, who may throw such anony-  
 " mous bantlings of their brain into the wide  
 " world. To some of these it might prove an  
 " essential injury ; for though they might deserve  
 " the frown of power (as the author in question  
 " certainly does) yet I am persuaded that your  
 " good nature would be hurt if that frown



“ was either increased or fixed by your ipse  
“ dixit. •

“ To say more on this trivial subject would  
“ betray a solicitude on my part very foreign  
“ from my present feelings or inclination. My  
“ easy and independent circumstances make  
“ such a suspicion sit mighty easy upon me ;  
“ and the Minister, nay the whole Ministry, are  
“ free to think what they please of a man, who  
“ neither aims to solicit, nor wishes to accept,  
“ any favour from them.

“ Believe me to be with the truest esteem,

“ Sir,

“ your much obliged

“ and very faithful servant,

“ W. MASON.

“ P. S. I should be sorry if you thought  
“ this latter part of my letter required any  
“ answer.”

As to the opinion noticed in the latter part of this letter, my readers must form their own conclusion. Possibly they will consider the incident as a proof of Warton's acumen, since it may, not unreasonably, be conjectured, that Mason's declining to deny the charge, together with his affected indifference to it, is a presumptive argument of his inability to deny it. Indeed in one part of the letter he appears to allow that he was the author.

To return, however, to the immediate cause of the introduction of the letter here, the Triumph of Isis was accordingly inserted in the next edition of Warton's poems. But in addition to this instance of candour and manly liberality on the part of Mason, it may be remarked, that his conduct throughout this business was uniform, as he had declared in an advertisement prefixed to the first edition of his poem, that it "never would have appeared in print, had not an interpolated copy of it, published in a country newspaper, scandalously misrepresented the principles of the Author." Nor was this liberality thrown away on Warton, who, in the 3d volume of his "History of English Poetry," has repaid it with a very handsome compliment to his rival<sup>1</sup>.

But though they were never on any but good terms together, there does not appear to have subsisted any intimacy or cordiality between them. Mr. Warton indeed, whose character was singularly marked by an unaffected and natural simplicity, appears not to have thought very favourably of the social qualities of Mason. During one of his walks up Headington-hill, Mason had called on him. He was informed of it upon his return. "Yes, Sir, (said he) I

<sup>1</sup> See page 310.

“ know it. I was on the hill, and am glad I did not see him. The next thing would have been, I should have had a bad ode, or some such thing, addressed to me. Maſon, Sir, is not in my way. He is a *buck-ram* man.”

I will here add by the way one anecdote of Maſon, which is ſomewhat connected with theſe poems, and, I believe, may be relied on as authentic. Several years after he had written his Elegy, he was coming into Oxford on horſeback; and as he paſſed over Magdalen Bridge, (it was then evening) he turned to his friend, and expreſſed his ſatisfaction, that, as it was getting duſk, they ſhould enter the place unnoticed. His friend did not ſeem aware of the advantage. “ What !” rejoined the Poet, “ do not you remember my *Iſis* ?”

At ſeveral times from March to July, 1750, Mr. Warton contributed to “ The Student,” a monthly miſcellany publiſhed in Oxford, “ A Panegyric on Oxford Ale,” “ The Progreſs of Diſcontent,” “ Morning, an Ode,—the Author confined to College,” and a metrical verſion of the 39th Chapter of Job. Theſe contributions were made under different ſignatures, but it does not appear for what reaſon. “ The Progreſs of Diſcontent” had been written in 1746, his eighteenth year, and was founded on

a copy of Latin verses, which he had written as a weekly exercise. The verses were seen and approved by Dr. Huddesford, President of his College, and were paraphrased in English verse at his desire.

The following anecdote will shew that his talents were known and esteemed by his associates also in College. In the Common-room belonging to the Bachelors and Gentleman-Commoners of Trinity College, it was formerly the practice to elect certain annual officers, and amongst others a Poet-laureate, whose duty it was to celebrate in a copy of English verses a lady, likewise annually elected, and distinguished by the title of Lady-Patroness. On an appointed day the members of the room assembled, and the Poet-laureate recited his verses, crowned with a wreath of laurel. Warton was elected to this office for the years 1747, and 1748: his verses, which are still in being in the Common-room, are written in an elegant and flowing style, and have that kind of merit, which doubtless ensured them applause, when they were written, but which would hardly justify their being obtruded on the public. Even the mention of such an incident might be deemed impertinent, were it not that most readers have a natural curiosity to be made ac-

quainted with minute circumstances in the lives of eminent men.

He had of course before this time taken his degree of A. B. On the first of December 1750, he became A. M. In 1751 he succeeded to a fellowship, and <sup>m</sup> “ was thus placed in a “ situation easy and independent, and particu- “ larly congenial with his habits of retirement “ and study.” In this year also he published “ Newmarket, a Satire,” afterwards printed in Pearch, and “ the Oxford Saufrage;” and an Ode for Music, performed at the Theatre in Oxford, July 2d, 1751; likewise reprinted in Pearch. It was in 1751 that he contributed to the Oxford collection of verses on the death of Frederic, Prince of Wales, a copy of Latin hexameters in his own name, and his Elegy in that of John Whetham, fellow-commoner of Trinity College. In 1753 appeared at Edinburgh “ The Union, or select Scots and English “ Poems.” The pieces in this little publication were selected by Mr. Warton: and he contributed to it several pieces of his own, as “ The “ Triumph of Isis,” the “ Ode on the Approach “ of Summer,” the “ Pastoral in the manner of “ Spenser,” and the “ Inscription on a beautiful “ Grotto near the Water.” The Ode and the

<sup>m</sup> Biographical Dictionary.

Pastoral are said to be written by a Gentleman formerly of the University of Aberdeen, for what reason it does not appear, as the poems are undoubtedly Warton's, and he was never out of England: the preface adds of the same person, "that his modesty would not permit his name to be printed;" and that, "from these ingenious essays, the public would be enabled to form some judgment beforehand of a poem, of a nobler and more important nature, which he was then preparing." A profession, of which, if it meant any thing, I cannot explain the meaning. In the third edition of "The Union" there are several other of Mr. Warton's poems, and the Summer Ode is printed with many improvements. In this publication, as well as in "The Student," his contributions appeared under several signatures. "The Triumph of His" was the only one with his name. An innocent species of delusion; of which it may be neither easy nor useful to discover the cause.

It was about the year 1754, as I learn from a memorandum in his own hand-writing, that Mr. Warton drew up from the Bodleian and Savilian Statutes a body of Statutes for the Radcliffe Library, by the desire of his President, Dr. Huddesford, then Vice-Chancellor; which, when finished, he deposited in Dr. Huddesford's

hands. Dr. Radcliffe had a peculiar claim to the services of a Trinity man. He was the only person, not a member of that College, who contributed towards rebuilding the Chapel in 1691.

In the same year he published his "Observations on the Faerie Queene of Spenser," in one volume 8vo. which, after being corrected and enlarged, he republished in two volumes, in 1762. The first edition of the Observations was vehemently attacked, in 1756, in a scurrilous and anonymous pamphlet, intitled "The Observer Observed; or Remarks on a certain curious Tract, intitled Observations on the Faerie Queene of Spenser, by Thomas Warton, A. M. &c." The author of the pamphlet appears to have been some friend and admirer of Mr. Huggins, the not very poetical translator of Ariosto; and he bestows accusations of pedantry, ignorance, and malignity on Warton with no sparing hand. Warton treated the attack, I believe, with silence; and, I doubt not, with contempt.

Indeed whatever might be the opinion enter-

" In 1756, he published a pamphlet, intitled *The Observer Observed*, 8vo. on the publication of Upton's Spenser." Life of Warton, by Anderson. The writer of this sentence had clearly never seen the pamphlet.

tained of his work by a man, whom prejudice or some other cause disqualified from appreciating it justly, he had the satisfaction of receiving from Dr. (then Mr.) Johnson, to whom he had sent a copy, the following merited compliment, in a letter dated July 16, 1754, and preserved in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol. i. p. 233.

“ Sir,

“ It is but an ill return for the book  
 “ with which you were pleased to favour me,  
 “ to have delayed my thanks for it till now. I  
 “ am too apt to be negligent: but I can never  
 “ deliberately shew my disrespect to a man of  
 “ your character: and I now pay you a very  
 “ honest acknowledgment for the advancement  
 “ of the literature of our native country. You  
 “ have shewn to all, who shall hereafter attempt  
 “ the study of our ancient authors, the way to  
 “ success, by directing them to the perusal of  
 “ the books, which these authors had read. Of  
 “ this method, Hughes\*, and men much greater  
 “ than Hughes, seem never to have thought.  
 “ The reason, why the authors, which are yet  
 “ read, of the 16th century are so little under-  
 “ stood, is that they are read alone, and no help  
 “ is borrowed from those who lived with them,  
 “ or before them.”

\* Hughes published an edition of Spenser. W.



It is remarkable that this just commendation of Dr. Johnson's stands upon the very ground, which the anonymous censor above noticed takes for the foundation of one of his charges. And to commendation of this nature Warton has a singular claim; as Mr. Upton appears to have thought, when he followed his track, though it was rather disingenuous in him not to acknowledge the obligation, in his edition of the *Færic Queene*, four years after; and as will be more fully remarked hereafter in speaking of his edition of Milton's juvenile Poems.

I shall only add in this place, that Mr. Warton at a very early period of life seems to have directed his attention to the study of such books. In a copy of Fenton's edition of Milton's *finaller Poems*, which was in his possession in 1745, his 17th year, and abounds in MS. notes and references, he remarks, that Milton has never yet been illustrated by comparison with his predecessors &c. and these very notes and references we find some years after transferred into his *Observations on Spenser*, whence again they were conveyed, much enlarged and improved, and indeed in a great measure new-modelled, into his edition of the *Juvenilia of Milton*.

The Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Huntingford, whose kind communications I shall have several

occasions to mention, has supplied me with an anecdote of Mr. Warton's early years, which he supposes may be connected with this peculiarity in his taste. " Dr. Joseph Warton (he observes) was accustomed to relate a circumstance, which though in itself apparently unimportant, yet, with respect to the writings of Mr. Thomas Warton, was perhaps in its effects of considerable consequence. When they were both boys, their father took them to see Windsor Castle. The several objects presented to their view much engaged the attention, and excited the admiration, of the father and his son Joseph. As they were returning, the father with some concern said to Joseph, ' Thomas goes on, and takes no notice of any thing he has seen.' This remark was never forgotten by his son, who however in mature years made this reflection: ' I believe my brother was more struck with what he saw, and took more notice of every object, than either of us.' And there is good reason to think, that the peculiar fondness for *Castle Imagery*, which our Author on many occasions strongly discovers, may be traced to this incident of his early days. That his imagination should afterwards be turned to the description of scenes, with which in his youth his fancy had been captivated, it is very natural to conceive, if we do but recollect

“ how often the mind takes its complexion and  
 “ bias through life, from a trivial circumstance,  
 “ happening before we arrive at manhood.

“ To the same cause,” adds his Lordship,  
 “ we may perhaps refer that love of SPENSER,  
 “ which our Author every where professes.  
 “ Ideas of CHIVALRY are intimately connected  
 “ with Castle Imagery ; and ‘ The Fairy Queen’  
 “ is a mine inexhaustible in lore of that nature.

“ He seems very early to have been engaged  
 “ in that work : for his ‘ Observations’ on it  
 “ display an abundance of reading in Romantic  
 “ History and Ancient Poetry, the collecting of  
 “ which must have been the result of appli-  
 “ cation for many years previous to publication.  
 “ These ‘ Observations’ first recommended him  
 “ to the esteem of Bishop Warburton; and that  
 “ Prelate continued ever afterwards to interest  
 “ himself for Mr. Warton, expressing his in-  
 “ dignation more than once, that nothing was  
 “ done for him by those who were in power.”

It was in the second edition of his “ Obser-  
 “ vations on the Faerie Queene” that he intro-  
 “ duced his celebrated note on the ecclesiastical  
 “ architecture of England: thereby leading the  
 “ way in a field of enquiry, till that time almost  
 “ entirely neglected, and in which though a good

deal has been since done, much more still remains for the investigation of the curious.

With regard to the origin of the pointed order, it seems to be pretty generally allowed, that though he adopted the notion of no less a man than Sir Christopher Wren, he is wrong in attributing it to the Saracens. With such authority however before him, and at a time when this sort of enquiry was almost new to English literature, it is hardly to be wondered at, that such a mistake, if it be a mistake, was adopted; particularly, as his remarks on the subject were professedly thrown together in haste. Subsequent enquiries in all likelihood induced him to alter his opinion, or furnished him with arguments to substantiate it.

Such enquiries, it is well known, he was constantly prosecuting. Mr. John Warton has informed me, that in their various summer excursions into different parts of the kingdom, his uncle always committed to journals, kept for the purpose, his remarks on the different Saxon and Gothic buildings which he visited; and Mr. Price, of the Bodleian Library, his intimate friend for many years, has told me, that Mr. Warton would frequently talk to him of the excellence of the two chapters on this subject in Bentham's "Ely," adding, that he had much

more to say on it, and that he thought of communicating an History of Ecclesiastical Architecture in England by himself to the Antiquarian Society, of which he had long been a member, without contributing to it any papers. Mr. Price farther says, that amongst other papers; which came into his hands on Warton's death, was one written out fairly for the press, and with directions to the printer, containing a History of Saxon and Gothic Architecture; which he delivered over to Dr. Joseph Warton. Mr. John Warton however, who is in possession of his father's and uncle's papers, has never met with it.

Of this work the Author himself has more than once publicly spoken. In the second Dissertation, prefixed to his "History of English "Poetry," published, as will be hereafter noticed, in 1774, he speaks of alterations introduced into the stile of military and ecclesiastical building in England by the Normans, and in a note refers for further illustration of the point "to a work now preparing for the press, intitled, • Observations Critical and Historical, "on Castles, Churches, Monasteries, and other "Monuments of Antiquity in various parts of "England.' To which will be prefixed the "History of Architecture in England." And again in the third volume, published in 1781,

speaking of the art of painting on glass as practised in England, " But with the careless haste of a lover, I am anticipating what I have to say of it in my History of Gothic Architecture in England."

Mr. John Warton has indeed in his uncle's writing some copy-books, containing " Observations, critical and historical, &c." agreeably to the title above recited. These " Observations" appear to have been put together as opportunities offered in the summer-excursions: they do not seem to make a whole, but give independent accounts of the several buildings visited; and are no farther digested or arranged than according to the alphabetical order of counties and places. These then, when completed, were to have been the body of the work: but the promised preface, containing a general and digested history, it is to be feared, will not be found.

Those, who are best acquainted with the fondness, with which Mr. Warton contemplated this subject, and with that taste and discernment, which he eminently possessed, and of which he has given us so tantalising a specimen in the note on the Faerie Queene, will be most able to appreciate the loss of the literary world in the destruction of this MS. Had he not

completed the work, our regret on that account might have been in some sort extenuated by considering that in all probability his mind was employed in other interesting enquiries; that new light was thereby derived on the History of our Poetry, or that new treasures were added to its store. But the loss of a finished work, by such a man, and on such a subject, can hardly be enough regretted, for it can hardly ever be repaired.

It sometimes happened to Mr. Warton, as I suppose it may happen to most other men of distinguished talents, to project works, without beginning to perform them; and to begin, without completing them. From Boswell's Life of Johnson it appears that Warton in the year 1755 intended a translation of Apollonius Rhodius; and that in the preceding year he had a design of publishing a volume of observations on the best of Spenser's works. I have also been told that he once had thoughts of publishing a translation of Homer; but my informer could not say whether it was to be an original work, or a republication of Pope's with notes: probably a version, in Latin hexameters, of the hymns, one of which is to be found amongst his Latin poems. He had however no great time for such occupations, as he was prevented from proceeding with his observations on Spenser by taking pupils in College.

From the expressions used by Johnson, in his letters to Warton at this time, there is reason to suppose that this work was begun; and we have more cause to regret that he was hindered in this, than in the others, as the acquaintance with the poets &c. of the middle ages, which he had just then displayed in his "Observations on the Faerie Queene of Spenser," might have been well applied to the illustration of the other beautiful, but (it is much to be lamented) neglected works of that delightful poet.

A passage in a letter from Johnson to Warton, dated Dec. 21, 1754, is a striking proof of the ignorance concerning the earlier English poets, which at that time prevailed even amongst English scholars. "There is an old English and Latin book of poems by Barclay, called 'The Ship of Fools,' at the end of which are a number of EGLOGUES; so he writes it from 'Egloga, which are probably the first in our language. If you cannot find the book, I will get Mr. Doddsley to send it you." It is strange that Johnson could imagine Warton to be unacquainted with so common a book as this, if we consider the researches, which his late publication on the Faerie Queene might have shown, that he had been making into early English literature: or that Johnson himself,



who was on the eve of sending his Dictionary into the world, should have been struck with the apparent singularity of the word "Eglogues;" which denomination is given to some complimentary poems addressed to William Browne, author of "Britannia's Pastorals," on the publication of his "Inner Temple Masque," towards the middle of the 17th century. The reference seems to have been made by way of assisting Warton in his "Spenserian design," probably of illustrating the "Shepherd's Calendar."

Had the letters of Mr. Warton, in answer to those of Dr. Johnson above alluded to, been preserved, they might have made us acquainted with some interesting particulars relating to his studies at this time. But it is most probable that they suffered considerable interruption from the employment in which he was then engaged. Still these avocations did not prevent him from exerting himself in the service of his friend, or from filling, with credit to himself and benefit to the public, an office of distinguished honour in the University. In 1757, on the resignation of Mr. Hawkins of Pembroke College, Mr. Warton was elected Professor of Poetry: and having been previously active in procuring for Dr. Johnson the degree of A. M. by diploma, (a distinction which he was desirous of placing

in the title-page of his Dictionary) he now gave farther proof of his respect for Johnson, by procuring subscriptions, and contributing notes, to his edition of Shakspeare. "Your notes upon  
 " my poet (says Johnson in a letter preserved  
 " by Boswell) were very acceptable. I beg  
 " that you will be so kind as to continue your  
 " searches. It will be reputable to my work,  
 " and suitable to your professorship, to have  
 " something of yours in the notes, &c." And in another letter, a few months after, in which he introduces Mr. Baretto to Mr. Warton, he observes, "In recommending another to your  
 " favour, I ought not to omit thanks for the  
 " kindness which you have shown to myself.  
 " Have you any more notes on Shakspeare? I  
 " shall be glad of them."

About the same time Mr. Warton contributed Numbers 33, 93, and 96 to the "Idler." Of the 33d Number, the subject was perhaps not well chosen, and the Journal contained in it has little either to interest or amuse: but the remarks, with which it concludes, on the benefits of academical education, have been <sup>4</sup>quoted with approbation by a living author of eminence,

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Parr's Spital Sermon, p. 137. The passage, which I allude to, is quoted as the production of Dr. Johnson.

and may be considered as worthy both of the mind and pen of Johnson. It is observable that Warton chose to fetch the subject of his journal from Cambridge, instead of supplying himself from his own University with a character, such as may even now be found occasionally in both; but, it is to be presumed, is not common in either. The character in No. 93 is in all likelihood just, as it was not drawn from the Author's imagination, but from an original in real life, a distant relation of his own. The story of Hacho, King of Lapland, in No. 96, which has repeatedly amused the hours of childhood, is calculated to convey an useful lesson of temperance to more advanced age. Mr. Warton himself was an early riser, and regular in his exercise.

From the circumstances mentioned above, and from the particular account transmitted by Warton to Boswell of Johnson's visit to Oxford, it appears that at this time a considerable degree of intimacy subsisted between these two celebrated men. There is some reason to suspect that this friendship was followed by a coldness; of which we may be allowed to conjecture, though it may be impossible to ascertain, the causes. We are told on the authority of a person, who could speak from actual obser-

vation, that “<sup>r</sup> of Johnson, considered as a lexicographer, a philosopher, and an essayist, “ Warton thought highly; but was far from “ entertaining an exalted opinion of him as a “ man of taste, or a classical scholar.” And whatever might be Johnson’s opinion of Warton’s literary pursuits in general, <sup>s</sup>we know that of his poetry he thought and spoke contemptuously. Such a difference of feeling on matters of taste was not adapted to conciliate, if we suppose any cause of rupture to have arisen. Their manners also, and modes of life, were extremely different. Indeed some cause of offence, whether real or imaginary, appears to have been given on both sides. I have been present when it was said on unquestionable authority, that Johnson has been heard to lament, with tears in his eyes, that the Wartons had not called upon him for the last four years: and on authority, no less to be depended on, that Mr. Warton conceived a personal slight to have been put upon him by Johnson; and farther, that Johnson has been known to declare in terms of severity, surely not a little calculated to offend and irritate, that Tom Warton was the only man of genius, whom he knew, without a heart.

<sup>r</sup> Biographical Dictionary; Art. Warton; which I believe to have been written by a friend of Mr. Warton.

See the remarks on his poetry at the end of these Memoirs.

Whatever may have been the primary cause, I am satisfied that something unpleasant must have been experienced, or any unkindness would not have appeared in men of such amiable dispositions as the two “learned brothers.”

It must have been about this time, or somewhat earlier, as the *Connoisseur* was published in 1754, that “Colman and Thornton invited Mr. Warton to engage in a Periodical Publication. He declined being a principal conductor: but he occasionally favoured their work, as he did the *Adventurer* and the *World*, “with gratuitous assistance<sup>t</sup>.” He afterwards wrote the inscription for Bonnel Thornton’s monument in Westminster Abbey<sup>u</sup>.”

About this time also he published two small tracts, without name or date. The first was a “Description of the City, College, and Cathedral of Winchester, &c.” compiled chiefly from authentic and original records, printed at London, 12mo. A surreptitious and imperfect edition of it was soon afterwards printed by W. Greenville, Winchester. The other was “A

<sup>t</sup> On the authority of Dr. Huntingford. I am not able to particularise the papers contributed by Mr. Warton to either of these publications.

<sup>u</sup> A copy of it may be seen in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for December, 1771.

“ Companion to the Guide, and a Guide to the  
 “ Companion, being a complete supplement  
 “ to all the accounts of Oxford hitherto pub-  
 “ lished :” a burlesque of infinite jest and hu-  
 mour on Oxford guides and companions, 12mo.  
 It passed through several editions, and is now,  
 as well as the former publication, extremely  
 scarce.

During the time of Mr. Warton’s holding the  
 Poetry-Professorship, which he did for the usual  
 term of ten years, he exerted himself to fulfil  
 the duties of the office, by a constant recom-  
 mendation of the elegance and simplicity of the  
 classic poets. This was the grand object of the  
 lectures, which he delivered in that capacity be-  
 fore the University; and which are said to have  
 been “ \* remarkable for elegance of diction, and  
 “ justness of observation.” The translations from  
 the Greek Anthologies, which make a part of  
 the last, and the present, edition of his poems,  
 were originally introduced into these lectures :  
 and a specimen of their merit is before the  
 public, under the title “ *De Poesi Bucolica*  
 “ *Græcorum Dissertatio* ;” which was at first  
 delivered as one of the Course, and after-  
 wards enlarged, and prefixed to his edition of  
*Theocritus*.

But whilst he was thus endeavouring to improve the taste of the members of the University, he strove to be of more lasting and general service to her, and to literature at large, by his publications. With this view he published anonymously, in 1758, "*Inscriptionum Romanarum Metricarum Delectus*," 4to. Doddsley: the impression was not numerous, and copies of it have become very scarce. This publication is, as the title imports, a selection of Latin Metrical Inscriptions, principally sepulchral, from Mazochius, Smetius, Gruter, and other voluminous collectors; containing also a few modern epigrams, namely, one by Dr. Jortin, and five by himself, on the model of the antique; with various readings and notes illustrative of customs, which are alluded to in the Inscriptions, but are not generally known. The preface explains his design in the publication, and points out with great elegance and precision the proper constituents of an epigram. An octavo volume, of a nature somewhat similar to this, but more extensive, had been published at Cambridge in the year 1691, by Mr. Fleetwood, Fellow of Queen's College; but in it, as in the large collections above alluded to, the metrical and the prose Inscriptions were mixed together, and the selection was made with little taste or discretion.

This publication was in 1766 followed by one of Greek Inscriptions; being an edition of Cephala's Anthology, from the Clarendon Press. The preface, written by our Author, contains a concise and clear account of this, and of the other Anthology; and proposes a method by which a third might be compiled. This publication, as well as that of the Latin Inscriptions, is without a name; but one or two expressions in the preface identify and ascertain the editor. For in p. xxxiv. he mentions a work, intitled "Inscriptionum &c. Delectus," published by himself; and concludes with a promise of his Theocritus in the following elegant allusion. "Vereor, ut hactenus in plectendis florum corollis  
 "otium nimis longum pertraxerim. Proxime  
 "sequetur, cui nunc omnes operas et vires intendo, Theocritus. Interea, quasi promulsi-  
 "dem convivii, Lectoribus meis elegantias hasc  
 "vetustatis eruditæ propino." P. xxxvi.

In 1770, the promised edition of Theocritus, which had been undertaken in 1758, made its appearance in two volumes, 4to. a publication distinguished for its correctness and splendor; and of which Mr. Toup declares in a letter to the Editor, "You have done great honour to  
 "me, to yourself, and to the University. It is  
 "the best publication that ever came from the  
 "Clarendon Press." Brunck indeed has objected



to it that the Editor did not make enough use of the ample materials in his possession towards correcting and improving the text; and Harles has characterised it as splendid, but at the same time inconvenient and confused.

Mr. Warton had before this time ceased to be Poetry-Professor, having held the office from 1758 to 1768, the usual term of ten years. It was on his election to the office that he had determined on giving an edition of some Greek classic, by the advice of Judge Blackstone, at that time Fellow of All Souls' College, and an ardent promoter of every undertaking likely to do credit to the Clarendon Press, of which he was one of the Delegates. His choice of the particular author was determined partly by the early and unremitted fondness, which in the preface he describes himself to have entertained for Theocritus; and more immediately by the circumstance of many valuable papers, then lately collected from the libraries of Italy, and bequeathed to the Bodleian by the learned J. St. Amand. He professes obligations in the progress of the work to Dr. Wheeler, of Magdalen College, who had been Poetry-Professor, and was then Regius Professor of Divinity;—to Dr. Morres, Vice-Principal of Hertford College, for an unedited life of Theocritus by Joshua Barnes, which, I find by a letter from Dr. Morres, was

procured from a son of Mr. Blackwall, author of the "Sacred Classics," who had once a design of editing Theocritus;—to Dr. Morrell, the lexicographer, for the loan of an index to Theocritus;—to Dr. Farmer, then Fellow, and afterwards Master, of Emanuel College, Cambridge, for some unedited remarks of Barnes, which proved of no service;—to his friend Mr. Price, of the Bodleian, for his very kind attention and services;—and especially to Mr. Toup, for contributing to the work the fruits of his learning, industry, and sagacity. I find that he had likewise some trifling communications with Dr. Sumner, and Dr. Barnard, respectively *Provosts* of King's and Exon Colleges; and with Dr. Musgrave, the editor of Euripides. The book was printed without accents by recommendation of the Delegates of the Press, and particularly, as Dr. Huntingford informed me, of Bishop Lowth, who had a great regard for the Editor. It is dedicated to Lord North, who had himself been formerly a member of Trinity College, and whose son, Mr. North, the late Earl of Guilford, was in 1774 placed there, under the care of Mr. Warton.

By the purchase of a copy of the Theocritus from Mr. Payne, the bookseller, into whose hands the library of our Author came on the

death of his brother, Dr. Joseph Warton, in 1800, I am enabled to lay before my readers the following original letter from Reiske, the editor of the Greek orators, &c. whose edition of Theocritus had appeared just before Warton's, and was noticed in his preface with commendation.

“ WARTONO V. C.

“ S. P. D.

“ J. J. REISKE.

“ Misit ad me nuper Askewius V. C. Theo-  
 “ critum a Te, Vir Doctissime, egregie expoli-  
 “ tum. Non potui facere, quin tibi provin-  
 “ ciam hanc cum laude gestam congratularer,  
 “ et hisce meis ad te testatum facerem literis,  
 “ cum sensu gaudii memorisque animi me le-  
 “ gisse laudes abs te in opusculum meum Theo-  
 “ criticum, per festinationem celsum magis quam  
 “ meditatione atque mora maturatum, collatas.  
 “ Raro a me discedis, aut ubi tamen in alia dis-  
 “ cedis, sedulo cavisti humanitatem ne qua læ-  
 “ deres, dissimillimus hac in re Toupio, homini  
 “ truculento et maledico, cujus literas majoris  
 “ sim facturus, si humanius alios tractare, et ipse  
 “ sibi parcere, suæque famæ consulere melius di-  
 “ dicisset. Injuriis tot et tam atrocibus, quibus  
 “ in me grassatus est, nullis meis provocatus,  
 “ aliud nihil reponam, quam ut meliorem ei  
 “ mentem apprecer. Probra enim jactare, et

“ in alios rerum suarum fatigantes, furiose  
 “ bacchari neque didici, neque juvat, neque  
 “ vacat. Tu vero, mi Wartone, perge hac,  
 “ quam iniisti, via, et bene bonis de literis me-  
 “ reri, et famam meam ad cives tuos tueri, et  
 “ commendatione tua coëptum meum Demio-  
 “ sthenicum secundare. Bene vale. Scripsi Lip-  
 “ sæ d. 22. Octobr. 1770.

“ Viro clarissimo Wartono

“ Editori Theocriti

“ Oxonium.”

The connection between the three last-men-  
 tioned publications of Mr. Warton, and the re-  
 ference which they appear to have had to his  
 office of Poetry-Professor, have prevented me  
 from mentioning two of his works, which in  
 order of time should have been before noticed :  
 I mean the lives of the Founder and the prin-  
 cipal Benefactor of his College. In the year  
 1760 he contributed to the Biographia Britan-  
 nica the life of Sir Thomas Pope; which in 1772  
 he republished, and again in 1780, with very  
 considerable additions and improvements, in one  
 volume, 8vo. and in 1761 he showed the same  
 respect to Dr. Bathurst, by giving to the world  
 his life and literary remains. These works, if  
 they have not served much to increase or extend  
 his reputation as an Author, are at least credit-

able to his feelings as a Man. Communications for the former of these lives were received by him from the Hon. Dr. Brownlow North, then Bishop of Worcester, and now of Winchester; and for the latter from Lord Bathurst, Dr. Cheney, late Dean of Winchester; and Mr. Payne, then Prebendary of Wells. And for assistance in both of them he acknowledges obligations to his learned friend Mr. Wise, Radcliffe's Librarian, and Keeper of the Archives in the University of Oxford.

In 1761 and 1762 he wrote, as Poetry-Professor, his Verses, for the Oxford Collections, on the Death of George II. the Marriage of his present Majesty, and the Birth of the Prince of Wales. To the first of these collections he contributed likewise the Ode, intitled the Complaint of Cherwell, in the name of John Chichester, brother to the Earl of Donegal.

In 1764 was published the "Oxford Sausage, or select poetical pieces written by the most celebrated wits of the University of Oxford," 12mo. Several of the poems, and the humorous preface, were written by Mr. Warton, to whom likewise the conduct of the publication is attributed. The public is also partly indebted to him for an edition of the poems of William Browne (Author of Britannia's Pastorals) in

1772. "The Shepherd's Pipe," consisting of some beautiful eclogues, was become so scarce, that it could not have been reprinted, had not Mr. Warton lent the editor his copy.

On the 7th of December, 1767, he took his degree of B. D. in 1771 was elected a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society, and on the 22d of October in the same year was instituted to the small living of Kiddington in Oxfordshire, on the presentation of George Henry Earl of Litchfield, then Chancellor of the University, for whom he afterwards wrote an epitaph, which may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1778, p. 645.

But the several productions of Mr. Warton, just mentioned, were trifles when compared with that, which he was now employed upon, and which is undoubtedly the greatest and most important of his works. In the year 1774 appeared the first volume of his "History of English Poetry, from the close of the eleventh to the commencement of the eighteenth century; to which are prefixed two Dissertations: 1. On the Origin of romantic Fiction in Europe; 2. On the Introduction of Learning into England." The second volume appeared in 1778, and the third in 1781, to which was prefixed an additional "Dissertation on the Gesta

“Romanorum.” The work was originally designed to have been comprised in three volumes; but the Author did not properly estimate the quantity of the materials, which he had collected, and has accordingly ended his third volume with a “general View and Character of the Poetry of Queen Elizabeth’s age.” The next part of his employment was to have been a particular examination of this, our Augustan age of Poetry; and having, like Æneas, surmounted the difficulties, and escaped from the obscurity, of Tartarus, he was now about to enter on the Elysian Fields.

Devenere locos lætos et amœna vireta  
 Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas:  
 Largior hic campos æther, et lumine vestit  
 Purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.

But notwithstanding the enjoyment of these scenes must have been so congenial to his mind; though in his first edition of Milton’s juvenile poems in 1785 he announces that speedily will be published the fourth and last volume of the History of English Poetry; and though four years had then elapsed since the publication of the third volume, and five years afterwards elapsed between this notice and his death, the work (from what cause it does not appear) was never completed: whether it was that the

long duration of the same employment had in the end occasioned disgust ; or whether his subsequent attention was nearly engrossed by Milton, and thus diverted from the masters to their greater disciple ; or whether he suffered his mind, naturally versatile, to wander at different times in pursuit of the various objects which were presented to it, to the neglect of those which he was following. Certain, however, it is, that the work was never brought to a conclusion, though the completion of it would have entitled him to the receipt of a considerable sum ; and there is reason to believe, that not much was written beyond what is in the possession of the public.

It has been said, and perhaps generally believed by those, who have not had opportunities of gaining correct information on the subject, that a considerable portion of the unfinished work was left by the Author in MS. and that it was the intention of Dr. Warton to complete it. But whatever may have been the intention of Dr. Warton, there is no reason to imagine that he began to carry it into effect ; and as to the MSS. of Mr. Warton, none are to be found to justify the former opinion : a circumstance less remarkable, as it is known by those, who had opportunities of observing it, that long habit had given him great facility in composing,



and that he frequently wrote immediately for the press.

Only eleven sheets of the fourth volume were printed ; and as they were not, I believe, ever published, and are perhaps not generally known to exist, a transcription of the first paragraph, which opens the scheme of that volume, may not be unacceptable to my readers.—“ More  
 “ poetry was written in the single reign of  
 “ Elizabeth, than in the two preceding centuries. The same causes, among others already  
 “ enumerated and explained, which called forth  
 “ genius and imagination, such as the new  
 “ sources of fiction opened by a study of the  
 “ classics, a familiarity with the French, Italian,  
 “ and Spanish writers, the growing elegancies  
 “ of the English language, the diffusion of polished manners, the felicities of long peace and  
 “ public prosperity, and a certain freedom and  
 “ activity of mind, which immediately followed  
 “ the national emancipation from superstition,  
 “ contributed also to produce innumerable  
 “ compositions in poetry. In prosecuting my  
 “ farther examination of the poetical annals of  
 “ this reign, it therefore becomes necessary to  
 “ reduce such a latitude of materials to some  
 “ sort of methodical arrangement. On which  
 “ account I shall class and consider the poets of  
 “ this reign under the general heads or divi-

“ fions of *Satire, Sonnet, Pastoral, and Miscellaneous Poetry*. Spenser will stand alone, without a class, and without a rival.”

Agreeably to the order of this division, of which the plan is judicious, and the execution would doubtless have been most interesting, the volume proceeds with an analysis of Bishop Hall’s *Virgidemiarium*, and of Marston’s *Scourge of Vilanie*, and other Satires, and a comparison between the two authors; and breaks off abruptly in the midst of an account of the other Satirists of the age.

I have been told that the copy-right of this work was sold to Messrs. Bowles for 350l. no enormous sum, when we consider the time and labour necessary for completing it; and such was the confidence of the proprietors in the sale of it, that the impression consisted of 1250 copies.

As some notice of the origin of a work so important to English Literature may here be naturally expected, I do not think it necessary to apologize for laying before the public in one view, what has already been said upon it by different persons, and in detached places. The idea seems to have originated with Pope, who (as his biographer Ruffhead quaintly expresses it) “ once had a purpose to pen a discourse on

“ the rise and progress of English Poetry, as it  
 “ came from the Provincial poets, and had  
 “ classed the English poets, according to their  
 “ several schools and successions, as appears  
 “ from the list underneath.

“ ÆRA I.

		Rymer, 2d part, page 65, 66, 67, 77. Petrarch 78. Catal. of Provençals, (Poets.)
1.	School of Provence.	{ Chaucer's Visions, Romaunt of the Role, Pierce Plowman, Tales from Boccace, Gower.
2.	School of Chaucer.	{ Lydgate, T. Oceleve, Walt. de Mapes, Skelton.
3.	School of Petrarch.	{ E. of Surry, Sir Thomas Wyat, Sir Philip Sidney, G. Gascoyn, Translator of Ariosto's Com.
4.	School of Dante.	{ Mirror of Magistrates, Lord Buckhurst's Induction, Gorbo- duck, Original of good Tragedy, Seneca [his model.]

“ ÆRA II.

		Spenser, Col. Clout, from the school of Ariosto and Petrarch, translated from Tasso.
5.	School of Spenser, and From Italian Sonnets.	{ W. Browne's Pastorals, Phineas Fletcher's Purple Island, Ala- baster, Piscatory Ec. S. Daniel, Sir Walter Raleigh, Milton's Juvenilia. Heath. Habington.

Translators from Italian.	{ Golding, Edm. Fairfax, Harrington.
6. School of Donne.	{ Cowley, Davenant, Michael Drayton, Sir Thomas Overbury, Randolph, Sir John Davis, Sir John Beaumont, Cartwright, Cleveland, Crashaw, Bishop Corbet, Lord Falkland.
	{ Carew, } in matter T. Carey, } G. Sandys, } in versifi- in his Par. } cation of Job, } Fairfax, }
	{ Sir John Mennis, } Originals of Hu- Thomas Baynal, } dibras."
	{ Models to Waller.

It does not appear that Pope ever acted upon the plan he had thus formed; but on being shewn to Gray, it seems to have suggested to him one of a similar kind, but considerably enlarged and modified, of which Mason has given the following account in the 4th volume of his Memoirs.—“<sup>y</sup> The only work,” he observes, “which Mr. Gray meditated upon with a direct view to the press from the beginning, was “a History of English Poetry. He has mentioned this himself in an advertisement pre-

“ fixed to those three fine imitations of Norse  
 “ and Welch Poetry, which he gave the world  
 “ in the last edition of his Poems. But the  
 “ slight manner, in which he there speaks of  
 “ that design, may admit here of some addi-  
 “ tional explanation. Several years ago I was  
 “ indebted to the friendship of the present  
 “ learned Bishop of Gloucester for a curious  
 “ manuscript paper of Mr. Pope, which con-  
 “ tains the first sketch of a plan for a work of  
 “ this kind, and which I have still in my pos-  
 “ session. Mr. Gray was greatly struck with  
 “ the method, which Mr. Pope had traced out  
 “ in this little sketch; and on my proposal of  
 “ engaging with him in compiling such a his-  
 “ tory, he examined the plan more accurately,  
 “ enlarged it considerably, and formed an idea  
 “ for an introduction to it. In this was to be  
 “ ascertained the origin of rhyme, and spec-  
 “ mens not only of the Provençal poetry, (to  
 “ which alone Mr. Pope seemed to have ad-  
 “ verted) but of the Scaldic, British, and Saxon,  
 “ were to have been given; as, from all these  
 “ different sources united, English poetry had  
 “ its original: though it could hardly be called  
 “ by that name till the time of Chaucer, with  
 “ whose school (i. e. the poets who wrote in  
 “ his manner) the history itself was intended  
 “ to commence. The materials, which I col-  
 “ lected for this purpose, are too inconsiderable

“ to be mentioned ; but Mr. Gray, besides ver-  
 “ sifying those Odes that he published, made  
 “ many elaborate disquisitions into the origin of  
 “ rhyme, and that variety of metre, to be found  
 “ in the writings of our ancient poets. He  
 “ also transcribed many parts of the volumi-  
 “ nous Lidgate, from manuscripts which he found  
 “ in the University Library, and those of pri-  
 “ vate Colleges ; remarking, as he went along,  
 “ the several beauties and defects of this imme-  
 “ diate scholar of Chaucer. He however soon  
 “ found that a work of this kind, pursued on  
 “ so very extensive a plan, would become al-  
 “ most endless : and hearing at the same time,  
 “ that Mr. Thomas Warton, Fellow of Trinity  
 “ College, Oxford, (of whose abilities, from his  
 “ ‘ Observations on Spenser,’ we had each of us  
 “ conceived the highest opinion) was engaged  
 “ in a work of the same kind, we by mutual  
 “ consent relinquished our undertaking ; and  
 “ soon after, on that Gentleman’s desiring a  
 “ sight of the plan, Mr. Gray readily sent him  
 “ a copy of it.”

The plan, as drawn out by Pope, has been  
 already given ; that, which was formed on it  
 by Gray, together with the letter to Warton,  
 which accompanied it, is transcribed below  
 from the Gentleman’s Magazine for 1783 : it  
 is there said to be communicated by a Gentle-

man of Oxford ; and there seems no reason to doubt of its genuineness, though there may be to question who it was, that had the power or right to communicate it. The letter &c. are as follows.

“ Sir,

“ Our friend, Dr. Hurd, having long ago desired me in your name to communicate any fragments, or sketches, of a design, I once had, to give a History of English Poetry, you may well think me rude or negligent, when you see me hesitating for so many months, before I comply with your request. And yet, believe me, few of your friends have been better pleased than I, to find this subject, surely neither unentertaining nor unuseful. had fallen into hands so likely to do it justice ; few have felt a higher esteem for your talents, your taste, and industry. In truth, the only cause of my delay has been a sort of diffidence, that would not let me send you any thing so short, so slight, and so imperfect, as the few materials, I had begun to collect, or the observations, I had made on them. A sketch of the division or arrangement of the subject, however, I venture to transcribe ; and would wish to know, whether it corresponds in any thing with your own plan. For I am told your first volume is in the press.

“ INTRODUCTION.

“ On the Poetry of the Galic, or Celtic, na-  
 “ tions as far back as it can be traced.—On that  
 “ of the Goths, its introduction into these islands  
 “ by the Saxons and Danes, and its duration.—  
 “ On the Origin of Rhyme among the Franks,  
 “ the Saxons, and Provençaux. Some account  
 “ of the Latin rhyming Poetry, from its early  
 “ origin down to the fifteenth century.

“ PART I.

“ On the school of Provence, which rose  
 “ about the year 1100, and was soon followed  
 “ by the French and Italians. Their heroic  
 “ Poetry, or Romances in verse, Allegories,  
 “ Fabliaux, Syrvientes, Comedies, Farces, Can-  
 “ zoni, Sonnets, Balades, Madrigals, Sestines, &c.  
 “ Of their imitators the French ; and of the first  
 “ Italian school, commonly called the Sicilian,  
 “ about the year 1200, brought to perfection  
 “ by Dante, Petrarch, Boccace, and others.—  
 “ State of Poetry in England from the Con-  
 “ quest, 1066, or rather from Henry the Se-  
 “ cond’s time, 1154, to the reign of Edward  
 “ the Third, 1327.

“ PART II.

“ On Chaucer, who first introduced the man-  
 “ ner of the Provençaux, improved by the Ita-



“ lians, into our country ; his character and me-  
 “ rits at large : the different kinds in which he  
 “ excelled. Gower, Occleve, Lydgate, Hawes,  
 “ Gawen Douglas, Lyndesay, Bellenden, Dun-  
 “ bar, &c.

“ PART III.

“ Second Italian School, of Ariosto, Tasso.  
 “ &c. an improvement on the first, occasioned  
 “ by the revival of letters, the end of the fif-  
 “ teenth century. The Lyric Poetry of this  
 “ and the former age introduced from Italy  
 “ by Lord Surrey, Sir T. Wyatt, Bryan, Lord  
 “ Vaulx, &c. in the beginning of the sixteenth  
 “ century.

“ PART IV.

“ Spenser, his character : subject of his poem,  
 “ allegoric and romantic, of Provençal inven-  
 “ tion ; but his manner of tracing it, borrowed  
 “ from the second Italian School.—Drayton,  
 “ Fairfax, Phineas Fletcher, Golding, Phaer, &c.  
 “ This school ends in Milton.—A third Italian  
 “ school, full of conceit, begun in Queen Eliza-  
 “ beth’s reign, continued under James and  
 “ Charles the First, by Donne, Crashaw, Cleve-  
 “ land, carried to its height by Cowley, and  
 “ ending perhaps in Sprat.

“ PART V.

“ School of France, introduced after the

“ Restoration—Waller, Dryden, Addison, Prior,  
 “ and Pope—which has continued to our own  
 “ times.

“ You will observe that my idea was in some  
 “ measure taken from a scribbled paper of Pope,  
 “ of which I believe you have a copy. You  
 “ will also see I had excluded Dramatic Poetry  
 “ entirely; which if you have taken in, it will  
 “ at least double the bulk and labour of your  
 “ book. I am, Sir, with great esteem,

“ Your most humble and obedient servant,

“ THOMAS GRAY.

“ PEMROKE-HALL, *April 15, 1770.*”

It is natural enough to enquire what occasioned Warton to reject this method in the formation of his work, and to have recourse to a chronological arrangement. He was aware of, and has met, the enquiry. And as an Author can best explain his own motives; and as, if I were to attempt to explain them, I should perhaps at the most be only saying in a worse way what he himself has said in a better, I shall content myself with transcribing the account, which he has given in the preface to his History. “ A few years ago,” he says, “ Mr. Mason, with  
 “ that liberality, which ever accompanies true  
 “ genius, gave me an authentic copy of Mr.  
 “ Pope’s scheme of an History of English Poetry,

“ in which our Poets were classed under their  
 “ supposed respective schools. The late la-  
 “ mented Mr. Gray had also projected a work  
 “ of this kind, and translated some Runic ode  
 “ for its illustration, now published : but soon  
 “ relinquishing the prosecution of a design,  
 “ which would have detained him from his  
 “ own noble inventions, he most obligingly con-  
 “ descended to favour me with the substance of  
 “ his plan, which I found to be that of Mr.  
 “ Pope, considerably enlarged, extended, and  
 “ improved.

“ It is vanity in me to have mentioned these  
 “ communications. But I am apprehensive my  
 “ vanity will justly be thought much greater  
 “ when it shall appear, that, in giving the His-  
 “ tory of English Poetry, I have rejected the  
 “ ideas of men, who are its most distinguished  
 “ ornaments. To confess the real truth, upon  
 “ examination and experiment, I soon discovered  
 “ their mode of treating my subject, plausible  
 “ as it is and brilliant in theory, to be attended  
 “ with difficulties and inconveniencies, and pre-  
 “ ductive of embarrassment both to the reader  
 “ and the writer. Like other ingenious sys-  
 “ tems, it sacrifices much useful intelligence to  
 “ the observance of arrangement ; and in the  
 “ place of that satisfaction, which results from a  
 “ clearness and a fulness of information, seemed

“ only to substitute the merit of disposition,  
 “ and the praise of contrivance. The constraint,  
 “ imposed by a mechanical attention to this  
 “ distribution, appeared to me to destroy that  
 “ free exertion of research, with which such a  
 “ history ought to be executed, and not easily  
 “ reconcileable with that complication, variety,  
 “ and extent of materials, which it ought to  
 “ comprehend.

“ The method, I have pursued, on one ac-  
 “ count at least, seems preferable to all others.  
 “ My performance, in its present form, exhi-  
 “ bits without transposition the gradual improve-  
 “ ments of our poetry, at the same time that it  
 “ uniformly represents the progression of our  
 “ language.”

These reasons for the preference, which War-  
 ton has given to his own method, will probably  
 appear conclusive. The practice of reducing the  
 several painters under their respective schools  
 may have inclined Pope, who is well known to  
 have been fond and studious of the art of painting,  
 to introduce a similar method in examining the  
 sister art of poetry; and a like propensity may  
 have influenced Gray and Mason, when they  
 adopted and improved on this method. Pro-  
 bably it is more speciesious, and more gratifying

to the fancy; but the merit of it should be estimated by its practicability, of which experiment is the surest, and, it may be, the only, criterion. Warton assures us he made the experiment, and was thereby deterred from proceeding in it: Pope himself, the original projector, does not appear to have attempted to embody his plan: Gray, as we have already seen, found "that a work of the kind in question, "pursued on so very extensive a plan, would "become almost endless:" and Maſon may be considered as having given a tacit approbation, at least he forbore to object, to the chronological arrangement of Warton'.

If it should appear that this account of circumstances, connected with "the History of English Poetry," has been drawn to an unexpected length, I shall shelter myself under a plea not only of the importance of the subject itself, but also of the satisfaction derived from the contemplation of such distinguished men, liberally communicating their thoughts in order to promote the general interests of literature; and free from the feelings of envy and ill-natured rivalry, to which little minds are subject,

¶ \* See the note annexed to the passage quoted above from the 4th volume of his Memoirs.

conspiring to promote, and participating in the satisfaction consequent on, the well-earned reputation of each other.

But the treatment, which Mr. Warton met with in return for his historical labours, was not always of this mild and gentle complexion. The publication of the work raised him up an antagonist in the anonymous writer of "Observations on the three first Volumes of the History of English Poetry, in a familiar Letter to the Author." A writer, of whom it is no harsh judgment to pronounce, that the acuteness of his mind is greater than its elegance; and that, whatever other obligations he may be under to his learning, he certainly is not indebted to it for any peculiar softness of manner. I would not willingly speak of any man otherwise than with temper; but I feel it incumbent on me to mention this tract, and impossible to mention it but with severity. With respect to the specific accusations urged in this anonymous attack, some of the inaccuracies and errors pointed out had been before noticed and corrected by the historian himself; <sup>a</sup> some of

<sup>a</sup> See the Gentleman's Magazine for 1782 and 1783, in which are several letters in vindication of Mr. Warton. Those signed A. S. are from the elegant pen of Mr. Russell, fellow of New College, the author of some Sonnets and very beautiful pieces of miscellaneous poetry, published after his death.

the charges have been shown to be groundless, and some at least of a questionable nature; and all of them, without an exception, are obtruded on public notice with such asperity of language, with such hardness of assertion, and in such a spirit of exaggeration and (it should seem) of personal acrimony, as no one who has not read them will readily conceive.

In the mean time, with respect to many of the charges, as I am not prepared to prove them to be false, I do not hesitate to suppose, and to allow, them to be true. Nor do I think that hereby much is detracted from the merit of the historian: for in a work of such a nature as to require the exertions of a mind possessed of the united powers of research, comprehension, selection, combination, and arrangement, warmed by a lively taste, and chastised by a correct judgment, to make it tolerably perfect, a man of common sense will expect to meet with errors, which a man of common ingenuousness will forbear to condemn with harshness. And if, after the deduction of those charges which cannot be substantiated, and a decent qualification of those which can, the remainder shall be neither very numerous nor very material, then may it, on the other hand, be not unfairly argued, that the very adduction of these errors from a work of such magnitude and difficulty,

as the one in question, is to a certain extent a testimony in its favour ; as it may thence be presumed, that not many others of much importance exist in it, or they would not have escaped the notice of an observer, so diligent in discovering imperfections, and so eager in exposing them. For as to the *general* charges, contained in the attack, little credit can be due to blind and unsupported accusations ; to insinuations of a power to expose, when it is, from the whole tenor of the pamphlet, pretty evident, that, if the power existed, the will would not be wanting. From the unqualified and scurrilous language of abuse, which this anonymous writer employs, I am at little pains to attempt to defend the historian, for they serve to reflect disgrace on him alone, who can employ them ; still less have I to do, on this occasion, with his indecent sneers at religion, utterly irrelevant, as they are, to the subject before him : nor should I notice his charges of book-making, of wilful falsehood and misrepresentation, of pilfering, of dishonesty, of swindling, and the like, charges on the moral character of the historian, uttered without restraint, and supported by no foundation, but to mark them with my abhorrence and contempt.

An intimate friend of Mr. Warton has informed me, that he neither allowed the justness,



nor felt, though he might lament, the keenness of the censure: and it should seem that the critic did not long exult in his fancied triumph; for in a subsequent publication<sup>b</sup>, he condescends somewhat to soften the asperity, and temper the virulence, of his invective; where, instead of lavishing on the historian the terms of "childish ignorance," and others of a kindred stamp, in which his vocabulary seems to abound, he ascribes to him the possession of "great and splendid abilities;" and, though he still pronounces the History to be pervaded by "general inaccuracy," seems to consider it superior to his proposed "poetical Annals of the British Nursery;" by styling it "an interesting and important work."

Having said so much of the history of this work, and the circumstances connected with it, I will here only add, on the suggestion of a friend, that it was perhaps modelled on a similar work in Italian, entitled *L'Istoria della volgare Poesia scritta da Gio. Mario Crescimbeni*. In Venezia 1731.

In 1777 Mr. Warton published an octavo volume of poems, consisting principally of un-

<sup>b</sup> See the preface to Minot's Poems. I heartily beg pardon of the Author of this preface, if I am wrong in identifying him with the Author of the "Observations."





JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

published pieces, whilst several of those, which he had before published, were omitted. Amongst the latter were the Triumph of Isis, the Pleasures of Melancholy, the Ode on the Approach of Summer, Newmarket, and others. A second edition soon followed; a third in 1779, when the Triumph of Isis was added, as noticed in a former page: and a fourth in 1789, containing, besides the other poems, the Verses to Sir Joshua Reynolds. His reason for omitting the others does not appear; for so far would they have been from disgracing the collection, that the Summer-Ode may be pronounced one of his best productions in point of poetical imagery, as may Newmarket, in point of satirical humour.

Mr. Warton resided for the most part in Oxford during term, and passed his vacations in making excursions over the country, or in visiting his brother, Dr. Joseph Warton, at Winchester; between whom and himself there always subsisted the most cordial affection. "Proofs of this love and mutual respect for each other's abilities," says the Bishop of Gloucester, who had numerous opportunities of witnessing it in their personal intercourse also, "are evident in their several works. Our Author's Ode, which begins 'Ah! mourn thou lov'd retreat,' and the first Sonnet, were written on Dr. Joseph

“ Warton’s leaving Winslade, the place in  
 “ which he translated the Eclogues and Geor-  
 “ gics of Virgil.

“ When Dr. Warton removed from Win-  
 “ slade to Winchester College, it was the cus-  
 “ tom of Mr. Warton constantly to spend his  
 “ long vacation at Winchester with his brother.  
 “ To this circumstance we owe that admirable  
 “ specimen of firm, clear, and pure Hexameter  
 “ composition, the *Mons Catharinæ*, and the  
 “ Sonnet on King Arthur’s round table. At  
 “ Winchester also was written the Ode on the  
 “ First of April, which, soon after its produc-  
 “ tion, was recited in the School of Winchester  
 “ College. The beautiful *Hendecasyllaba*, in-  
 “ titled ‘*Apud Hortum jucundissimum Winto-*  
 “ *niæ*,’ paint the scenery of a garden formed,  
 “ and in the summer frequented, by his brother.  
 “ The site of it is between two arms of the  
 “ river, which runs under the walls of the Col-  
 “ lege; and it looks immediately on that mea-  
 “ dow, where once stood a College dedicated to  
 “ St. Elifabeth. Had our Author lived longer,  
 “ it is probable he would have printed, what he  
 “ had prepared for the press, a History of St.  
 “ Elifabeth’s College. This work would have  
 “ been highly acceptable, and a fit addition to  
 “ his ‘*History of Winchester*,’ which he pub-  
 “ lished at a former period.

“ During his residence at Winchester, he  
 “ wrote the greater part of his History of En-  
 “ glish Poetry. On examining that laborious  
 “ and ingenious work, we find our Author  
 “ deriving considerable advantage from those  
 “ sources of information, to which, in conse-  
 “ quence of his connexion with the College,  
 “ Church, and City of Winchester, through  
 “ means of his brother, he could have easy ac-  
 “ cess. Hence it is that, sometimes to illustrate  
 “ remarks, and sometimes to confirm instances  
 “ relating to the ancient usages and institutions  
 “ of our country, he often cites the records  
 “ preserved in that place, which was once the  
 “ seat of Royalty and Monastic celebrity.

“ In prosecuting his History, our Author,  
 “ like every other writer of superior abilities,  
 “ was glad to avail himself of remarks from a  
 “ critic equally eminent with himself: he there-  
 “ fore submitted the greater part of his papers  
 “ to the inspection of Dr. Warton, and received  
 “ from him occasional hints. The concluding  
 “ page of the first volume was written by Dr.  
 “ Warton.”

Another work of Mr. Warton connected with  
 Winchester is mentioned by Dr. Sturges in his  
 letter to Mr. Milner. “ Mr. Thomas Warton,”  
 he remarks, “ has left an elaborate and very

“ curious work on St. Mary’s Chapel in the  
 “ Cathedral, quite prepared for the press; which  
 “ I have seen by favour of my friend Dr. War-  
 “ ton.” In short, his mind appears to have been  
 always active, and prepared to take advantage of  
 whatever presented itself.

It was during one of these visits to his brother in 1778, that his Majesty honoured the College with his presence, and was received with a Latin speech from Mr. Chamberlayne, son of William Chamberlayne, Esq. Solicitor of the Treasury, the senior scholar on the foundation, and afterwards fellow of New College; and with a copy of English verses by the Earl of Shaftesbury, one of Dr. Warton’s commoners. The Latin speech, which is written with great elegance and terseness, was composed by Mr. Warton<sup>c</sup>, and is accordingly here introduced.

“ Regum antiquorum, Rex augustissime, morem  
 “ revocas, qui literatorum fodalitiis interesse,  
 “ oculisque et aspectu doctrinarum studia com-  
 “ probare non indignum putabant amplitudine  
 “ suâ. Et profecto complures regios hospites,  
 “ Henricos, Edvardos, Carolos, olim excepit ve-  
 “ tus hoc inclytumque Musarum domicilium;  
 “ nullum, qui bonas literas te, Pater illustrissi-  
 “ me, vel magis amaverit, vel auxerit, vel orna-

<sup>c</sup> Asserted on the authority of his nephew, the Rev. John Warton.

‘ verit. Quin et animum tuum propensamque  
 ‘ in literas voluntatem vel hoc abundè testari  
 ‘ possit, quod vicina castra tot tantisque pro-  
 ‘ cerum Britannicorum pro patria militantium  
 ‘ præsidiis instructissima, bellicis spectaculis te  
 ‘ non penitus occupatum tenuere, quo minus  
 ‘ et togatam juventutem respiceres, et ex armo-  
 ‘ rum strepitu remissionem quandam literati  
 ‘ hujus otii captares. Ut diu vivas et valeas,  
 ‘ in utriusque Minervæ perennem gloriam, tibi  
 ‘ fausta et felicia comprecantur omnia vovent-  
 ‘ que Wiccamici tui.”

Mr. Price of the Bodleian Library, who lived  
 for many years with Mr. Warton in habits of  
 familiar friendship, has kindly put into my hands  
 a collection of letters received from him at dif-  
 ferent times of his absence from Oxford. From  
 these he appears to have been an indolent and  
 hasty correspondent, as they seldom contain  
 more than a mention of the business on which  
 they were written. Occasionally however they  
 give scattered notices of his literary engagements,  
 and on that account I am induced to transcribe  
 the following extracts in the order of their dates,  
 as likewise because they will be found to give  
 some idea of his general character, and particu-  
 larly of the easy and unaffected good humour, by  
 which his friends know him to have been dis-  
 tinguished. At least, if they do not abound in



information or interest, they are altogether free from disguise or artifice, and exhibit the writer, as he was. The earliest of them is dated 1774, which is about the time when the first volume of his History was published. It begins as follows.

“ Dear Price,

“ I suppose you to be in the land of the  
 “ living ; and after your Devonshire peregrina-  
 “ tions to be returned to Jesus College, or at  
 “ least the neighbourhood of North-Leigh. I  
 “ have the pleasure to tell you that great part  
 “ of the second volume of my History is ready  
 “ for press. I see by the papers old Sandford is  
 “ dead, and I imagine by this time it is known  
 “ to *which* library he has left his books and  
 “ coins. A noble legacy somewhere ! You cer-  
 “ tainly know Mr. North is coming to me at  
 “ Trinity College. I will tell you all the par-  
 “ ticulars of that affair when we meet ; which  
 “ I think will be in about a fortnight. I have se-  
 “ veral things to look at in the B. Library, which  
 “ I hope I can do, though it is shut for the Visi-  
 “ tation, as you are always so good as to admit  
 “ me *behind the scenes*. I have a variety of things  
 “ in the literary way to talk to you about.

“ I am, dear Price,

“ Yours most sincerely,

“ T. WARTON.

“ WINTON, Sept. 30, 1774.

“ P. S. Pray write. My brother sends compliments.”

Mr. North, as I mentioned before, and as is intimated in this letter, was now sent to Trinity College, and put under the care of Mr. Warton, who, in compliance with the wish of Lord North, immediately relinquished his other pupils.

“ Dear Price,

“ I have long wished to hear from you, though I hope to see you so soon as the 15th of next month. Then for sheep’s heart or griskin as soon as you please at Ensham. I give you much joy that your friend Sheffield is appointed Provost of Worcester. I think he will make a very good one. Who is to be Head of Brasenose? I hope for Cleaver, but I hear he is *not qualified to start* on account of his foundation. \* \* \* I see a ballad on Lord Ab——n’s republican pamphlet, which I am sure is written by Dr. Cooper of Queen’s. I have a correspondence on foot with Pennant about some old Plays acted at Chester, and I think I have amply atoned for keeping the thin folio manuscript so long. My second volume goes on swimmingly. I have already written almost the whole; but I intend a third volume, of which more when we meet.

“ I am going to dine and drink Champagne  
 “ to-day with Hans Stanley, which I fear will  
 “ *throw me out* a little. Observe my many  
 “ sporting phrases, though I have not been at  
 “ one race this vacation. What beautiful  
 “ weather for Wilcott! Pray write soon. I  
 “ think this letter will find you at Oxford:  
 “ therefore if I do not hear from you soon, I  
 “ shall conclude you are rambling in search of  
 “ plants and epitaphs.

“ I am,

“ Dear Price,

“ Very sincerely yours,

“ T. WARTON.

“ WINTON. Sept. 16, 1777.”

The following contains an account of one of  
 his antiquarian researches, which has never yet  
 been publicly noticed; it is dated from Winton.  
 Sept. 22, 1778. “ \* \* \* My travels since I  
 “ left you have been on so large a scale, that I  
 “ must not attempt a detail of them in the  
 “ narrow compass of the present half sheet. I  
 “ fear it will be all in vain to invite you to see  
 “ the camp, where the South-Gloucester, head-  
 “ ed by Lord Berkley, is one of the most fa-  
 “ mous regiments in the line. I have often  
 “ dined with his Lordship, and like him so well  
 “ that I wish for a coalition of parties. Here is  
 “ nothing but explosion and smoke; you would

“ think we lived in a land of volcanocs. I hope  
 “ the gout will permit me to have a few gallops  
 “ with the Duke of Beaufort’s dogs at my re-  
 “ turn to Oxford. I don’t mean that I have  
 “ any presentiments of it. I have borrowed from  
 “ the muniment house of this college a most  
 “ curious roll of W. Wykeham’s house-keeping  
 “ expences for the year 1394. It is 100 feet  
 “ long and 12 broad, and really the most ve-  
 “ nerable and valuable record I have ever seen  
 “ of the kind. I am making an abstract of it,  
 “ which I believe I shall publish. But you  
 “ shall see what I have done. \* \* \*”

William of Wykeham’s roll is again noticed in  
 a letter from Winchester, dated Sept. 18, 1784.  
 “ I write to you, I think according to annual cus-  
 “ tom in long vacations, to ask how you go on,  
 “ and whether old Oxford is still in being. \* \*  
 “ I think I shall see you in about five weeks ; but  
 “ I should not wish to return till we have a bit  
 “ of a common room. This place is dull enough  
 “ without drumming and fifeing, but I am little  
 “ at it. \* \* \* I will bring with me Wyke-  
 “ ham’s *Rotulus Hospicii*, which you will like to  
 “ see, and where some of the abbreviations are  
 “ too tough for me. I am ready for publica-  
 “ tion, when they are got over. But else I  
 “ shall leave them as I find them. It will be  
 “ more than a *merely curious* work.”

From Winchester, August 18, 1780, he begins a letter, "After a long camping tour, "I am sitting down again to my book in "good earnest;" and desires Mr. Price to send him some transcripts "of passages relating to "our old English poets, satirists chiefly;" which should seem to look to the fourth volume of his History, in which, as before noticed, he commences with Hall, the first English satirist. This letter gives a proof of his fondness for military spectacles, in the enumeration and arrangement of the regiments that formed the camps he had just visited at Portsmouth and Plymouth. Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, June 25, 1781. \*\*\* "At Hurst "Castle yesterday I almost dropt a tear in the "gloomy chamber in which K. Charles the "first was confined."

Oct. 13, 1781. (Probably just after the third volume of the History came out, for it was published in the same year.) "I have lately been "working hard; have made some progress in "my *fourth* volume, and have written a History "of Kiddington, which I intend as a specimen "of a parochial History of Oxfordshire. You "will be surprised to see my account of so "small a village take up three large quarto "paper books." Twenty copies of this History were soon after printed for the use of his friends, but not then published: but in the

following year, 1782, Aug. 13, he writes again; "Pray fend me the legend and dimensions of "Thomas de Wilcot's seal, and any other "particulars about it necessary to be known. "How near Freeman's lodge, and with what "bearing was the pavement found at Ditch- "ley? You will see Kiddington quite a new "thing; which I mean to reprint and to publish. Tell me any thing else you think of "use." He accordingly published his History of Kiddington at the latter end of the same year, or the beginning of the next. In the preface, which contains some very sensible remarks on the general and national utility of county histories, he gives some account of the occasion of this publication; which it is needless to enter upon here.

The year 1782 appears to have been a busy year with Mr. Warton. Besides his employments, which have been just mentioned, he was occasionally engaged in two or three other works. It was naturally to be expected that the controversy concerning Rowley and Chatterton, turning upon subjects, with which he was more than ordinarily acquainted, would not pass unnoticed by him. He had accordingly in the second volume of his History, which treats of the times when Rowley is supposed to have

written, discussed the question, and declared himself of opinion that the poems were modern compositions. In the present year he published an 8vo. pamphlet, entitled “An Enquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley,” confining his arguments to the internal evidence of the poems.

He now also published his *Verfes* on Sir Joshua Reynolds’s painted window at New College, 4to. which occasioned the following letter<sup>d</sup> from Sir Joshua.

“LONDON, *May* 13, 1782.

“Dear Sir,

“This is the first minute I have had to  
 “thank you for the *verfes* which I had the  
 “honour and pleasure of receiving a week ago.  
 “It is a *bijoux*, it is a beautiful little thing; and  
 “I think I should have equally admired it, if I  
 “had not been so much interested in it as I  
 “certainly am. I owe you great obligations for  
 “the sacrifice which you have made, or pretend  
 “to have made, to modern art: I say pretend;  
 “for though it is allowed that you have, like a  
 “true poet, feigned marvellously well, and have  
 “opposed the two different styles with the skill  
 “of a Connoisseur, yet I may be allowed to en-

<sup>d</sup> Communicated to me by Mr. J. Warton.

“ certain some doubts of the sincerity of your  
 “ conversion. I have no great confidence in the  
 “ recantation of such an old offender.

“ It is short, but it is a complete composition;  
 “ it is a whole. The struggle is, I think,  
 “ eminently beautiful—

“ From bliss long felt unwillingly we part,  
 “ Ah ! spare the weakness of a lover’s heart.

“ It is not much to say that your verses are  
 “ by far the best that ever my name was con-  
 “ cerned in. I am sorry therefore my name  
 “ was not hitched in, in the body of the poem.  
 “ If the title page should be lost, it will appear  
 “ to be addressed to Mr. Jervais.

“ I am, dear Sir,

“ With the greatest respect,

“ Your most humble

“ And obedient servant,

“ J. REYNOLDS.”

In compliance with this suggestion of very pardonable vanity in Sir Joshua, in a second edition of the poem, the word “ Artist,” which begins the last paragraph, was altered into “ Reynolds.” It may be remarked, that in those of Mr. Warton’s Letters which have fallen into my hands, he does not once mention this or any other of his poems ; though the selection of



them, which he published, was made during the time of the correspondence which I possess.

In this year he was presented by his College to the donative of Hill Farrance in Somersetshire ; and about the same time, as I conjecture, was elected a member of the Literary Club. I do not suppose that he was a regular, or even frequent, attendant at its meetings : which indeed will hardly appear strange, when we consider how little time he passed in Town. He was however individually acquainted with several of its members ; with Mr. Langton, who had been his pupil at Trinity College ; with Dr. Johnson ; Dr. Percy, Lord Bishop of Dromore ; and Mr. Stevens, to whom he contributed notes in 1786 for the variorum edition of Shakspeare. Mr. Boswell, in the advertisement prefixed to his Life of Johnson, particularly laments that he was deprived by death of Mr. Warton's approbation to his work, and acknowledges the high estimation in which he held his contributions : and a gentleman, well acquainted with Warton, once casually remarked to me, that his submitting to have his portrait taken, was a proof of the regard which he had for Sir Joshua Reynolds. With Dr. Farmer, another member of the club, he first became acquainted from an accidental visit to Cambridge. Dr. Farmer,

hearing that he was there, introduced and attached himself to Mr. Warton, and did not quit him during his stay in the University.

I will here cursorily mention also, that, besides those who have been, or may be, more particularly noticed, Mr. Warton had communications or personal acquaintance with several of the most celebrated literary characters of the age; amongst others, with Collins and Glover, the poets; the late Earl of Orford; Mr. Astle, the Author of the Dissertation on Writing; Mr. Gough, the Antiquarian; Mr. Tyrwhitt, the learned Editor of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, of Rowley, and of Aristotle's Poetic.

In the year 1785, it appears that the merit of Mr. Warton was duly estimated both within and without the precincts of his own sphere, by his election to a second office in the University, that of Camden Professor of History, on the resignation of Dr. Scott; and by his appointment to the Laurel in May, on the death of William Whitehead.

The Camden Professorship of History had been founded by the celebrated Antiquarian and Annalist of that name in the year 1621; and such was the low state of learning in Oxford at the time of its foundation, that the Professor is

required to lecture the Bachelors of Arts and the Students in Civil Law twice a week in Lucius Florus, or some other of the more ancient and distinguished historians. It will readily be supposed that in the present state of academical acquirements the new Professor would be neither required, nor wished, to comply with the primitive injunction. In his Inaugural Lecture, which was most fully and respectably attended, from a comparative view of learning at the different times, he shewed the absurdity of any such expectation; and having perspicuously traced the characteristic distinctions of the several historians of Greece and Rome, declared his intention of coming forward, as occasion might serve, with more particular remarks on their respective merits. The readers of the Lecture<sup>e</sup> may think it matter of regret, that he suffered the "rostrum to grow cold" whilst it was in his possession.

The office of Poet-Laureate acquires more credit from being filled by a respectable character, than it confers on the person who fills it. Gray, on its being offered to him at the death of Cibber, refused it; and Warton himself a few years after, whilst he paid a handsome com-

<sup>e</sup> By the kindness of Mr. John Warton, it makes a part of this publication.

pliment to Whitehead, who then held it, had expressed a wish that "the more than annual return of a composition on a trite subject would be no longer required<sup>f</sup>." I know not whether it may appear strange or inconsistent that he should accept the appointment after this declaration; but sure I am that he has executed the office with surprising ability; that he has given variety to a hackneyed argument by the happiest selection and adaptation of collateral topics; and has shewn how a poet may celebrate his Sovereign, not with the fulsome adulation of an Augustan Courtier, or the base prostration of an Oriental Slave, but with the genuine spirit and erect front of an Englishman.

"The Laureates of our own country have ever been, as Falstaff says, the occasion of wit in other men." Mr. Warton however was peculiarly distinguished, shortly after his appointment, by the publication of "Probationary Odes for the Laureatship;" a work, of which it is but justice to say, that it not only possesses a very considerable portion of wit, but is also distinguished from attacks made on him upon other occasions, by a more innocent spirit of railery. But in saying this, I would be cautious of being understood to express any approbation of such

<sup>f</sup> History of English Poetry, vol. ii. p. 133.

compositions. Personal satire must at all times expose its author to a suspicion of malignity; and for myself I must profess, that the circumstance of its being anonymous would have no trifling influence towards converting suspicion into conviction.

A copy of the Odes was sent to Mr. Warton by the Editor, with the following letter, which *my readers* may perhaps understand.

“ Rev. Sir,

“ I hold Ingratitude to be one of the  
 “ basest crimes that can stain the human cha-  
 “ racter. I have deemed it therefore my indif-  
 “ ferent duty to transmit the inclosed to you,  
 “ as a testimony of my grateful recollection for  
 “ the peculiar service you have rendered me in  
 “ setting the first example of a *Joke*, by the  
 “ continuance of which I have already profited  
 “ so much, and hope to do still more so by the  
 “ succession of future editions, with which the  
 “ accompanying effusions will be indispensa-  
 “ bly honoured in future. Had it not been for  
 “ the inimitable effort of luxuriant humour  
 “ which proceeded from you on the occasion I  
 “ allude to, the world would have been de-  
 “ prived of the most astonishing exhibition of  
 “ genuine Joke that ever graced the annals of  
 “ literature, and I should have been still more

“ unhappy to have lost the opportunity of a  
 “ competent independency. I entreat you  
 “ therefore, good Sir, to accept my warm-  
 “ est gratitude, and believe me to be ever  
 “ yours,

“ The EDITOR  
 “ of the PROBATIONARY ODES.”

It should be remembered, that whilst the other Odes in this humorous publication were fabricated by the Editor for the persons whose names they bear; the one assigned to the Laureate was his own composition, written for the Birth-day in the year of his appointment. In truth, the Ode was not happy either in the matter or execution; and it will not perhaps be pronouncing too harsh a judgment, to say, that it possesses less merit than any other poem which he wrote either before or after it. It was however attended with this incidental recommendation, that it served to display the character of its Author in its usual amiable colours. For we are told by one who had the best opportunity of judging, I mean his brother, Dr. Warton, that “ the Laureat of all men felt the least,  
 “ and least deserved to feel, the force of the  
 “ Probationary Odes, written on his appoint-  
 “ ment to the office; and that he always  
 “ heartily joined in the laugh, and applauded

“ the exquisite wit and humour, that appeared  
 “ in many of those original Satires <sup>§</sup>.”

The last work of any importance in which our Author engaged was an edition of the juvenile Poems of Milton, with notes critical and explanatory, and other illustrations. The chief purpose of this work was, as he himself declares in the exquisite preface to it, “ to explain his  
 “ Author’s allusions, to illustrate or to vindicate  
 “ his beauties, to point out his imitations both  
 “ of others and of himself, to elucidate his obsolete diction, and by the adduction and juxtaposition of parallels universally gleaned both  
 “ from his poetry and prose, to ascertain his favourite words, and to show the peculiarities of his phraseology.” How far he was judicious in the formation of his plan, and happy in the execution of it, may be more properly considered, when we come to discuss his literary character. It may here however be cursorily remarked, that he sometimes suffered his politics to interfere with his criticisms, and amidst his observations on the poetry, now and then

<sup>§</sup> Pope’s Works, vol. vi. p. 328. “ But I beg to add,” continues the Doctor, “ that not one of these ingenious Laughers  
 “ could have produced such pieces of true poetry as the Crusade,  
 “ the Grave of King Arthur, the Suicide, and Ode on the Approach  
 “ of Summer, by this very Laureat.”

let flip a censure of too much severity on the principles, of Milton.

His first edition of these poems, somewhat indeed anterior to his appointment to the offices just noticed, was published in 1785; but the idea itself, on which it is founded, as hinted in a preceding page, seems to have struck him nearly or quite forty years before; though it does not appear that he designed such an edition any long time before the date we are now arrived at. The work was principally supported by his own individual exertions, with occasional contributions by Mr. Bowle, the learned and ingenious publisher of *Don Quixote*; and by his brother, Dr. Jos. Warton. “And I am convinced,” says he in acknowledging this communication, “that my readers will concur with me in wishing, that his indispensable engagements would have permitted him to communicate many more.”

A second edition appeared in 1791, a short time after his death, with very considerable alterations and additions, having been entirely completed and prepared for the press by himself. In a letter to Mr. Price from Winchester, Oct. 12, 1789, he says, “I return with my new edition of Milton ready for press at the Clarendon.” And a short time after his death,



Dr. Warton writes to the same gentleman, " Mr. Cross the printer has in his hands the *whole* of the *first* volume of the Milton, and " it is printed as far as page 330 or thereabouts; " and I have told him to go on, and send me " the sheets by the Southampton Frigate to correct. This unavoidably takes up time; but I " know not what else to do."

In explanation of this expression, " the first volume of the Milton," it should be remarked, that Mr. Warton had extended his plan, and designed to publish, not I apprehend the whole of Milton's poetical works, but a second volume, containing the *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. And I have been told by a gentleman, who without doubt spoke from good authority, that Warton thought of enlarging his scheme at the suggestion of his Majesty; though Mr. Price, whom I have questioned on the subject, and who was in the habit of familiar and almost daily communication with Mr. Warton, was not aware of such a suggestion.

The volume however was printed with notices of its being the first volume, and the Editor had collected materials for the second, which after his death his brother had possibly some thoughts of continuing. But on application to him by Mr. Dunster in 1795, for contributions

towards an edition of *Paradise Regained*, it was discovered, that, in the removal of his books and papers from Winchester, the interleaved *Milton*, which contained the remarks of both the brothers, had been unfortunately lost or mislaid.

This intention of Mr. Warton accounts for several omissions, in the second edition, of notes contained in the first; and for references, which sometimes occur, to notes on *Paradise Regained*, or *Samson Agonistes*. It should not escape us, that in this second edition are remarks on the Greek verses of *Milton* by the learned Dr. C. Burney; and some observations on the other poems by Bps. Warburton and Hurd, kindly communicated by the latter.

He was at this time also engaged in preparing a new and more complete edition, than had yet been published, of his own poems, which made its appearance in 1791. A considerable part of the impression was already finished, when he was taken off by a sudden and unexpected death.

“ Until he reached his sixty-second year he  
 “ continued to enjoy vigorous and uninterrupted  
 “ ed health. On being seized with the gout,  
 “ he went to Bath; and flattered himself, on his  
 “ return to college, that he was in a fair way

“ of recovery. But the change that had taken  
 “ place in his constitution was visible to his  
 “ friends. On Thursday, May 20, 1790, he  
 “ passed the evening in the common room, and  
 “ was for some time more cheerful than usual.  
 “ Between ten and eleven o’clock <sup>h</sup>,” there be-  
 ing then only two fellows of the college in the  
 common room with him, he was suddenly seiz-  
 ed with a paralytic stroke. At the moment he  
 uttered some sound, which appeared like the  
 name of his friend Mr. Price ; but never after-  
 wards spoke, though he once seemed sensible,  
 and desirous to express his gratitude to his  
 friends, who attended him during the night.

I was at Winchester-college at the time,  
 and remember, that on the afternoon of the  
 following day an express arrived to inform his  
 brother, who immediately set out for Oxford,  
 but came too late to see him alive. He had  
 died on that day at two o’clock ; before his  
 brother could receive notice of his illness.

On the twenty-seventh, in the afternoon, his  
 remains were interred in the college-chapel  
 with the highest academical honours ; the ce-  
 remony being attended, not only by the mem-  
 bers of his own college, but by the Vice-Chan-

<sup>h</sup> Biographical Dictionary.

cellor, Heads of Houses, and Proctors at their own particular request<sup>1</sup>; an honour indeed of a distinguished and uncommon nature; but not undeserved by the man, who had testified his regard to the University by a residence of more than 47 years, and had raised her reputation by many valuable publications during that interval; and who signally united in himself the power of commanding admiration by the variety and extent of his talents, and of conciliating affection by the amiable qualities of his heart. He lies buried in the ante-chapel of his college, under a plain marble slab, not far distant from that over the grave of the President Bathurst. The inscription contains an enume-

<sup>1</sup> The following letter upon this subject was written by the Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Cook, Prof. of C. C. C.) to Dr. Warton, and communicated to me by Mrs. Jane Warton.

“ Rev Sir,

“ The great and general loss, sustained by a most unfortunate event in your family, calls loudly (no doubt) upon us all here, publickly to express our lively sentiments of it, as also our very respectful regard to the memory of one of our brightest ornaments: and it is with singular satisfaction that I find a perfect unanimity of sentiment on the propriety of adopting the best mode I can devise (circumstanced as we are) for fulfilling our last obligations to a dear departed friend.

“ I am, Sir,

“ With the most perfect esteem,

“ Your obedient Servant,

“ J. Cook.”

ration of his preferments, his age, and the date of his death <sup>k</sup>.

Of the personal character of Mr. Warton I am enabled to say nothing from my own observation. His death had happened some years before I came to the University; and although, whilst I was a scholar of the college, he was occasionally at Winchester, and very fond of being with the boys, he was principally known to the commoners in his brother's house. I was then also too young to have made any remarks on his character; and have therefore less cause to regret that I saw him so little. My recollection goes no farther than to give me an imperfect image of his person. But I have endeavoured to supply this defect from other sources.

I have already had occasion to mention the

<sup>k</sup> The inscription is here subjoined.

THOMAS WARTON.  
S.T.B. & S.A.S.  
Hujus Collegii Socius,  
Ecclesiæ de Cuddington  
In Com. Oxon. Rector,  
Poetices iterum Prælector,  
Historices Prælector Camden,  
•Poeta Laureatus,  
Obiit 21. Die Maii,  
Anno Domini 1796,  
Ætat. 63.

the very kind communications furnished me by the Rev. Dr. Huntingford, the present learned Bishop of Gloucester, and Warden of Winchester College; from whom several detached pieces of information have been inserted in these memoirs. To the same gentleman I am indebted for the following sketch of Mr. Warton's character and conduct during his occasional visits at his brother's.

“ As in the time of his vacation and residence at Winchester he was free from all restraint of academical life, Mr. Warton's real character could no where be better known than at this place.

“ Unaffected as he was in all his sentiments and manners, he was pleased with the native simplicity of the young people educated by his brother, and frequently shewed them instances of kind condescension, which endeared him to the community of Winchester scholars.

“ It is said ‘ Men of genius are melancholy;’ omnes *ingeniosos melancholicos*. (Cic. *Tusc. Diss.* i. 33.) There certainly was in our Author a serious cast of mind, which makes him speak with particular delight of ‘ cloysters pale;’ of ‘ the ruin'd abbey's moss-grown

“ piles ;’ of ‘ the taper’d choir ;’ and ‘ sequester’d  
 “ isles of the deep dome :’ yet in his general  
 “ intercourse there was nothing gloomy, but  
 “ every thing cheerful. Indeed before the fas-  
 “ tidious and disputatious he would sit reserved :  
 “ but when in company with persons, who  
 “ themselves were easy in their manners, ‘ Ne-  
 “ mo unquam urbanitate, nemo lepore, nemo  
 “ suavitate conditior ;’ as Cicero says of C.  
 “ Julius (*de Cl. Orator.*) : ‘ No one seasoned his  
 “ discourse with more wit, humour, and plea-  
 “ santry.’ That he could be facetious we dis-  
 “ cern in his poems ; and the versatility of his  
 “ genius appears in that variety, by which they  
 “ are diversified.

“ A sense of conscious worth will naturally  
 “ arise in a mind, which, being itself endowed  
 “ with superior talents, reflects on its own powers  
 “ and exertions, and compares them with infe-  
 “ rior abilities, and less active endeavours. It  
 “ is however the part of modesty never to let  
 “ that self-consciousness so operate, as to occa-  
 “ sion disgust by an appearance of vanity and  
 “ presumption. Such modesty was predomi-  
 “ nant in Mr. Warton. For he was so far from  
 “ ever making an ostentatious display of his  
 “ great attainments, that, on the contrary, he  
 “ would much more frequently conceal than  
 “ shew them.

“ He was fond of seeing and frequenting  
 “ public fights. Yet those were very much  
 “ mistaken in their opinion of him, who from  
 “ this circumstance conceived he was therefore  
 “ spending his time idly. There have been few  
 “ men, whose minds were always at work so  
 “ much as his. He would stand indeed among  
 “ spectators, and perhaps at first view be engaged  
 “ for a moment by what was exhibiting: but  
 “ his thoughts were soon absorbed by some sub-  
 “ ject of consideration, which was then passing  
 “ within himself; and those, who were ac-  
 “ quainted with his looks, well knew, when  
 “ his attention was turned to some literary  
 “ contemplation.

“ His practice was to rise at a moderate hour;  
 “ and to read and write much in the course of  
 “ every day. And this practice he would con-  
 “ tinue during the greater part of his long va-  
 “ cation; applying himself with a degree of  
 “ industry, which far exceeded what was gene-  
 “ rally imagined, and was far more intense  
 “ than what was exercised by many of those,  
 “ who either in their ignorance presumed, or in  
 “ their envy delighted, to depreciate his ex-  
 “ cellence.

“ To the Chapel of the College he punctu-



“ ally resorted on stated days of public service ;  
 “ for, in his own language, he loved

“ The clear flow-dittied chaunt, or varied hymn :

“ And was strongly attached to the Church of  
 “ England in all the offices of her Liturgy.

“ From the whole of what was known of  
 “ him at Winchester, through a period of nearly  
 “ forty years, he is there recollected and be-  
 “ loved as a most amiable man, and considered  
 “ as one of the chief literary characters of his  
 “ age : equal to the best scholars in the elegant  
 “ parts of classical learning ; superior to the ge-  
 “ nerality in literature of the modern kind ; a  
 “ Poet of fine fancy and masculine style ; and  
 “ a Critic of deep information, sound judgment,  
 “ and correct taste.”

The character of Mr. Warton in the Biographical Dictionary, drawn by one who was personally acquainted with him in the University, gives a more particular account of his habits, whilst resident in Oxford. “ Such was the  
 “ conduct and behaviour of Mr. Warton, as to  
 “ render him truly amiable and respectable.  
 “ By his friends he was beloved for his open  
 “ and easy manners ; and by the members of  
 “ the University at large he was respected for

“ his constant residence, strong attachment to  
 “ Alma Mater, his studious pursuits, and high  
 “ literary character. In all parties where the  
 “ company accorded with his inclination, his  
 “ conversation was easy and gay, enlivened with  
 “ humour, enriched with anecdote, and pointed  
 “ with wit. Among his peculiarities it may be  
 “ mentioned, that he was fond of all military  
 “ fights. He was averse to strangers, particu-  
 “ larly those of a literary turn: and yet he took  
 “ a great pleasure in encouraging the efforts of  
 “ rising genius, and assisting the studious with  
 “ his advice; as many of the young men of  
 “ his College, who shared his affability, and  
 “ honoured his talents, could testify. He was  
 “ bred in the school of punsters; and made as  
 “ many good puns as Barton and Leigh, the ce-  
 “ lebrated word-hunters of his day. Under the  
 “ mask of indolence, no man was more busy:  
 “ his mind was ever on the wing in search of  
 “ some literary prey. Although at the accus-  
 “ tomed hours of Oxford study, he was often  
 “ seen sauntering about, and conversing with  
 “ any friend he chanced to meet; yet, when  
 “ others were wasting their mornings in sleep,  
 “ he was indulging his meditations in his fa-  
 “ vourite walks, and courting the Muses. His  
 “ situation in Oxford was perfectly congenial  
 “ with his disposition; whether he indulged his  
 “ sallies of pleasantry in the common-room, re-

“tired to his own study, or to the Bodleian Library, fauntered on the banks of his favourite Cherwell, or surveyed with the enthusiastic eye of taste the ancient gate-way of Magdalen College, and other specimens of Gothic architecture.”

To these characters of Mr. Warton I will venture to add two or three other traits derived from different sources. When in Oxford he visited little: and though he was much attached to Wykehamists, and had a speaking acquaintance with almost all, who came off from Winchester, and was forward in paying them attentions when he met them in Trinity, he could seldom be prevailed on to dine in New College. A fellow of that Society, a particular favourite of Mr. Warton, has told me, that he repeatedly endeavoured to prevail on him, but without success.

Though he was, as hinted above, for the most part silent in company, his silence was not such as to throw a damp over the conversation, which he would show that he enjoyed, and would encourage by leading questions and remarks. And though he had none of the ostentation of talents or learning in his composition, and would never assume a superiority over others, or obtrude on them his opinion, yet when con-

sulted by a friend on any subject of literature, he would communicate his advice most freely, at the same time with modesty and gentleness. He was, as a friend of his once described him to me, the most *under-bearing* man existing. "I never knew," added the same person, "any one who bore his faculties more meekly."

These qualities attended him throughout his life, and in all its occurrences. When engaged in literary controversy, he was liberal to his opponents: in common life he was fond of children, and young persons; humane to the brute creation; patient and charitable. A person, who was intimately acquainted with him for above forty years, professes to have witnessed frequent instances of his mildness and forbearance under much provocation, and never, during the whole of that time, to have seen him out of humour: the same person has declared, from actual knowledge, that his income, which solely arose from his merit and literary labours, was in a great part spent in acts of beneficence, like himself, silent and sincere.

Such an assertion, and so supported, is sufficient to do away a remark of Dr. Johnson, that Warton was the only man of genius that he knew without a heart. A remark, which those, who are acquainted with the peculiarities of the

great man that made it, may believe to possess more point than justice ; and which they, who were best acquainted with the subject of it, know to be untrue. The gentleman, who communicated it to me, followed it up with an instance of kindness shown to himself on slender acquaintance by Mr. Warton, who, in order to accomplish it, was forced to commit some violence on his own inclinations, by laying himself under an obligation to a third person.

That he was not a man of strong passions I will readily believe. Twice indeed, in the course of his poems, he describes himself as being in love ; but his sister, who was confidentially acquainted with him, could not tell me the object of his passion, which possibly was but feigned. To her however, to his brother, and to those of his family, whom I have the happiness of knowing, he was most tenderly endeared, and entertained for them a reciprocal affection. And more than one instance might be given of his being warmly attached to his Country ; and also to his University, and his College. Doubtless also examples of kindness, similar to that which I have alluded to, might be mentioned ; were it not that he shrunk from the display of his beneficence, as it is known that he did from that of his talents. But were not even a single testimony of his actual kindness to be known,

who will persuade himself to believe that the Author of the Suicide wanted feeling?

It will be no serious imputation on the character of such a man to say, that he had his singularities and imperfections. Biographical justice requires that such things should be noticed; and a smile may perhaps be excited at the information, that the Historian of English Poetry was fond of drinking his ale and smoking his pipe with persons of mean rank and education:—that he partook of a weakness, which has been attributed to the Author of the Rambler, and believed in preternatural apparitions:—that, in his fondness for pleasantries and humour, he delighted in popular spectacles, especially when enlivened by the music of a drum:—and that such was his propensity to be present at public exhibitions, as to have induced him at a time, when he was desirous of not being discovered, to attend an execution in the dress of a carter.

The mention of such things may not be without its use, as it may give encouragement to persons of inferior talents and acquirements, by showing them, that imperfections are to be found even in those of the greatest. But before the man of strict decorum and propriety of conduct suffers himself on this account to exult

in his fancied superiority over such an one as Mr. Warton, let him advert to the motives and complexion of the failings I have noticed ; and reflect, that they proceeded not from any vicious or malignant propensity, and are no blemish on the moral character of him, who possessed them. Such a reflection may serve to repress inordinate censure : for not only may the man inclined to harsher judgment be induced to relax his severity, when he considers, that these failings were injurious to no one ; but the man of good-nature may feel his kindness excited by the recollection, that they arose from simplicity and openness of heart.

It has been before remarked, that during his residence at Winchester he was fond of associating with his brother's scholars : indeed he entered so heartily into their sports and employments, as to have been occasionally involved in rather ludicrous incidents. Being engaged with them in some *culinary* occupation, and alarmed by the sudden approach of Dr. Warton, he has been known to conceal himself in some dark corner, and has been drawn out from his hiding place, to the no small astonishment and amusement of the Doctor, who had taken him for some great boy. He would assist the boys in making their exercises, generally contriving to accommodate his composition to the capacity of

him whom he was assisting. "How many faults?" was a question, the answer to which regulated him: and a boy was perhaps as likely to be flogged for the verses of Mr. Warton, as for his own.

I remember that an anecdote used to be told, relating to this part of Mr. Warton's conduct, which is somewhat characteristic of both the brothers. Warton had given a boy an exercise; and the Doctor thinking it too good for the boy himself, and suspecting the truth, ordered him into his study after school, and sent for Mr. Warton. The exercise was read and approved: "And don't you think it worth half a crown, Mr. Warton?" said his brother: Mr. Warton assented: "Well then, you shall give the boy 'one.'" Our Author accordingly paid the half crown for his own verses, and the Doctor enjoyed the joke.

As to his person, I have been informed by one, who knew him well, but in whose judgment some allowance should perhaps be made for an amiable partiality, that in his youth he was eminently handsome; and that even in the latter part of his life, when he grew large, he was remarkably well-looking. His figure was not very prepossessing; and did not receive any great support from his dress, of which he was



habitually negligent. The Editor of the Probationary Odes describes him as a little, thick, squat, red-faced man; and proceeds to say, that he first became known to his Majesty, who on his first appearance had given orders to one of the beef-eaters to dismiss him from the presence, by a certain hasty spasmodic mumbling, together with two or three prompt quotations from Virgil. The whole of this description was evidently designed for caricature. Dr. Johnson also, who was remarkable for describing his friends in terms not the most polished and delicate imaginable, would sometimes compare Mr. Warton's manner of speaking to the gobble of a Turkey-cock.

The Bishop of Gloucester has represented Mr. Warton as strongly attached to the Church of England in all the offices of her Liturgy: in his political opinions he was inclined to Toryism. The former attachment, mixed with a decided antipathy to Calvinistic doctrines and discipline, may have disposed him not only to regard choral service with fondness, but to have reprobated somewhat too severely the practice of popular psalmody in our churches<sup>1</sup>: and the latter may have been the cause that he has sometimes marked with too harsh a censure the conduct

<sup>1</sup> See History of English Poetry, iii. 178.

and principles of Milton. In the mean time let it be remembered to his honour, that he has shown no servile spirit in his official odes, where flattery is too often indulged by prescription.

In the exercise of his profession as a divine, I do not understand that he was much distinguished. A retired village church is not a theatre likely to bring forward the abilities of its minister, and Mr. Warton had never any other kind of preferment. I have however been informed, that he gained some credit in the University by a Sermon on the 30th of January; and have myself seen a Latin Sermon of his composition, preached perhaps on his taking the degree of B. D. wherein he reviews the objections advanced against Christianity at its first promulgation, in a classical style, and a well-arranged and perspicuous method. But his abilities were for the most part employed in enquiries not theological: let us presume, innocently, inasmuch as they did not interfere with his practical duties; and beneficially, as they tended to promote the interests of general learning.

May I here hazard a remark, which I trust will not be deemed invidious, on the comparative labours and merit of our Author, and of one of his most celebrated contemporaries? Between Gray and Warton there existed more than

a general resemblance of talents, pursuits, taste, and acquirements. They were both possessed of minds versatile, active, and vigorous: were both Men of Genius and Learning; Poets, classical Scholars, and Antiquaries. But with this resemblance, preserved even in some minute particulars, ~~how~~ different are the monuments of them, which remain! The Lyre is the only memorial of the mind of Gray, exquisite indeed, but still the only one: whilst many an emblem may be chosen to grace the monument, and record the abilities, of Warton. “*Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet:*”

A short comparison of their studies and performances may not be altogether uninteresting.

Gray<sup>m</sup> (as we have already seen) designed a History of English Poetry, and sketched a plan of it, and translated a few Odes for its illustration and embellishment, and made many elaborate disquisitions on relative topics: “he however soon found that a work of this kind, pursued on so very extensive a plan, would become almost endless;” and, partly on this account, relinquished his undertaking. Warton

<sup>m</sup> For the circumstances in the life and studies of Gray here incidentally noticed, see Mason’s Memoirs, vol. iv. 141, and following pages.

designed a history on the same subject, and advanced a very considerable way towards its completion.

Gray was a great admirer and observer of Gothic Architecture: in his study of it he “arrived at so very extraordinary a pitch of sagacity, as to be enabled to pronounce at first sight on the precise time when every particular part of any of our Cathedrals was erected;” and appears to have intended to compose some regular account of the characteristics of the several styles: but such an intention he never completed, and has given no more of his sentiments on the subject, than is contained in some occasional remarks in his letters, and some contributions to Bentham’s History of Ely Cathedral. Warton was attached to the same study; at an early period of his life he threw together some interesting observations on it, and afterwards not only prosecuted his enquiries, but completed a systematic account of English Architecture.

Gray consumed great labour and time in illustrating Strabo and Plato, one or both of whom he perhaps entertained an intention of editing. He certainly left a great number of geographical disquisitions with a view to the former of these authors, and a quantity of critical and

explanatory observations on the latter. But whatever were his views of publishing, he never proceeded any farther. Warton not only planned, but published, a magnificent edition of Theocritus.

“ Amongst the books, which Gray bequeathed  
 “ to Mason, is Henry Stephens’s edition of the  
 “ Anthologia, interleaved ; in which he has  
 “ transcribed several additional ones that he se-  
 “ lected in his extensive reading, has inserted a  
 “ great number of critical notes and emenda-  
 “ tions, and subjoined a copious index, in which  
 “ every Epigram is arranged under the name of  
 “ its respective Author.” This work was never  
 given to the public, and does not appear to have  
 been ever intended for its benefit. Warton re-  
 edited Cephalas’s Anthologia ; and also published  
 a similar compilation of Latin Inscriptions, se-  
 lected and illustrated by himself.

Gray had an offer of the office of Poet-lau-  
 reate, which he declined, probably because he  
 thought that it was beneath him, or might inter-  
 fere with his other employments ; but after the  
 refusal he engaged in no material work. War-  
 ton accepted it, not many years after ; sup-  
 ported it with dignity, and pursued more than  
 one laborious occupation, whilst he held it.

Gray was Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge; and in that capacity “sketched out an admirable plan for his Inauguration Speech,” which he never completed; and repeatedly resolved to read lectures, which he never began. Warton was Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford; he delivered an excellent Inaugural Lecture in that capacity, though, like Gray, he never prosecuted his course. Yet here may a difference be remarked. During the period in which they respectively held their Professorships of History, Gray was not much engaged in other studies, but Warton was variously and seriously employed; and in the office of Poetry-Professor, which he had held some years earlier, it has already been shown, that he was by no means inefficient.

The contrast in other particulars is not so pointed. Gray never engaged in any work of biography, English philology, or topography; whilst Warton completed more than one in each of these departments; as the lives of Sir Thomas Pope and Dr. Bathurst; his Observations on Chatterton, on the Faerie Queene of Spenser, and his edition of the juvenile Poems of Milton; his description of Winchester, and History of Kiddington, not to mention his humorous jeu d’esprit on Oxford. The only branch of study,

uncultivated by Warton, which occupied the mind of Gray, was Natural History, in which however he never digested and methodised his information; and the only species of composition, in which Gray has distinguished himself to the exclusion of Warton, is epistolary correspondence; a fortuitous species of composition, requiring no great strength of mind or seriousness of application.

Of the respective powers of these congenial minds, (congenial, I mean, in a literary view, for as to their social qualities they seem to have been widely different) there is hardly ground left us for comparison. The powers of one of them must be estimated principally from conjecture, and the account transmitted by his friend; the other has left us numerous testimonies of his, from which may be discovered both his excellencies and imperfections. In one point alone do their works open a field in which their powers may be compared. I necessarily allude to their poetical compositions; nor shall partiality to my Author lead me to dispute, that the palm of superiority must here be adjudged to Gray.

But in making this concession, some reservation may not unfairly be claimed. It should be remembered, that the poems of Gray were uni-

formly composed on subjects chosen by himself; but that the subjects of some of the best of Warton's were imposed by the duty, and encumbered with the weight, of an official station. Nor is this all: for it may farther be added, that in every point the superiority of Gray is far from manifest: that if Gray has more abstract poetry, Warton has more picturesque imagery;—if Gray has more fire, Warton yields not to him in grandeur;—if Gray more frequently strikes the imagination, Warton is not less successful in delighting it;—and that if, in the examination of individual pieces, Gray is allowed to be more perfect, Warton, in the general estimate, has certainly more variety. Not a poem of Gray's can be mentioned, but one of the same kind may be produced from Warton: out several of the poems of Warton are of such kinds as Gray has never attempted.

After all, whatever may have been their respective powers, from what has already appeared, there can be no doubt which was the more active in his exertions for the benefit of learning; nor can there in consequence be any, which is more deserving of general commendation. The “gem of purest ray serene,” which is hidden in “the dark unfathom'd caves of the ocean,” is surely less estimable than that which is dis-



closed to the public eye, and gives light and pleasure by its lustre.

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Custom seems to require that the life of an Author should be followed by a critical examination of his works. I shall then scarcely expose myself to a charge of presumption, if I venture some remarks on the works of Warton, though I am conscious that a proper judgment on their merits cannot be formed without considerable previous information on the subjects of them; and the subjects of some of them are not a little abstruse and uncommon.

The works of Warton may be considered under the heads of biography, topography, classical and English criticism, history, and poetry. The loss of his work on Gothic Architecture precludes the necessity of considering him specifically as an Antiquary, though he frequently appears in that character in most of the departments above mentioned.

As a *biographer* he is not, nor indeed is he likely to be, much celebrated. Sir Thomas Pope and Dr. Bathurst were not of sufficient importance, either as political or literary characters, for narratives of their lives to excite general interest; however gratifying such narratives

may be to members of the University of Oxford, particularly to those, who are connected with Trinity College. Warton was aware of this defect in his subjects; and has accordingly endeavoured to supply it by the interspersion of collateral matter. The life of Bathurst is diversified with anecdotes of several learned men, who were his contemporaries: and that of Pope exhibits an interesting, and partly original, narrative of particulars connected with the persecutions and private life of Queen Elizabeth, the custody of whom was committed to him by Queen Mary. Nor should it be omitted that it contains a judicious summary of the state of learning in England, about the time of the foundation of Trinity College, together with several curious anecdotes of contemporary manners. But such digressions, although amusing and interesting in themselves, detract from the proper merit of the works; they divert the attention from that, which is the principal, and should be the prominent, object of the piece, to its appendages; and are as censurable as a landscape or a building would be, if introduced into the most striking part of a picture, in which the business of the painter was to delineate a portrait. *Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.* When we have allowed however for this defect in his plan, we ought not to deny him the praise of industry and sagacity in the execution of it; nor to deprive him

of the higher commendation, that he was content to sink his own reputation in endeavours to gratify the feelings of his society, and to raise a monument to his benefactors.

His *topographical* researches do not appear to have been extensive; and his publications on such subjects were neither numerous nor large.

The description of Winchester, which was designed principally for local use, is drawn up with sufficient minuteness and accuracy, and contains several curious particulars collected from original records, relating to the antiquities of the place; though, the work being an early production of its Author, the conjectural remarks on architecture are not always happy.

His History of Kiddington, which (had he not been so well employed in other enquiries) might make us reasonably regret that he did not prosecute this study, is an admirable specimen of parochial history. Without neglecting the natural productions and curiosities of the country, which form so marked a feature in Plott's History, he unites with them other topics of interesting enquiry. The Church and other remains of ancient architecture and sculpture; the division of the property, and the families among whom it was distributed; together with

the events and rude monuments, which constitute the military history of the place, are in their turn noticed : on all which topics, but especially on the last, the particular information brought forward is interwoven with some that is more general.

As a *classical scholar*, we might presume that he possessed an elegant taste from his choice of the poets, whom he edited ; but he has farther shown it in the conduct of his editions.

From that of Cephala's Anthology indeed he can claim little praise but from the choice of his author, as he has added to Reiske's nothing but the preface, which, though chiefly narrative, is however written with elegance and perspicuity ; distinguishing features of all his Latin prose compositions.

In his publication of Latin Metrical Inscriptions he deserves greater credit ; not only as the plan is in some degree original, and the epigrams are selected by himself from a farrago of uninteresting materials, but also on account of the judgment, with which he discriminates between the flippancy and point of the modern epigrammatists of Martial's school, and the chastised and simple grace of the Greek, and earlier Latin, models.

His greatest work in this department is clearly his edition of Theocritus : to which the chief objection appears to be, that he has not sufficiently exerted his critical acumen in improving the text. Yet he has not been remiss in attempts to explain his author by the aid of the scholiasts and other commentators : and he brings his learning to bear on the subject by explaining allusions to the more obscure customs and mythology of the ancients ; and his taste, by developing the beauties of Theocritus, and comparing him with other poets. The prefixed dissertation is ingenious, and in some parts original ; and his reasons for preferring Theocritus, as a pastoral poet, to Virgil are decisive. Let me add, that the illustration, with which he concludes the parallel and the dissertation, is not unworthy of Cicero or Quintilian : which I particularly notice, as it is a species of ornament, with which the critical works of Warton, as well as of those two celebrated Romans, are not unfrequently embellished. Another example of it occurs towards the conclusion of his Camden Oration, which ought to be mentioned in this general estimate of his works, and to be applauded for the distinct characters which it exhibits of the most famous Greek and Latin historians, and especially for its masterly delineation of Tacitus.

Under the head of *English criticism* we must

rank his Enquiry into the Authenticity of Rowley's Poems; his Observations on Spenser's Faerie Queene; and his edition of Milton's juvenile Poems.

The first of these, in which he rests his argument on internal evidence, evinces great perspicuity and discernment, and is, agreeably to Dr. Warton's opinion, decisive against the antiquity of the poems in question: at least as far as arguments of that presumptive kind can be decisive.

As a commentator on English poetry, in which character he appears in the two last of these publications, he possesses the singular merit of having been the first to illustrate his authors by an examination of the works, with which they had been principally conversant. In the former of the two, his remarks on the stanza and versification of Spenser, on Spenser's imitations of Chaucer and Ariosto, and those which relate to the poem considered by itself, display an elegant taste and a discriminative judgment, though they lie not so much out of the beaten track of criticism. But the great merit of this work consists in its illustration of the more obscure sources, from which Spenser drew; its detection of the fabulous legends, which he copied; its developement of the reasons, which

induced Spenser to adapt his plan to the extravagance of romance, rather than to the correcter model of the classics; and its exposition and examination of that attachment to allegoric poetry, which prevailed at, and before, the time of Spenser. Such enquiries as these must naturally occasion the display of a good deal of "such reading as is never read." But the critic is not open to a fair charge of pedantry, if by such a display he explains and illustrates the poet, on whom he comments: nor, again, is he fairly chargeable with malignity, although he ventures to censure the extravagance of an Italian poet on a comparison with the less fanciful beauties of the ancients; or to point out with judgment and candour the occasional defects of his author, rather than detail a profuse panegyric on his excellences.

He proceeded on the same general principle, taken up (as I have before observed) at a very early period, in his edition of Milton. Bishop Newton, who was himself a good classical scholar, and the various other commentators, who preceded Warton in the same walk, had been accustomed to trace Milton in his imitations of the Greek, Latin, and Italian poets; but whilst they were contented with illustrating him from these, to whom they also added Shakspeare, the Faerie Queene of Spenser, and a few occasional

passages from Chaucer, they appear to have been hardly aware, that with a consummate knowledge of these languages he united a no less intimate acquaintance with the authors of his own country; and that the Ilissus, the Tibur, and the Arno did not alienate his affections from his native Thames. This circumstance in the studies of Milton was noticed, and (if I mistake not) first acted upon, by Warton. For the employment he was singularly qualified: to him "the treasures of the Gothic Library" had long been familiarly known, and his general attainments were the same in kind, if not in degree, with those of the great poet, whom he undertook to explain.

To this mode of illustration he added another, almost equally new, but attended with considerable difficulty; because the sources of information are neither easily discovered; nor, when discovered, always to be arrived at. "These pieces (as Warton observes) contain several curious circumstances of Milton's early life, situations, friendships, and connections, which are often so transiently or implicitly noticed, as to need examination and enlargement." In pursuing this track, he has collected much interesting information; and has not only illustrated the poems, which were the immediate cause of his researches, but has at the same time,



through them, given light to the future biographer of Milton, and to the historian of the state of literature and manners during his time.

In another view also his labours are of more extensive use, than as they merely respect the poems he was editing. “ By the adduction and  
“ juxta-position of passages, universally gleaned  
“ both from the poetry and prose of Milton,  
“ Warton has ascertained his favourite words,  
“ and shown the peculiarities of his phrase-  
“ ology : and has thus made some of the notes,  
“ which particularly relate to the smaller poems,  
“ to have a more general effect, and to be ap-  
“ plicable to all Milton’s writings.”

Scarcely any writer can be more disgusting than a commentator, who fills his pages with an ostentatious profusion of useless notes, and, under the pretence of illustrating or doing honour to his author, but with the real intention of displaying his own ingenuity, incumbers him with the multitude and weight of his trappings. There may be some, who with an appearance of reason will object, that Warton in his edition of Milton seems to have carried his principle too far, and to have swelled his notes with extraneous matter. His commentary is indeed copious and full ; but it contains so much interesting information, both of a general and particular

nature ; it is conducted with so much taste and elegance ; and especially it contributes to make our great poet so much better understood, to explain what is difficult, and to enhance the beauty of what is clear, that to me at least it is “ a perpetual feast of nectar’d sweets, where no “ crude surfeit reigns.”

Let it however be allowed, that he may have been occasionally induced to bring forward a beautiful passage, where it was not absolutely necessary, by a hope of enticing his readers to a farther acquaintance with our valuable, but neglected, poets ; such as William Browne, the Fletchers, Drayton, Fairfax, and Spenser ; and above all, the truly Homeric Chaucer : an error, which, if it be an error, may claim indulgence, whilst the motive of it is deserving of praise.

At the same time I do not wish to deny or conceal, that this work is occasionally defective : that there are readers, to whom the illustrations may appear to be sometimes unnecessarily and tediously prolix ; and the remarks now and then frivolous and uninteresting ; and that he has in one or two instances been guilty of an oversight, of which a remarkable example occurs in the note on the twenty-second verse of “ *Manfius*,” where he attributes the life of Homer to Plu-

tarch instead of Herodotus, and describes Mycale as a mountain in Bœotia instead of Asia Minor.

But before I entirely quit the character of Warton as an English critic, let me observe, that in this publication he has very happily met the censures of Dr. Johnson, especially on *Lycidas* and *Comus*. It has been remarked, and with some degree of contempt, that there are persons, who can prefer the school of the Wartons to that of Johnson. I might lay myself open to a charge of impertinence, were I on this occasion to descant on the excellence of my late amiable and elegant master: and well might I feel that I was acting an unbecoming part, were I to speak otherwise than with reverence of the masculine powers of the great English moralist. But great as were the powers of Johnson, and eminently qualified, as he was, to deliver the oracles of reason, he seems to have possessed little of that finer feeling, and of that lively and active admiration of the works of nature, which are requisite for the enjoyment, as well as for the composition, of true poetry. Fortunately for me in the present case, as far as any competition may be supposed to exist between Johnson and T. Warton for the palm of critical superiority, the latter is supported by a powerful advocate: and his school may surely without

absurdity be preferred by a lover of Milton, whose early poems he has edited with all the fondness of an ardent admirer; has established their excellence against invidious comparison, and vindicated their beauties from ungrounded censure; whilst of the same poems the former has declared in general terms, “that though  
 “they make no promise of Paradise Lost, they  
 “have this evidence of genius, that they have a  
 “cast original and unborrowed: but that their  
 “peculiarity is not excellence, and if they differ  
 “from the verses of others, they differ for the  
 “worse:” and specifically of the Sonnets, that  
 “they deserve not any particular criticism, for  
 “of the best it can only be said that they are  
 “not bad; and perhaps only the eighth and  
 “twenty-first are entitled to this slender commendation:” of *Comus*, that “it is a drama  
 “in the epic style, inelegantly splendid, and tediously instructive:” and of *Lycidas*, that  
 “surely no man could have fancied that he  
 “read *Lycidas* with pleasure, had he not known  
 “the author.” Of these poems indeed we could hardly expect an admirer in one, who thought Fleet-street more delightful than Tempe:—but who can persuade himself to be a follower of that critic, who is not enchanted with *Lycidas* and *Comus*?

The *History* of English Poetry is the most

solid basis of our Author's reputation. It has been before remarked, that he judiciously preferred the plan, on which he has proceeded, to that proposed by Pope, Gray, and Maſon : but there may be room to doubt of his judgment in not commencing his history at an earlier period. As one advantage of his plan was that it marked the progression of our language, an enquiry into Saxon poetry would surely not have been irrelevant to his subject : which appears to have been the opinion of a late elegant writer, who has thought proper to begin an historical sketch of our poetry at an earlier period than Warton.

Throughout his work he has employed indefatigable diligence and minute research in collecting materials ; indeed it has been observed, that “ he has shown more sollicitude in collecting, than perspicuity and accuracy in arranging them. Hence,” continues the same critic, “ his history has been found so dry and oppressive as to subdue the eagerness of the generality of readers ; and hence nearly one fourth of the second volume is filled with errata and amendments to the first <sup>n</sup>.”

<sup>n</sup> Life by Anderson. The remark here quoted, as well as several others in the same critique, are borrowed without acknowledgment from an article in the tenth volume of the Monthly Review

The history is certainly not free from inaccuracies, and indeed it would be astonishing if it were. But the latter of these remarks, which was advanced somewhat incautiously by one writer, and repeated without examination by another, is much too comprehensive. The second volume contains 544 pages; forty-six of these, making a little more than one twelfth, instead of nearly one fourth, of the second volume, are filled with additions and emendations (not errata and amendments) to the first.

The former remark is founded apparently on a misconception of the nature of the work in question, and on a mistake in charging the writer with what is incident to his subject. If the eagerness of the generality of readers is subdued in their progress through the History of English Poetry, it should be remembered that a work abounding in disquisition, a species of writing to which the people are unused, and replete with quotations in language and metre, with which the people are unacquainted, can hardly look for extensive popularity: in its very nature it cannot be expected to "please the million: it must be caviare to the *general*." If such a work is sometimes dry and oppressive

Enlarged. Rev. for March, 1793. In the following observations on Warton's poems, two or three remarks from the same critique are noticed.

even to readers of a superior class, it should be remembered, that enquiries concerning the obscure writers of a barbarous age promise no great entertainment ; and, inasmuch as they are necessary to the main object, fix the charge of dryness upon the subject rather than the author ; who, on the other hand, is deserving of commendation for relieving the unavoidable weight of his subject by the general tenor of his style and manner, by lively remarks and amusing anecdotes.

And this consideration should influence the judgment formed on the digressions, which he occasionally introduces ; as for instance. on the rise of the Mysteries in the second volume, and on Dante's *Inferno* in the third. For let it be allowed that they are excrescences, yet they bring with them their own excuse, when it is considered that they are to a reader what mountains are to a traveller ; they retard his progress perhaps, but prevent the irksomeness, which is experienced in proceeding over an uninterrupted plain.

It is this also, which contributes to give such a relish to the abundant and various information, which these volumes contain, relating to ancient manners. Not that such information is to be deemed in any degree digressive : the

poetry and manners of a nation are intimately connected; their histories then must also be blended, and reflect light on each other.

Where scope is given for the exertion of the historian's powers, he is not backward in exerting them, and in vindicating to himself a higher than the mere mechanical distinction of research and accuracy. He then shows that, as an antiquary, he possesses not only industry in collecting materials, but sagacity and perspicuity in using them: that, as a critic, he can analyse the principles of compositions, can distinguish their characteristic features, and appreciate their merits: and, what, as an historian, is his peculiar province, that from the comparison and combination of single facts he can draw general remarks and conclusions; and can trace the progress of the mind, not merely as exemplified in the confined exertions of an individual, but in a succession of ages, and in the pursuits and acquirements of a people. As proofs, amongst others which might be given, of this assertion, I would refer to the characters of Chaucer in the first volume, and of Lord Surrey in the third; to the Dissertations prefixed to the work; and to the surveys of the revival of learning and, of the poetry of Queen Elizabeth's age, which respectively close the second and third volumes.



On the prose style of Warton may be added a few words, which are applicable to his other works, and especially to the History of English Poetry. His expressions are select and forcible, and his sentences animated. He has frequent comparisons and allusions, which not only embellish his thoughts, but at the same time illustrate them. He abounds in figurative language, but without losing sight of simplicity; and is, perhaps, as much as any modern English author, remarkable for uniting, without affectation and without an appearance of art and labour, the excellences of a style at once perspicuous, ornamented, vigorous, and musical.

In remarking on the poetry of Warton, as it is that department of his works, with which I am more particularly engaged, I may be excused for speaking more at length.

In his VERSIFICATION, especially in the common English pentameter, he displays more strength than elegance. He seldom betrays weakness, but I doubt whether he is always graceful.

Though he has avoided the point and antithesis of Pope, like him he seems not to have known, at least not much to have practised, that

harmony of period which results from the natural and unaffected ease, the variety of pause, the mixture of simple and ornamented, of weaker and more nervous lines, and the many other peculiarities, which, though they are to be found in some of his predecessors, eminently characterise the periods of Dryden. He generally terminates the sense with a couplet, and rests his pauses on the even feet, most commonly on the fourth syllable: a practice which will be readily observed and objected to by a reader of a musical ear, accustomed to that melody of verse, which has been carried to its extent by Milton, and by Dryden as far as it can be carried in rhyme. Throughout his pentameters he has but one triplet and scarcely an Alexandrine. He seems to have copied Dryden, perhaps not always judiciously, in one respect; in terminating a verse with a trisyllable, which will hardly bear the accent, where it will then of necessity be, on the last syllable; and in making the verse so formed the leading verse of the couplet. Thus in the *Triumph of Isis*,

Like Greece in science and in liberty,  
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedæmon free.

And in *Verses to Sir Joshua Reynolds*,

With arts unknown before to reconcile  
The willing Graces to the Gothic pile.

I suspect however that he had never made Dryden much the object of his study.

But the same defect as to the music of his versification appears in his blank verse, which was hardly to have been expected in so fond an admirer, and so diligent a reader, of Milton. The happiest pause in blank verse, when occasionally introduced, and of which Milton perfectly knew the secret, is on the eighth syllable: a pause which Warton has very rarely adopted. Yet after all nothing was to be done without considerable practice; and in blank verse the practice of Warton was not great. He has written only two poems in that metre; of which the former was composed in his 17th year, when he could not have had time for practice; and the latter but a few years after. Possibly he was aware of his want of success, and gave up the attempt.

In another species of poetical composition, practice made him more successful. In his earlier laureate Odes the lines are often rugged, the construction harsh, and the rhymes awkwardly disposed: faults which he corrected as he advanced; till he at length attained a very fair degree of lyrical harmony: though he has in that respect never equalled his friend Collins's

Ode on the Passions, much less Dryden's Alexander's Feast.

These remarks on the defects of Warton's versification must not however be understood as extending to the Suicide, or his several Odes in the eight-syllable verse. To the latter metre, which indeed neither requires nor admits so great a variety and compass of tone, he seems to have paid the greatest attention, and has very well succeeded in it. His poems in this metre are uniformly sweet; nor do I in this point of view know any poem in the English language superior to the Inscription in a Hermitage, or the Hamlet.

It has indeed been objected to his versification in this metre, that "the frequent mixture of regular trochaics of seven syllables, and iambs of eight, seems a defect." It is allowed that he is supported in this practice by the authority of Milton and Gray, in the same metre; and it may be added, without reference to the interchange of measures in the Greek lyric poetry, that in our pentameter, which is strictly an iambic measure, we not only admit spondaic, but dactylic, anapaestic, and trochaic feet. The cause of all which indulgences may be found in the pleasure derived from variety. But perhaps it is less a matter of authority or of reason, than

of taste and feeling : and for myself I must confess that the mixture of trochaic verses complained of appears to merit not only indulgence, but approbation. Sometimes they have an appropriate force and beauty ; as when the Minstrels in the Crusade burst forth abruptly with menaces on their enemies :

Syrian Virgins, wail and weep,  
English Richard ploughs the deep, &c.

or when the tripping motion of May, one of the attendants of Summer, is described,

But who is she that bears thy train,  
Pacing light the velvet plain ?

But I will not multiply instances of this beauty, which may easily be observed by the reader.

Alliteration, when introduced sparingly and with discretion, is not only tolerable, but pleasing and productive of good effect. But, like all other figures of speech, it satiates by being often repeated ; and, as much as any figure, betrays design. It is certainly too frequent in Warton ; and, even in the examination of individual instances, will be found not always happily introduced. Warton probably adopted the practice from Spenser, than whom no one of our poets more frequently uses it ; and whom (as is observed in the notes on the Suicide) he obviously

imitated in that poem, in which he has perhaps more alliteration than in any other.

His PHRASEOLOGY is distinguished from that of his contemporary poets by rather a frequent introduction of antiquated expressions, derived no doubt from the fondness with which he "spelt the fabling rime." This peculiarity has been represented as a blemish. Dr. Johnson ridiculed it (according to Mad. Piozzi) in the following lines :

Wherefoe'er I turn my view,  
All is strange, yet nothing new :  
Endless labour all along,  
Endless labour to be wrong ;  
Phrase that Time has flung away,  
Uncouth words in disarray,  
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,  
Ode, and elegy, and sonnet.

And another ° critic has remarked, that " the use of old words, in a poem not called an imitation of some old bard, seems a studied imperfection : such are the words *aye*, *eld*, *murky*, *watchet*, *hue*." I shall not avail myself of what he subjoins, namely, that the word *watchet* is used by Dryden ; for I allow it to be probably so obsolete at present, as to be unintelligible to the generality of readers. There is however no single word in the English

language to express exactly the same thing. Nor shall I endeavour to extenuate the charge brought against our Poet, by observing that, of the other words cited above, *eld* is used by Akenfide ; *aye* is frequently to be met with in various modern writers ; *murky* is hardly obsolete, certainly not unintelligible ; and *hue* is still retained amongst us even in common conversation. Such a defence must be ineffectual, for other words, confessedly out of use, might be brought from his poems. Nor shall I justify the practice, by asking why old English expressions may not be revived, and introduced anew into the language, at least as well as modern French or Anglicised Latin. The practice, if it be wrong, is not to be defended by an appeal to other practices, perhaps of no less questionable propriety.

For my own part I cannot allow the justice of the censure. If the poet cannot find in common use, words, which will fully convey the image of his mind ; or if words in common use do occur to him, but such as, though they may fully convey his meaning, are destitute of poetical beauty and propriety (for poetry has always been allowed to speak in language removed from that of the vulgar) ; in either case he must look farther, and invent or revive others ; and he may surely as well revive those that are old, as invent new. Horace considered it as a na-

tural event in the revolutions of a language, that many obsolete terms would be restored to use; and he contends for the privilege, to which he and the other poets of his time were entitled, of contributing to that change. And it does not seem reasonable to suppose, that Horace would have denied to an English poet, what he claimed for those of Rome. Quintilian maintains the same privilege for the orator, and extends it much farther in the case of the poet: and he remarks with no less truth than elegance, that words acquire a dignity from antiquity, and sprinkle over a composition, as time does over paintings, a mellowness inimitable by art. It is this practice, which makes the language of Milton more venerable than that of his contemporary, Dryden.

What has been said will perhaps be allowed as an argument for the propriety of the practice in question; of the arguments for its impropriety I confess I am not aware; nor of the reasonableness of marking, as a fit object of ridicule or censure, an English poet, because he has occasionally enriched his own compositions, and through them the language of his country, with expressions drawn from the neglected though “pure well-heads of English undefil’d.”

But every excellence is liable to abuse. Let



me not then, in contending for the general principle, be understood as defending the practice to whatever extravagance it may be prosecuted ; or as altogether denying that antiquated expressions have been sometimes used by our poet, where they were neither necessary to convey his meaning, nor conducive to perspicuity or elegance.

I do not remember that he has introduced into his poetry many words absolutely new ; but he has formed several new combinations of words already in use : a practice, as well as the former, recommended by Horace and Quintilian, and followed by Milton and the best Greek poets. A single word, thus compounded, has sometimes the effect of a long description. *Silver-axled, agate-axled, nectar-trickling, magic-temper'd, violet-woven, woodbine-mantled, lofty-window'd*, are instances of not unpleasing combination. He is sometimes less happy in this way. *Gladsome-glist'ring*, which may be noticed also as a disagreeable example of alliteration, is, as a combination, inelegant and harsh.

In his humorous poems he is sometimes very successful in giving to a word a ludicrous signification, very different from that in which it is commonly used. As when in the "Panegyric on Oxford Ale" he speaks of a "*material break-fast*;" and in "Newmarket," of a "*laconic boot*."

He seems to have a fondness for certain particular terms, and to have taken almost every opportunity of using them. This might lead to a suspicion that he had a poverty of ideas, which however was not the case. In a note on the Pleasures of Melancholy, v. 175. are instances of his repeated use of one word, which is in every individual instance connected with an image different from that contained in the others.

A similar remark will hold as to his imitations of Milton. His diction is perpetually Miltonic ; but it will be found on examination to be connected with sentiments and ideas different from those with which it is connected in his original, and to represent images of his own. But of this I shall presently have occasion to speak more particularly.

Minute strictures on little grammatical inaccuracies have at least this use, that they show to poets, that they do not offend without being noticed. I shall therefore just remark, that Warton has now and then been guilty of a solecism, in using the past participle of the passive voice, instead of the preterite tense of the active ; and that he has once, and, I believe, but once, used indiscriminately the pronouns

*thee* and *you*. Such inaccuracies, if they occur seldom, though not overlooked, may be pardoned; particularly as they are found in some of the most correct compositions of Pope, perhaps the most correct poet of the nation.

To what has been thus particularly observed of the language of Warton, may be added that it is in general select and poetical: indeed his prevailing fault seems to be, that he sometimes appears to aim too much at departing from common terms and formularies, and forgets that art loses its effect, unless it is concealed. But though, in consequence of this, his style is sometimes stiff and constrained, and though it has now and then a redundant expression, it certainly merits the general commendation of perspicuity, elegance, and strength.

It is not my intention in this place to examine every one of our Author's poems minutely, and the nature of this work precludes the necessity of it. Those, which naturally fall under the same general character, may be considered together; and those, which are not so reducible, must in consequence be considered by themselves: but it is my particular wish to examine them all, with the view of drawing from them a few general remarks on the genius of the poet.

In considering the works of any Author, it is but fair to make allowances for the productions of very early years. Warton stands in need of no great allowance for his first production, for few persons would attribute "the Pleasures of Melancholy" to a boy in his 17th year. The youth of the Author is however discernible in its luxuriance and want of compression. It has been characterised as "a beautiful Miltonic poem, abounding with bold metaphors and highly-coloured pictures." It points out also the propensities of the Author at a very early age; and shows that he was then partial to the "taper'd choir" and scenes of awful and solemn grandeur; and, in conformity with such propensities, he was then (as his brother, I believe, afterwards described him) "of the school of Spenser and Milton, rather than that of Pope."

"The Triumph of Isis" is an instance of the readiness with which Warton could apply himself to the treatment of an occasional subject: it was called for by a voluntary effusion from a man of genius, and has the merit of being at least equal to that which provoked it. Mason had, as we have seen, the liberality to say, that in poetical imagery and the correct flow of its versification he thought it greatly excelled his own. It is also distinguished by a firm and

manly tone of indignation. Like all other party-productions, this must have lost a considerable share of its interest with the reader. To the general reader indeed it must have been at all times less interesting than to an Oxford man: and even an Oxford man will now perhaps feel himself little interested in seeing his University defended from an imputation, to which the circumstances of the times no longer leave her open. No stronger proof of this can be given, than that the poem is frequently read without its being known, or perhaps enquired, for whom the character of Dr. King was intended; and yet the very lines which contain that character were at first the most admired in the poem. The Poet however is not to be blamed for a fault incident to his subject; when it is considered that the subject was in some measure imposed upon him. And indeed, though some parts of the poem have unavoidably become less interesting, others of a more general character still retain their charms. The passage from v. 149 to the end cannot fail of being enjoyed as long as it shall be read; and the whole of that passage, particularly the apostrophe in the first paragraph, breathes the true spirit of poetry.

To avoid with decency common-place compliments, when writing officially on the com-

mon-place topics of a royal birth, marriage, or death, is a task of no small difficulty. Warton has succeeded in the task not only with decency, but with dignity and spirit. Of the three poems, which he wrote as Poetry-Professor, to which may be added the Elegy on the Death of Frederic, the Verses on the King's Marriage are the most elegant, and most distinguished for their delicacy of compliment : though they have less poetical imagery than those on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, and less dignity than those on the Death of George the Second. To these last it may be objected, that, pregnant as they are with independent sentiments, and rich in appropriate classical allusion, they have less concern with the King, on whose death they were written, than with the distinguished patriot, to whom they are addressed : an objection, which will hardly be removed by observing that the lustre of the Minister is reflected on the Monarch. Let me add however, that the Poet's judgment appears in the Elegy on Frederic. If we consider the circumstances of the times, it may be allowed, that to have celebrated the Prince's political character might not have been advisable : but to a compliment on his domestic virtues, and on his patronage of men of letters, no one could with propriety object ; for no one perhaps could deny that it was merited.

The English Inscriptions are elegant and pleasing; but that, which is said to be written in a Hermitage, is especially distinguished, and particularly by the exquisite stroke at the conclusion of the fourth stanza.

To say of the version from Job, that it is nervous and spirited, is not much to commend it; for it could not easily have been otherwise. But the paraphrase of the whole of the book by Young, which was poetically imagined and suitably executed, may well preclude all farther attempts of the same kind.

In the Pastoral, which professes to be at once a translation from Theocritus and an imitation of Spenser, the thoughts of the Greek are ingeniously adapted to the language and manner of the English poet.

The Odes translated from Horace, in imitation of Milton's attempt, are perhaps not inferior to that which they imitate. But English lyric poetry can hardly support itself without rhyme: possibly one cause of this is its want of a variety of feet; which want is compensated in our heroic blank verse, by full and swelling periods, where a perpetual recurrence of the same species of foot, and even the harshness of the

language itself, are relieved by a variety of pause.

The Monody at Stratford, the Odes to Sleep, to Upton, and at Vale-royal Abbey, the Complaint of Cherwell, and the Ode entitled Morning, would not contribute much towards establishing the fame of a poet, nor add much to it when established. The Complaint of Cherwell is however a pleasing pastoral; Mason called it, in his letter to the Author, "the delicate Complaint of Cherwell." The Monody, by no means a contemptible production, contains one image of a more sublime and terrible nature, than our poet usually supplies. I mean in the 18th and four following verses, particularly the two last of them, which I never read without having my attention forcibly drawn to the last scene in the *Electra* of Sophocles, than which I do not know a finer subject for a deeply-moving tragic painting. The Ode at Vale-royal Abbey, the best of these six poems, though it is certainly heavy, and occasionally commonplace, contains some less hackneyed reflections on the benefits derived to modern times from monastic institutions, and some fine touches of Gothic painting. Every subject, connected with the ages of Chivalry and Romance, with Gothic manners and Gothic arts, was contemplated with peculiar fondness by Warton.



The "Verses to Sir Joshua Reynolds" are an admirable specimen of his excellence in this way; though the paragraph beginning with the 41st verse will show, that he was well qualified to discern and enjoy the softer and more chastised beauties of Grecian art. It is difficult to say which is preferable, the description of a Gothic cathedral in the beginning of the poem, or that of the New College window in the last-mentioned paragraph. Each possesses that merit which might be expected from its more immediate subject, and will be preferred accordingly as the mind of the reader is more alive to scenes of solemnity and magnificence, or to those of elegance and grace.

There is somewhat of grotesque in the rude grandeur of the middle ages, which would hardly escape a man of the humorous propensities of our Author, and which he has transfused into one part of this poem with touches of delicate humour not unworthy of Addison; and has thereby contributed to make it one of the most characteristic of his performances, as it displays the poet, the antiquarian, the man of classical taste, and the man of humour.

It was a bold undertaking to venture on a subject, which had employed the genius of two of our most eminent poets, one certainly a judge,

and the other a practitioner, in the art of painting: and which had produced from them two of the most elegant and finished pieces in the language; I mean the *Epistle of Dryden to Sir Godfrey Kneller*, and that of *Pope to Jervas*. But as the attempt was bold, the event is not disgraceful to our Poet. The peculiarities in his subject preclude general comparison. Whilst Dryden is naturally enough led to give some account of the origin and progress of painting, and Pope to express his eagerness to visit its principal schools, Warton is with equal propriety engaged in delineating his Gothic scenery. In some parts however there is room for comparison; and I do not think that the 45th and fifteen following verses yield in correctness of drawing, or in warm and appropriate colouring, to any in Pope or Dryden. His poem has one advantage, perhaps in some measure incident to the subject, that it is more entire than either of the others: no part of it can be transposed or taken away without injury to the whole. It is also more perfect than the others; it has none of the fanciful conceit of Dryden's, nor of the smartness and point of Pope's. Let me add, by the way, that Pope's conclusion is more especially in this bad taste; but that Dryden's has as much felicity both of thought and expression as any lines in the language.

In the delineation of the same or of similar scenes, we may expect to find features of general resemblance. But Nature is not so perpetually the same as to exclude variety of description, nor are the beauties of Nature so restricted, as for those even in a single prospect to be comprehended or remarked by the eye of an individual. Hence the poet derives his power of selecting some from amongst a variety of images, and of bringing forward to notice others, which may have been before either slightly touched on, or entirely overlooked. Instances of both these cases occur in almost every page of our Author's descriptive poems; and mark him for one who wrote from an attentive survey of the works of Nature, and not merely from the descriptions of others; of one who, in the language of his favourite Milton,

Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe,  
Among the pleasant villages and farms  
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceiv'd delight,  
The smell of grain, or tedded grafs, or kine,  
Or dairy', each rural sight, each rural sound.

Not that he disdained imitation; for his imitations of other poets are frequent; but there is generally an originality even in those of his descriptions which are formed by imitation; and as he does not borrow through poverty, so what he borrows he makes his own, by the addition

and interweaving of circumstances not to be found in his archetype. And so evident does this appear to me, that I have been surprised to see it remarked, <sup>p</sup>that, “ in his descriptive poetry, Milton was not only his model in respect of language and versification, but of ideas.” To the former part of the remark I will readily accede, but cannot to the latter, at least in its full extent. That he sometimes imitates the ideas of Milton is sufficiently obvious; and the elegant remark of the critic is then just, that “ his imitations of Milton, like the pictures of Raphael copied by Giulio Romano, are “ perfectly copied:” but I cannot allow that the whole of one of the most Miltonic of his poems, the Ode on the Approach of Summer, much less that the remaining part of his descriptive poetry, is copied or modelled from any one. There seems to me indeed to be one point, in which there is but little resemblance between the descriptions of Warton and of Milton (at least in his *L’Allegro* and *Il Penferoso*, for to those poems the allusion seems chiefly to be made). The delineations of Milton in these poems are seldom so clearly marked, as that a painter might be able to copy from them. But neither Claude nor Ruyssdale ever painted a

more glowing or a more distinct picture, than are many of the descriptions of Warton.

And this leads me to remark, that, together with the faculty of selecting from a variety of images, and of developing others, which are new and uncommon, he possessed in an eminent degree that of representing them so clearly and accurately, as to make them appear rather pictures than descriptions; rather works of the pencil than of the pen. It has been beautifully remarked by a <sup>9</sup> critic of eminent taste and learning, that the ancients have very little of the picturesque in their descriptive poetry. "They have no Thomsons, for they had no " Claudes." Without attending then to the ancients, I would observe, that Warton in his delineations of nature may be compared with the best modern poets in the same line, and will by no means sink in the comparison. For being an attentive observer of nature, objects were clearly impressed upon his imagination; and as the more clear is the perception, which the mind has of any object, the more clearly in general will they be described, he shares with Thomson, the great master of the art, the praise of truth and distinctness; and is sometimes

<sup>9</sup> Mr. Twining, in the first Dissertation prefixed to his able translation and commentary on Aristotle's Poetic.

more picturesque, because he is more simple and select, even than Thomson himself.

It is to be regretted however that the descriptive poetry of Warton is so purely descriptive; that it has so few touches of manners or passions, such as are found in the *Georgics* of Virgil; so little of moral reflection, such as gives a relish to that exquisite piece of Dyer, which makes us lament that he has written no more of the same kind; and so little of religious reflection, such as particularly recommends Thomson's *Seasons*, and which a contemplation of the works of Nature seems peculiarly calculated to inspire. "The unexpected insertion of such reflections," says Dr. Warton, with singular felicity of illustration<sup>1</sup>, "imparts to us the same pleasure that we feel, when, in wandering through a wilderness or grove, we suddenly behold in the turning of the walk a statue of some Virtue or Muse."

This circumstance would probably have considerable influence on my decision, were I called on to place the several descriptive poems of our Author in their order of merit. Of the *Hamlet*, the *First of April*, the *Ode to a Friend*, and that on the *Approach of Summer*, the

<sup>1</sup> Essay on Pope, Vol. I.

Hamlet would stand first, and the First of April last ; though not one of the others excels, or perhaps equals, the latter in variety of natural and appropriate imagery.

This likewise gives its greatest effect to that which is at present the most known, and will always deserve to be the most popular of Warton's poems, " The Suicide : " where an appeal is made not only to the fancy, but to the heart ; where the most striking poetical imagery is not only clothed in the most expressive diction, but heightened by the tenderest sentiments ; and all conspire to promote the noblest purposes ; to comfort the miserable, and to restrain the vicious, by enforcing the dictates of religion. The great excellence of this poem may not unreasonably excite regret that it is not perfect. I have before remarked, that it has too much alliteration ; and to this may be added, that it is too allegorical. Particularly the last part of the 14th stanza is made obscure by the figurativeness of its language ; even had it not produced this effect, the allegory would have been objectionable. A sentiment truly dignified does not want any pomp of language to support it. I may mention here the additional spirit given to this Ode by its dramatic form ; a merit which it has in common with the two which follow.

“The Crusade” and “the Grave of Arthur” are perhaps the most poetical of our Author’s poems. They are imitative in that sense, in which alone Aristotle seems to consider poetry as strictly imitative; namely, when the poet takes upon him the character of some other person, and acts and speaks accordingly: whence, though the dramatic poet is not the only imitator, he alone is uniformly so; and others only become so when they give their works a dramatic turn, by assuming another character. And this is done by Warton in the odes before us; and nothing certainly gives so much animation to any species of poetry, or is in consequence more adapted to the lyric.

In these odes too, the geographical parts are well managed, and the manners of chivalry well depicted. But the Author should be particularly commended for the choice of his subjects, and for “celebrating domestic exploits,” or more strictly perhaps domestic traditions; for no Englishman, certainly no poetical Englishman, can hear with indifference of

\* ————what resounds  
In fable or romance of Uther’s son;

or of what resounds, in scarcely less romantic history, of the achievements of “English Richard.”



" Of the two odes, " the Crusade " is certainly superior to the other both in invention and execution. The plan is formed by the poet himself; whereas that of the other is exactly what had been chalked out by Camden and Drayton. The execution also is more animated, for there is in it nothing superfluous or redundant; and this can hardly be said of the other, which contains more prolix description: a material fault in lyric poetry. It may be questioned besides, whether the conclusion of the " Grave of Arthur " might not have been shortened with effect; and whether the discovery is not represented as having too powerful an influence on Henry.

The Sonnet, a species of poetry, foreign to the genius of the English language, and singularly liable to stiffness, was not very suitable to the talents of a man, whose prevailing fault was a want of ease. Warton's sonnets however have as much merit as sonnets usually have. Two of them, those to Wynslade and the River Lodon, have been frequently spoken of with approbation. They are certainly superior to the others; it may be, because they show more of the genuine feelings of the Author.

His less serious pieces are deserving of commendation, though not equally so: but they all

share in this common praise, that they have humour and pleasantry without licentiousness. "The Panegyric on Oxford Ale" is inferior to Philips's "Splendid Shilling," of which it is an imitation, rather because it is not the original, than on account of any defect in the execution. "The Progress of Discontent" is an exquisite picture of human life, exemplified in an individual instance: Dr. Warton has pronounced it in his opinion "the best imitation of Swift that has yet appeared." A decision so well founded, as to avert from him any imputation of prejudice. "Newmarket," the only satire, which our poet has written, is remarkable for its vein of severe and manly indignation: nor do I think that it can be deemed inferior to the best satirical compositions of Pope or Young. The apostrophe to Greece, with which it concludes, being in so much higher a strain, might on that account be objectionable, did it not arise so naturally out of the subject.

The Ode for Music might well be dispensed with; it has little of poetry to recommend either its thoughts or expressions; and the introduction of Minerva (to say the best of it) is puerile.

The Laureate Odes are the most striking testimony of the strength of Warton's poetical

genius. Intangled in the difficulties of a perpetually-recurring subject, he is like Milton's

———lion pawing to get free  
His hinder parts.

One circumstance indeed was favourable to him. Though he rejected indiscriminate panegyric with a manly spirit of independence, to have avoided all celebration of his royal Master would have been an unworthy dereliction of what is considered the duty of his office. Fortunately he was enabled to perform this duty without any prostitution of his Muse; and to descant with sincerity on the personal character of his Sovereign; on his domestic virtues, his patronage of the useful and liberal arts; his encouragement of maritime discoveries; and his paternal regard for his people.

But these personal virtues would not have furnished constant argument for the laureate odes of Warton; and even the genius of Pindar, when engaged in the same kind of panegyric composition, sought for matter in collateral topics. Warton proceeded on the same plan; and his odes are distinguished not only by the manliness of their sentiments, but by the felicity of their classical allusions, and the richness of their Gothic imagery.

In the Ode for the New Year 1786, the ap-

plication of a most delightful thought in Homer and Pindar to the circumstances of his own country was singularly happy; and the Ode for the Birth-day in the same year, wherein he characterises the Poets laureate (if I may use the expression) of Greece, is inferior only to that of the following year, in which he does the same with the Poets laureate of England. The latter ode is perhaps superior on the whole; though there is no part of it written in such exquisite taste, or with so much apparent interest in the subject, as the character of Theocritus, his favourite pastoral poet, in the former; unless indeed it is the character of his no less favourite romantic poet, Spenser, in the latter.

“ We have formerly observed,” says a critic, whom, as I have once or twice had occasion to dissent from, I now quote with approbation and pleasure, “ that our Bard was particularly happy “ in descriptive poetry; and he has since, in “ his official odes as Poet Laureate, rendered “ it just and necessary to extend this praise to “ his felicity in Gothic painting: for which he “ probably qualified himself by his study of “ Chaucer, Spenser, and other old authors, who “ have described the feats of knights and barons “ bold, and who

“ In sage and solemn tunes have sung  
“ Of turneys and of trophies hung.

“ The Odes for 1787 and 1788, while the Bard  
 “ had no splendid foreign or domestic events  
 “ to celebrate, nor any calamities to deplore,  
 “ abound with Gothic pictures and embellish-  
 “ ments, which give that kind of mellow-  
 “ ness to these poems, that time confers on  
 “ medals and productions of the pencil.” A  
 happy illustration, and the same with that which  
 I have above remarked to be given by Quinti-  
 lian of the effect produced by the adoption of  
 antiquated words. With respect to these four  
 odes, or rather the three last of them, I am  
 unwilling even seemingly to depreciate the  
 others, by declaring a preference for either. I  
 cannot however but add, that the opening of  
 that on Windsor Castle shows the grandest and  
 most vigorous conception.

The two last odes are in a different style:  
 the last in particular, which contains a eulogy  
 on the principal mineral springs in England,  
 blended with two or three fabulous or his-  
 torical allusions, which Drayton perhaps sup-  
 plied him with, contains also more glowing  
 description than any of his former poems: and  
 being composed but a few days before his  
 death, proves that his fancy was still warm and  
 active.

It has been already intimated that our Poet

resembles Pindar in the selection of his topics; let me here add, that he displays a Pindaric boldness and fire in his execution. But as these and similar expressions are often used, perhaps without any determinate meaning, it seems advisable to mention, for the sake of precision, that by a Pindaric boldness and fire I would understand manliness of sentiment, grand and lofty imagery, glowing words, and a highly-wrought and metaphorical style: qualities, more truly Pindaric than those which some persons seem to think constitute an imitation of Pindar; such as irregular metre, sudden and unconnected transitions, and obscure and confused thoughts. Warton however has more of Pindar's majesty, than of his enthusiasm; which latter has been carried perhaps to its greatest extent in the English language by nature in Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," and by art in "The Bard" of Gray.

Of the Latin poems of Warton little need be said; as the judgment of his brother concerning them has never been disputed, that they are written with "a true classical Purity, Elegance, and Simplicity." The Author (to use another expression of the Doctor's) seems to have thought in Latin.

His model was evidently Virgil; though in

the opening of the Verses on the rebuilding of Trinity College Chapel, he appears to wish for the Ovidian Graces of Bathurst. This was undoubtedly the most arduous of his Latin poems, and displays the greatest knowledge and command of the language; but it is at the same time much less calculated to create general interest than *Mons Catharinæ*. The number of readers interested in the one subject is comparatively small: but every one is alive to whatever awakens the feelings, and recalls the sports and employments, of youth.

The two hendecasyllaba entitled “*In Horto script.*” and “*Apud Hortum jucundissimum Wintoniæ*,” are worthy of the hand of Flaminus: and the Epitaph on Mrs. Serle, and that in the “*Inscriptionum Delectus*” which begins *O dulcis puer*, have all the delicacy and tenderness of the purest Greek models; and are such as might have proceeded from Meleager or Callimachus, had they written in the language of Catullus.

A modern writer of an ancient language is always liable to inaccuracies. We are however surprised at finding in such a man as Warton, mistakes of so glaring a kind as that of making *Tempe* a noun feminine of the singular number.

If these observations are just, it may be concluded, by way of general remark, that, notwithstanding his blemishes, for blemishes he undoubtedly had, Warton is entitled to claim no mean rank amongst the poets of his country: that he displays great facility and variety of powers; that his style is forcible and ornamented; his thoughts lofty and dignified; his imagery in his descriptive poetry select, new, and distinct; in his lyric poetry, gorgeous and magnificent; that in his less serious pieces he has the humour, without the grossness, of Swift; that in his Latin compositions he shows a true classical taste and feeling; and that, in all his poems, though he abounds in imitations of his predecessors, his imitations are not servile, and that what he borrows he makes his own.

In one department he is not only unequalled, but original and unprecedented: I mean in applying to modern poetry the embellishment of Gothic manners and Gothic arts; the tournaments and festivals, the poetry, music, painting, and architecture of “elder days.” Nor can I here refrain from repeating, that, though engaged in the service, his talents were never prostituted to the undue praise, of royalty: nor from adding as a topic of incidental applause, that, though he wanders in the mazes of fancy, he may always be resorted to as supplying at least an harmless



amusement ; and that with Milton and Gray, whom he resembled in various other points, he shares also this moral commendation, that his laurels, like theirs, are untainted by impurity, and that he has uniformly written (to use the words of another unfulfilled bard<sup>s</sup>)

Verse that a Virgin without blush may read.

<sup>s</sup> Sylveſter's Du Bartas.

## MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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Εἰς τοῦ λειμῶνα καθίσκος,  
Ἐδρεπεν ἕτερον ἐφ' ἑτέρῳ  
Αἰρομενός ἀγρευτὴ' ἀνέσταν  
Αἰόμειρα ψυχῇ—.

Giotti Excerpta ex Tragicis, p. 463. et Valckenauer  
Quintben in Euripidis reliq. p. 212.



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THE  
TRIUMPH OF ISIS,

OCCASIONED BY  
ISIS AN ELEGY.

(Written in 1749, the Author's 21st year.)

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*Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum TYBRIDE, Roman  
Semper in ore geris? Roscrunt si vera parentes,  
Hanc urbem insano nullus qui Marte petivit,  
Lætatus violasse redit. Nec numina sedem  
Destituunt.*——

CLAUDIAN.

ON closing flowers when genial gales diffuse  
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews ;  
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,  
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale ;

The Triumph of Isis &c.] For an account of the occasion, on which this Poem was written, and of the circumstances connected with it, see the memoirs prefixed to this edition. There are several variations in the poem as it now stands, and as it first appeared in 4to. and in the Union : but they are in general too trifling to require any particular notice.

V. 3. When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,

And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale ;]

See nearly the same circumstances in a morning landscape, *L'Allegro*, ver. 63.

While the plowman near at hand  
*Whistles* o'er the furrow'd land,  
And the milk-maid singeth blithe.

Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering shade,  
 O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd :  
 And calmly musing through the twilight way,  
 In pensive mood I fram'd the Dotic lay.  
 When lo ! from opening clouds a golden gleam  
 Pour'd sudden splendors o'er the shadowy stream;  
 And from the wave arose it's guardian queen,  
 Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green ;  
 While in the coral crown, that bound her brow,  
 Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.

V. 6. O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks] For instances of "fringed" used in this manner, both simply and in composition, see Warton's note on *Comus*, ver. 890.

By the rushy-fringed bank

Where grows the willow and the otter dank.

The word from its frequent recurrence appears a favourite with our poet.

V. 12. —Her sweeping stole] Corresponding with Homer's ἰλασσινεπιδος (*Il. Z. v. 442.*) as "*silver-slipper'd*" below, v. 16. 1. altered from ἀργυροπέλα (*Il. A. 538.*) Milton uses "*tinsel-slipper'd*," *Comus*, 877. W. Browne, in *Britannia's Pastorals*, had retained with greater judgment "*silver footed*," (Book ii. Song 1. and in other places) which had been introduced into the language by Chapman in his translation of Homer.

V. 13. While in the coral crown, that bound her brow] In Drayton's *Muses Elysium*, a shepherd thus compliments his mistress:

With coral I will have thee crown'd,

Whose branches intricately wound

Shall girt thy temples every way.

*Nymphal.* 2. vol. iv. p. 1460. edit. 1753.

In the *Ode for Music*, ver. 52. Isis has "*coral-crowned tresses*." Chetwell in *Complaint of Chetwell*, v. 15, wears a "*coral-cinctur'd stole*."

As the smooth surface of the dimply flood 15  
 The silver-slipper'd virgin lightly trod ;  
 From her loose hair the dropping dew she  
     press'd,  
 And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd.

No more, my son, the rural reed employ,  
 Nor trill the tinkling strain of empty joy ;   20  
 No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit  
 To notes of pastoral pipe, or oaten flute.  
 For hark ! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,  
 To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls :   24  
 When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,  
 Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string ?  
 While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' spite,  
 The venal sons of slavish CAM unite ;  
 To shake yon towers when Malice rears her crest,  
 Shall all my sons in silence idly rest ?   30

V. 15. The dimply flood] *Comus*, 119.

By *dimpled* brook and fountain brim.

V. 22. To notes of pastoral pipe, or oaten flute.] *Lycidas*,  
 ver. 32.

Meanwhile the *rural* ditties were not mute  
 Temper'd to the *oaten flute*.

*Comus*, 345.

Or sound of *pastoral reed*, with *oaten stops*.

Collins in his *Ode to Evening* had the same in his eye :

If aught of *oaten stop* or *pastoral* song

May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear.

Still sing, O CAM, your fav'rite Freedom's  
cause ;

Still boast of Freedom, while you break her laws:  
To power your songs of Gratulation pay,  
To courts address soft flattery's fervile lay.  
What though your gentle MASON's plaintive  
verse

35

Has hung with sweetest wreaths Musæus' herse;  
What though your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,  
Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow ;  
Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,  
To tear the laurels from a sister's head ?— 40  
Misguided youth ! with rude unclastic rage

V. 35. What though your gentle MASON's plaintive verse  
Has hung with sweetest wreaths Musæus' herse ;]

Alluding to Mason's *Myseus*, a Monody to the memory of Pope.  
It is however rather a puerile performance, and not worthy of so  
high a character ; though the imitations in it are occasionally  
good ; indeed much preferable to Pope's despicable imitations, as  
he calls them, of Chaucer and Spenser, of whom in reality they  
are base caricatures.

V. 37. What though your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,  
Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow ;]

Drayton of the Muse :

Smooth as the lowly *stream* she *softly* now doth glide.

*Poly-olhion*, Song 14. vol. iii. p. 930.

But see Denham's celebrated address to the Thames in *Cooper's  
Hill* :

O could I *flow* like thee, and make thy *stream*  
My great example, as it is my theme,  
Tho' deep yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull,  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

To blot the beauties of thy whiter page !  
A rage that fullies e'en thy guiltless lays,  
And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let GRANTA boast the patrons of her name, 45  
Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame :  
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,  
Prolific parent of each bowing dean :  
Be hers each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,  
Each courtly chaplain, sanctified and fleck : 50  
Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive  
On rich pluralities supinely thrive :  
Still let her senates titled slaves revere,  
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer ;  
No longer charm'd by Virtue's lofty song, 55  
Once heard sage Milton's manly tones among,  
Where CAM, meandering thro' the matted reeds,  
With loitering wave his groves of laurel feeds.

V. 45. GRANTA—] Cambridge. In note to ver. 57. a passage is quoted from Bp. Hall's Satires, where the river Cam is called Grant. The Saxon name of the town was Grantan bridge, or Grantabridge.

V. 48. —Each bowing dean:] Young, in his *Love of Fame*, Satire iv. says, with allusion, as it seems, to some particular and well-known character,

And then he can outbow the *bowing dean*.

V. 57. Where CAM, meandering through the matted reeds,  
With loitering wave his groves of laurel feeds.]  
Cam is well enough distinguished by his " reeds and loitering



Stat quoque *juncosas* *Cam* remeare *paludes*,

Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thamesis alluit unda,

Meque nec inuisum patria dulcis habet.

Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revitere Camum,

Nec dudum vetiti me Laris angit amor :

Nuda nec arva placent, umbræque negantia molles;

Quam malè Phœbicolis convenit iste locus. V. 9.

— What baser Muse can bide

To sit and sing by Granta's naked side?

They haunt the tided Thames and salt Medway

E'er since the fame of their late bridal day :

Nought have we here but willow-shaded shore,

To tell our Grant his banks are left forlore. B. i. Sat. 1.

In one or two instances the resemblance is minute: particularly the epithet "refugia" of Milton, so much admired by Warton, exactly answers to the "tided" of Bp. Hall. It is well known that Milton was a pensioner of Christ's College, Cambridge.

Though Persecution wave her iron wing,  
 And, o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,  
 "These destin'd seats be mine," exulting cries;  
 Fortune's fair smiles on Isis still attend:  
 And, as the dews of gracious heaven descend 70  
 Unask'd, unseen, in still but copious show'rs,  
 Her stores on me spontaneous Bounty pours.  
 See, Science walks with recent chaplets crown'd;  
 With fancy's strain my fairy shades resound;  
 My Muse divine still keeps her custom'd state, 75  
 The mien erect, and high majestic gait:

V. 66. Though Persecution wave her iron wing, &c.] An evident imitation of a passage in his father's paraphrase of Horace, B. ii. Od. 8.

At this Corruption smiles with ghastly grin,  
 Foretelling triumphs to her sister Sin;  
 Who, *as with baneful wing aloft she flies,*  
 "This ruin'd land be mine," exulting cries:  
 Grim Tyranny attends her on her way,

And whets his flaming sword, that thirsts to slay. P. 49.

In the third volume of Doddley's *Collection* is a poem, entitled "Fashion, a Satire," in some editions printed anonymously, but in one, which I have seen, said to be by Dr. Jos. Warton. Into that poem the above six lines have been introduced with one or two slight variations.

V. 75. My Muse divine still keeps her custom'd state,  
 The mien erect, and high majestic gait:]

*Il Penseroso*, ver. 37.

Come, but *keep thy wonted state*

With even step and musing gait.

See note on the passage. Drayton in *Muses Elysium*, *Nymph* 7. vol. iv. p. 1466.

Green as of old each oliv'd portal smiles,  
 And still the Graces build my Grecian piles :  
 My Gothic spires in ancient glory rise,  
 And dare with wonted pride to rush into the  
 skies. 80

E'en late, when Radcliffe's delegated train  
 Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain ;  
 When yon proud dome, fair Learning's amplest  
 shrine,  
 Beneath its Attic roofs receiv'd the Nine ;  
 Was Rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclame,<sup>81</sup>  
 To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honour'd name ?  
 What free-born crouds adorn'd the festive day,  
 Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay !

———so goddess-like a gate,

Each step so full of *majesty and state*.

The passage in the text was originally,

My Muse divine still keeps her *wonted state*.

V. 81. E'en late, when Radcliffe's delegated train, &c.] The Radcliffe Library was dedicated on the 13th of April, 1749; the same year in which this poem was written. The ceremony was attended by Charles Duke of Beaufort, Edward Earl of Oxford, and the other trustees of Dr. Radcliffe's will ; and a speech upon the occasion was delivered in the Theatre by Dr. King, Principal of St. Mary Hall, and Public Orator of the University. In order to make some allusions in the poem more intelligible, it is necessary to add, that the "Sage" complimented in ver. 111. is Dr. King ; and "the Puny Champion," and the "Paricide" of verses, 131, and 136, were designed for another member of the University, with whom Dr. King was engaged in a controversy.

How each brave breast with honest ardors heav'd,  
 When Sheldon's fane the patriot band receiv'd; 90  
 While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,  
 Rome's awful senate rush'd upon the view!

O may the day in latest annals shine,  
 That made a Beaufort and an Harley mine :  
 That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile, 95  
 The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,  
 For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,  
 To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine.  
 Then Music left her silver sphere on high,  
 And bore each strain of triumph from the sky; 100

V. 90. —Sheldon's fane—] The Theatre, built by Abp. Sheldon about 1670. See note on *Sacellum Coll. Trin. instauratum*, &c. ver. 157.

V. 98. To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine.] From Milton :

—where the sapient King

*Held dalliance* with his fair Egyptian spouse.

*Par. Lost*, ix. 442.

And Warton has the same expression in his *Ode on the approach of Summer*, where speaking of Poesy, he says,

She shall be my blooming bride;

With her, as years successive glide,

I'll *bold* divinest *dalliance*. Ver. 335.

Mason, in *Musæus*, published in 1747, two years before this poem;

Trembling he strove to court the *tuneful* maid

With stripling arts, and *dalliance* all too weak.

V. 99. Then Music left her silver sphere on high,] Agreeably to the pleasing notion of the music of the spheres, of which Poetry

Swell'd the loud fong, and to my chiefs around  
 Pour'd the full pæans of mellifluous found.  
 My Naiads blithe the dying accents caught,  
 And listening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:  
 In gentler eddies play'd my conscious wave, 106  
 And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;  
 Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bowers,  
 And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flowers.

But lo! at once the pealing concerts cease,  
 And crouded theatres are hush'd in peace. 110  
 See, on yon Sage how all attentive stand,  
 To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.  
 Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art,  
 To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart:  
 Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts in-  
                   spire, 115  
 He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire;

has frequently availed herself. This seems to have been in the mind of the author of the book of Job, when he says, that at the laying of the foundations of the earth, "*The morning stars sang together*, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." xxxviii. 7.

V. 107. Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bowers,  
                   And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flowers.]  
 A contrast to Pope's finished picture of the effects of melancholy:  
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,  
*Shades every flower, and darkens every green,*  
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,  
*And breathes a browner horror on the woods.*

*Elois. to Abel.* 107.

Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,  
 What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.  
 'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,  
 To win with action, and with sense to warm; 120  
 Untaught in flowery periods to dispense  
 The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence :  
 In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,  
 Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise ;  
 Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd, 125  
 Bids ancient Justice rear her radiant sword ;  
 From me, as from my country, claims applause,  
 And makes an Oxford's, a Britannia's cause.

While arms like these my steadfast ages wield,  
 While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield ; 130  
 Say, shall the Puny Champion fondly dare  
 To wage with force like this scholastic war?  
 Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,

V. 118. What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.] In the same rhythm with a line in Young's *Love of Fame*, Sat. v.

Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien,  
 Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene ;  
 In fair and open dealing where's the shame?  
*What nature dares to give, she dares to name.*

V. 120. —with sense to warm] This is not sufficiently precise. The property of "sense" is less to warm, to excite the passions, than to convince the judgment.

V. 124. Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise:] The construction of this line is faulty.

With all the rage of pedant impotence?  
 Say, shall I foster this domestic pest, 135  
 This parricide, that wounds a mother's breast?

Thus in some gallant ship, that long has bore  
 Britain's victorious crosses from shore to shore,  
 By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells,  
 Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells;  
 Eats his blind way, and taps with secret guile  
 The deep foundations of the floating pile:  
 In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,  
 Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side;  
 The martial thunder's rage in vain she flood, 145  
 With every conflict of the stormy flood;  
 More sure the reptile's little arts devour,  
 Than wars, or waves, or Eurus' wintry power.

Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,  
 Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time; 150  
 Ye massy piles of old munificence,

V. 137. —that long has bore

Britain's victorious crosses from shore to shore.]

Pope, in *Windfor Forest* :

Bear Britain's thunder, and her crosses display

To the bright regions of the rising day. Ver. 387.

V. 141. Eats his blind way] The expression is classical. Virgil speaks of *cæcus ignis* (*Æn.* iv. 2.) and *cæcum vulnus* (x. 733.) Euripides, in *Phænissæ*, ver. 848. τυφλῶ ποδὶ.

At once the pride of learning and defence ;  
 Ye cloisters pale, that lengthening to the fight,  
 To contemplation, step by step, invite ;  
 Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whispers  
 clear 155

Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear ;  
 Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays  
 Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise ;

V. 152. At once the pride of learning and defence;] Virg.  
*Æn.* v. 5.

—*decus et tutamen in armis.*

V. 153. Ye cloisters pale] *Il Pens.* ver. 156.  
 To walk the studious *cloisters pale*.

V. 155. Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whispers clear  
 Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear ;]  
 An happy instance of an improved thought. These lines were at  
 first written,

Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the bard has caught  
 The glowing sentiment, the lofty thought.

There can be not a doubt that as they now stand they are greatly  
 more poetical. Possibly the alteration may have been suggested by  
 Thomson's *Summer* :

Angelic *harps* are in full concert heard,  
 And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,  
 The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade ;  
 A privilege by us bestow'd alone  
 On Contemplation, or the hallow'd *air*  
 Of *poet*, swelling to seraphic strain. Ver. 558.

Compare also *Par. Lost*, iv. 677.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
*Unseen*, both when we wake and when we sleep :  
 —————how often from the sleep  
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
 Celestial voices, &c.



Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bordering vale,  
 With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!—160  
 Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,  
 Of all that's fair, the guardian and the feat;  
 Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,  
 By truth exalted to the throne of fame!  
 Like Greece in science and in liberty,  
 As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free!

Ev'n now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,  
 In awful ranks thy gifted sons arise.  
 Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,  
 Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads: 170  
 His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,  
 And beams on all around celestial fire.

V. 169. Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,

Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads, &c.]

It is upon the authority of Leland, followed by Speght and Upton in their lives of Chaucer, that Oxford lays claim to a part of Chaucer's education; and it is probably upon the same authority, as none is mentioned, that Warton in his *History of English Poetry*, i. 341. makes the same assertion. In his *Court of Love* however, ver. 912. Chaucer speaks of himself under the name and character of "Philogenet—of Cambridge, Clerk." Upon which Mr. Tyrwhitt observes, that it is "by no means a decisive proof that he was really educated at Cambridge; but it may be admitted as a strong argument that he was not educated at Oxford." See Tyrwhitt's *C. T.* p. 17. edit. Ox. 1798. However, in a case of this sort, even tradition is sufficient authority for a poet. Chaucer died in 1400, in the 72d year of his age.

With graceful step see Addison advance,  
 The sweetest child of Attic elegance :  
 See Chillingworth the depths of Doubt explore,  
 And Selden ope the rolls of ancient lore : 176  
 To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,  
 See Locke lead Reason, his majestic bride :

V. 173. —Addison] First of Queen's, and afterwards Demy of Magd. Coll. 1689.

V. 175. —Chillingworth] He was born in October 1602, and educated in grammar learning in Oxford : became scholar of Trinity College June 2, 1618; A. M. in the latter end of 1623, and fellow of the said college June 10, 1628. Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* vol. ii. col. 40. It is observable that this and the following line, concerning Chillingworth and Selden, were not in the first edition of the poem. Locke and Addison are in Mason's "His."

V. 176. —Selden] John Selden, according to Wood, (*Athen. Oxon.* ii. 179.) after having been instructed in grammar learning at Chichester, by Mr. Hugh Barker, of New College, was by his care and advice sent to Hart Hall in 1600, and committed to the tuition of Mr. Anthony Barker, and (according to Wilkins's life of him, prefixed to his Works) of Mr. Thomas Young, both fellows of the aforelaid college : under whom he continued about three years, and then went to the Inner Temple. His connection with Oxford however did not entirely cease here, as in 1640 and 1641 he represented the University in parliament, and protected it against the Visitors in 1648. I know not on what authority Warton, in his Verses on Trinity College Chapel, and in his Life of Bathurst, p. 86. *note*, calls Selden a member of that college. He had an offer of the Mastership of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in 1646, which he declined accepting. I may add, that Bathurst, in his Verses on Selden's death, though he speaks of his being an Oxford man, does not mention his particular college, which he probably would have done, had he belonged to Trinity.

V. 178. —Locke] He was a member of Christ-Church College,  
 VOL. I.

See Hammond pierce Religion's golden mine,  
And spread the treasur'd stores of truth divine. 189

All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,  
And best the labours plann'd of letter'd ease;  
Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd;  
Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense im-  
prov'd;  
Who rang'd the powers of reason, or refin'd, 183  
All that adorn'd or humaniz'd the mind;  
Each priest of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,  
To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul;  
All croud around, and echoing to the sky,  
Hail, Oxford, hail! with filial transport cry. 190

And see yon sapient train! with liberal aim,  
'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;

and took his degree of A. B. in February, 1655. *Athen. Oxon*  
vol. ii. f. col. 786.

V. 179. —Hammond] Henry Hammond, born at Chertsey in Surrey, 1605, and educated at Eton. In 1622 became Demy of Magd. Coll. and A. B. In 1625 admitted A. M. and elected fellow of the same college; "being then Philosophy Reader, and a singular ornament thereunto." *Athen. Oxon.* ii. 245. In the beginning of 1645 he was made one of the Canons of Christ-Church; "by virtue of which place he became Orator of the University, but had seldom an opportunity to shew his parts that way." He was a steady adherent to Charles I. and suffered for his loyalty by imprisonment under the Visitors of the University.

*Ibid.* —Religion's golden mine,] Compare *Hist. of Eng.* p. iii. 464.

And on the Gothic gloom of slavish sway  
To shed the dawn of intellectual day.  
With mild debate each musing feature glows, 195  
And well-weigh'd counsels mark their meaning  
brows.

"Lo! these the leaders of thy patriot line,"  
A Raleigh, Hampden, and a Somers shine.

"But the *golden mine* of Italian fiction opened by Chaucer was  
soon closed and forgotten."

V. 197. Lo! these the leaders of thy patriot line,  
A Raleigh, Hampden, and a Somers shine.]

From Mason's *Eligy*:

See the firm *leaders of my patriot line*,  
See Sidney, *Raleigh, Hampden, Somers shine*.

But I believe that Algernon Sidney, who appears to have been  
designed in this place, was not a member of the University of  
Oxford.

V. 198. —Raleigh] Sir Walter Raleigh was born in Devon-  
shire in 1552. "In 1568, or thereabouts, (says Wood) he be-  
came a Commoner of Oriel College, where his natural parts being  
strangely advanced by academical learning under the care of an  
excellent tutor, he became the ornament of the juniours, and was  
worthily esteemed a proficient in oratory and philosophy. After  
he had spent about three years in that house, he left the Univer-  
sity without a degree, and went to the Middle Temple, &c." *Athen.*  
*Oxon.* vol. i. col. 435.

Ibid. —Hampden] John Hampden, that wise statesman, as he  
was called by his friends, became a Commoner of Magdalen  
College in the year 1609, aged 15 years; but leaving the Uni-  
versity without a degree, he went to the Inns of Court, where he  
made considerable proficiency in the municipal law. Wood, *ut*  
*supr.* ii. 30. "He received his mortal wound (observes the roy-  
alist biographer) on Sunday, June 18, 1643, in Chalgrove-field in

These from thy source the bold contagion caught,  
 Their future sons the great example taught: 200  
 While in each youth th' hereditary flame  
 Still blazes, unextinguish'd and the same!

Nor all the tasks of thoughtful peace engage,  
 'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.  
 I see the fable-fuited Prince advance 205  
 With lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding  
 France,

Oxfordshire, being the very place where he first mustered and drew up men in arms, to put in execution the rebellious ordinance for the militia."

V. 108. — Somers] The celebrated Lord Chancellor was a native of Worcester, 1652, and educated at the college-school there, where he was soon distinguished for the quickness and solidity of his parts, and became afterwards a Gentleman Commoner of Trinity Coll. See *Verses on Death of George II.* 89. and *note*.

V. 205. — the 'fable-fuited Prince] Gray calls the Black Prince the fable warrior:

Is the *fable* warrior fled? *Bard*, ii.

But see Shakspeare, in *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 2. "Nay then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a *suit of fables*." The epithet is compounded in the manner of Milton:

—— with him enthron'd

Sat *fable*-vested Night. *Par. Lost*, ii. 961.

And again, in *Ode on the Nativity*,

The *fable*-stoled forcerers. St. xxiv.

And in *Il Penseroso*,

Till civil-*fuited* morn appear. Ver. 122.

See note on *Birth of Prince of Wales*, ver. 36.

V. 206. With lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France.]

Edward. The Muses, in yon cloister'd shade,  
Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade;  
Bade him the steel for British freedom draw,  
And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw. 210

And see, great father of the sacred band,  
The Patriot King before me seems to stand.  
He by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd,  
That cheer'd with lively green the flaggy wild,  
Hither of yore, forlorn forgotten maid,  
The Muse in prattling infancy convey'd;

Pope describes Edward III. as poetically, and perhaps with more propriety, by

The lilies blazing on the regal shield. *Wulf. For.* ver. 306.

A circumstance of which Whitehead has happily availed himself, where he says, in the true dramatic style of lyric poetry, in the person of Britannia,

— " 'Twas thus of old  
" My warlike sons, a gallant train,  
" Call'd forth their genuine strength, and spread  
" Their banners o'er the tented mead;  
" 'Twas thus they taught perfidious France to yield,"  
She cries, and shows the lilies on her shield.

*Od. for King's Birth-Day, 1778.*

V. 207. —[The Muses, in yon cloister'd shade, &c.] Edward the Black Prince, as well as Henry V. whom, by the way, there was a good opportunity of mentioning in this place, was a member of Queen's College; perhaps out of compliment to the new foundation, which was denominated after his mother, Queen Philippa.

V. 212. The Patriot King] Alfred. The tradition respecting the foundation of the University of Oxford by him is well known.

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From Vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,  
 And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore :  
 Soon grew the maid beneath his fostering hand,  
 Soon stream'd her blessings o'er the enlighten'd  
 land.

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Though simple was the dome where first to dwell  
 She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,  
 Lo! now she holds her state in sculptur'd bowers,  
 And proudly lifts to heav'n her hundred towers.  
 'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws, 225  
 Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cause :

V. 223. —[sculptur'd bowers,] This combination appears harsh, unless it is remembered that the word " bower" anciently signified a chamber, perhaps an inner chamber, and that the appropriate sense, which it now bears, of a canopy of trees, is grafted on the old one. See *Grave of Arthur*, ver. 97. I subjoin here two or three striking instances from our Poet, in which he uses the word in its old signification.

*On the Birth of the Prince of Wales*, ver. 13.

Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain,  
 Still may thy *bowers* receive as brave a train.

*Sonnet V.* ver. 1.

From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art  
 Decks with a magic hand the dazzling *bowers*.

*Ode on Summer*, ver. 242.

Of that proud castle's painted *bowers*.

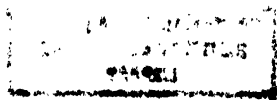
*Ode for New Year, 1788*, ver. 52. Of Windsor Castle,

Proud Castle, to thy banner'd *bowers*.

But instances might readily be multiplied.

V. 224. And proudly lifts to heav'n her hundred towers.] The same idea is repeated in *Mons Catbarinæ* :

*Et centum ostendet sinuoso in margine turres.*



He bade relent the Briton's stubborn foul,  
 And sooth'd to soft society's controul  
 A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye  
 Elate he views his laurel'd progeny : 230  
 Serene he smiles to find, that not in vain  
 He form'd the rudiments of learning's reign :  
 Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,  
 With all the founder in the race express'd :  
 Conscious he sees fair Freedom still survive 235  
 In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive !  
 (Glorious, as when the goddess pour'd the beam  
 Unfulfill'd on his ancient diadem ;)

Well-pleas'd, that at his own Pierian springs  
 She rests her weary feet, and plumes her wings ; 240  
 That here at last she takes her destin'd stand,  
 Here deigns to linger, ere she leave the land.

V. 242. Here deigns to linger, ere she leave the land.] So Virgil describes the country as the last residence of Justice upon earth :

———extrema per illos

*Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit. Georg. ii. 473.*

It has been observed to me, that the line is taken almost word for word from Pope ; but I cannot refer to the passage.



## E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE

FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

(Written in 1751.)

## I.

O FOR the warblings of the Doric ote,  
That wept the youth deep-whelm'd in ocean's  
tide !

ELFGY, &c.] Till within a few years past, on great public occasions, collections of verses, in the way of condolence, congratulation, &c. were usually made by the Universities. In the Oxford collection upon the death of the late Frederic Prince of Wales, Father of his present Majesty, in 1751, this Elegy appeared, with no very material variations, under the name of John Whetham, Fellow Commoner of Trinity College. This species of delusion was not uncommon. The same collection contains an Elegy, professing to be written by James Clitherow, of All Souls College, but in reality by the late Judge Blackstone; and a very elegant copy of Latin Hendecasyllables, said to be by George Brome, Gentleman Commoner of Christ-Church, the author of which was the present Archbishop of York. There is also a copy of Latin Hexameters by Warton, under his own name; for which see the Latin Poems.

V. 1. O for the warblings of the Doric ote, &c.] Mr. Headley refers to Shakspeare's *Prologue to Henry V.*

O! for a Muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention !

Or Mulla's muse, who chang'd her magic note  
 To chant how dear the laurel'd Sidney died!  
 Then should my woes in worthy strain be sung,  
 And with due cypress-crown thy herse, O Frederic, hung. 6

## II.

But though my novice-hands are all too weak  
 To grasp the sounding pipe, my voice unskill'd  
 The tuneful phrase of poetry to speak,  
 Uncoath the cadence of my carols wild ;

And to *Paradise Lost*, iv. 1.

*O ! for that warning voice, which he, who saw  
 The Apocalypse, heard cry in heaven aloud.*

The propriety of the expression " the Doric ode," when alluding to Milton's *Lycidas*, is obvious. Milton himself speaks of his *ode* in ver. 88.

But now my *ode* proceeds.

And in another place he entitles his poem a " *Doric lay* :"

*With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.* Ver. 189.

In *Ode for June 4, 1786*, we have " the *Doric ode*" of Theocritus, ver. 27. See also ver. 50. "*O for a strain* from these sublimer bards."

V. 3. Or Mulla's muse, who chang'd her magic note

To chant how dear the laurel'd Sidney died.] See Spenser's *Astrophel*, &c. on the death of Sir Philip Sidney. Dr. Joseph Warton, in his Ode on the death of his Father, has a reference to the same poem :

Each night indulging pious woe,  
 Fresh roses on thy tomb I strow,  
 And wish for tender Spenser's moving verse  
 Warbled in broken sobs o'er Sidney's herse.

A nation's tears shall teach my song to trace  
The Prince that deck'd his crown with every  
milder grace. 12

### III.

How well he knew to turn from flattery's shrine,  
To drop the sweeping pall of scepter'd pride;  
Led by calm thought to paths of eglantine,  
And rural walks on Isis' tufted side;  
To rove at large amid the landskips still,  
Where Contemplation fate on Clifden's beech-  
clad hill! 18

The father himself had written an imitation of the same. See p. 65. of his Poems. On the death of Mr. William Levinz.

V. 14. The sweeping pall of scepter'd pride;] *Il Penseroso*, ver. 67.  
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy  
In *scepter'd pall* come *sweeping* by.

Imitated again in *Verses on the Marriage of the King*, ver. 72.  
To throw the *scepter'd pall* of state aside.

And see *Monody*, ver. 22.

The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple *pall*.

And *Pleasures of Melancholy*, ver. 214. Of Melpomene,  
Queen of the stately step and flowing *pall*.

And *Ode for New Year* 1788, ver. 39.

" ————— the *pall*

Of triumph"——

In all which passages "pall" is properly used for "palla," a robe.

In the following it loses its specific, and takes the general signification of a covering: *Grave of Arthur*, ver. 3.

"Canopied with golden *pall*."

And it is thus that we have *pall*-bearers at funerals. "Pallium," whence the word in its latter sense comes, was generally used by the writers of the middle age for tapestry, furniture, &c.

## IV.

How, lock'd in pure affection's golden band,  
 Through sacred wedlock's unambitious ways,  
 With even step he walk'd, and constant hand,  
 His temples binding with domestic bays :  
 Rare pattern of the chaste connubial knot,  
 Firm in a palace kept, as in the clay-built cot ! 24

## V.

How with discerning choice, to nature true,  
 He cropp'd the simple flowers, or violet,  
 Or crocus-bud, that with ambrosial hue  
 The banks of silver Helicon beset :  
 Nor feldom wak'd the Muse's living lyre  
 To sounds that call'd around Aonia's listening  
 quire ! 30

V. 19. —pure affection's golden band,] In his *Verses on the Marriage of the King*, he speaks of

——— the *golden* ties of wedded love.

In Mason's *Elfrida* we find " the *golden* nuptial tie." Chivalry and Commerce, Friendship, Religion, and the Universe have likewise all been at different times represented under the image of a golden chain. (See *Faerie Queene* I. ix. 1. Thomson's *Summer*, ver. 138. *Faerie Queene*, III. i. 12. Drayton's *Ecolg.* 4. vol. iv. p. 1399. Chaucer's *Cant. T.* 2989. Homer, *Il. O.* 19.)

V. 21. With even step he walk'd,] *Il Pens.* ver. 38.

*With even step* and musing gait.

V. 28. The banks of silver Helicon] In Spenser's *Tears of the Muses* :

Beside the *silver* springs of *Helicon*.

## VI.

How to the Few with sparks ethereal stor'd,  
 He never barr'd his castle's genial gate,  
 But bade sweet Thomson share the friendly  
     board,  
 Soothing with verse divine the toil of state!  
 Hence fir'd, the Bard forsook the flowery plain,  
 And deck'd the regal mark, and tried the tragic  
     strain.

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V. 35. Hence fir'd, the Bard forsook the flowery plain,

And deck'd the regal mark, and tried the tragic strain]  
 Whatever praise may be due to this illustrious patron of Thomson, English literature is perhaps not greatly indebted to him for the fruit of his patronage, if in consequence of it Thomson forsook the province of descriptive poetry, and resorted to the drama, for which his genius, particularly fond of declamation and a profusion of ornament, little adapted him. His fame (there is hardly room to doubt) must eventually rest on his *Seasons*, greatly as they are encumbered by verbiage and false taste in composition; or perhaps even more firmly upon his *Castle of Indolence*, one of the most delightful poems produced in England since the days of Spenser and Fairfax. This however was written during his connection with the Prince of Wales. It is singular that Warton, in his Latin Verses on this subject, should have mentioned Thomson, without noticing his dramatic pieces, and with a reference to his *Seasons* only:

Talibus Auspiciis et tanto Principe fretum,  
 Quid mirum est tempestates mutabilis anni  
 Thomsonum tam iucundo cecinisse lepore;  
 Horrida quid meditetur hyems, &c.

But *Winter* was written before he came to England; and, if I mistake not, *The Seasons* were completed, and published, previously to his introduction to the Prince. The expressions in the text particularly allude to the *Masque of Alfred*, written and acted at Cliefden in 1744.

ON THE DEATH OF  
KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

TO MR. SECRETARY PITT.

(Written in 1761.)

SO stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,  
The tears that Science sheds on Glory's grave !

To Mr. Secretary Pitt] Afterwards Lord Chatham. This and the two following poems close the collections of OXFORD VERSES on their respective occasions ; and were written while the Author was Poetry Professor. W. A circumstance which should be borne in mind by the reader, as without a recollection of it some parts of them must be unintelligible. I will just remark, that Pope's opening of a copy of verses to Lord Oxford, prefixed to Parnell's Poems, is of the same kind with this :

Such were the notes thy once lov'd Poet sung,  
Ere death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.

V. 1. —the sorrows that embalm the brave,] Imitated from Pope's *Epistle to Jervas*, as Mr. Headley has observed :

Mufe ! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,  
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead.

William Browne, in *Britannia's Pastorals*, says that his " freeborne Mufe" will not

—lend her choiser balme to worthless men,

Whose names would die but for some hired pen. B. ii. S. 4.

And again, B. ii. S. 1.

—spite of age the last of days shall see

Her name embalm'd in sacred poeie.

I am induced to add the following from Pindar, not only from its

So pure the vows which classic duty pays  
To bless another Brunswick's rising rays !

O PITT, if chosen strains have power to steal ;  
Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal ;  
If votive verse from sacred Isis sent  
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent  
On patriot plans, which ancient freedom drew,  
Awhile with fond attention deign to view 10  
This ample wreath, which all th' assembled Nine  
With skill united have conspir'd to twine.

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Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause!  
Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause

resemblance to the passages before us, but from its uncommon elegance :

—μεγαλὰν δ' ἀρετὰν  
Δροσὴν μαλθακὰ  
ῥανθίσαν, ὕμνων δ' ὑποχρυσ-  
μασιν, ἀκροῖσι ποσὶ  
Χθονὶ φρενί. *Pyth. v. ver. 132.*

V. 7. If votive verse from sacred Isis sent] See Milton's *Epitaph*  
on the Marchioness of Winchester :

Here be tears of perfect moan  
Wept for thee in Helicon,  
And some flowers, and some bays,  
For thy herse, to strow the ways,  
Sent thee from the banks of Came. Ver. 55.

This Elegy is said to have made part of a Cambridge Collection of  
Verses. See Warton's note on the above.

The duteous Muse, whose haste officious brings  
 Her blameless offering to the shrine of kings :  
 Thy tongue, well tutor'd in historic lore,  
 Can speak her office and her use of yore :  
 For such the tribute of ingenuous praise  
 Her harp dispens'd in Grecia's golden days ; 20  
 Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,  
 She cull'd, to deck the guiltless monarch's crown ;  
 When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuscan gore  
 How scepter'd Hiero stain'd Sicilia's shore,

V. 15. —whose haste officious brings, &c.] “Officious” usually means importunate : its sense in the present instance, though uncommon, has the authority of Milton :

Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries

*Officious*, but to thee earth's habitant. *Pur. Lost*, viii. 98.

See also ix. 104. “their bright *officious* lamps.”

V. 23. When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuscan gore

How scepter'd Hiero stain'd Sicilia's shore,]

See Pindar, *Pyth.* i. ver. 139.

Λιπσομαι, νησον, Κρονιωτ, ἀμετρον

Οφρα κατ' οικον ὁ Φοι-

νιξ, ὁ Τυρσανων τ' αλαλατος ιχη,

Ναυσιγενον ἱερὸν ἰδων,

Τ' ἄν προ Κυμας

Οἶα Σιρακοσίων ἀρ-

χω δαμαίνοντες παδοι, &c.

V. 24. —scepter'd Hiero] Hiero was Tyrant of Syracuse about 500 years before Christ. His victories at the Grecian games are the subjects of the 11th Olympic, and of the 1st, 2d, and 3d Pythian Odes of Pindar.



Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd 25  
 Bright vales, where spirits of the brave repos'd;  
 Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd, she fate,  
 The decent handmaid, not the slave, of state;  
 Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name  
 To blend the lustre of her country's fame : 30  
 For, taught like ours, she dar'd, with prudent pride,  
 Obedience from dependence to divide :  
 Though princes claim'd her tributary lays,  
 With truth severe she temper'd partial praise;

V. 25. Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd  
 Bright vales, where spirits of the brave repos'd:]  
 See Pindar, *Olymp.* ii. ver. 111.

—— απονιςερον

Εδλοι νεμονται βιο-

τοι, &c.

—— παρὰ τιμοις

Θεωι, οίτινες εχαι-

ρον ευορκιας,

Αδακρον νεμονται

Λιωνα.

See also *Ode for New Year*, 1786.

V. 25. —mild Theron] Agreeably to the character given of him, *Olymp.* ii. 165. and following verses. Theron was Tyrant of Agrigentum; his victories are celebrated in the 2d. and 3d. Olympic Odes. The selection of these topics was judicious in a poem, which was designed to commemorate the death of a powerful sovereign, happening in the course of a glorious war.

V. 28. The decent handmaid,] See the next poem, ver. 71, note.

V. 34. With truth severe she temper'd partial praise;] *Grav's Bard*, iii. 3.

And *truth severe*, by fairy fiction dress'd.

Conscious she kept her native dignity, 35  
 Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.

And sure if e'er the Muse indulg'd her strains,  
 With just regard, to grace heroic reigns,  
 Where could her glance a theme of triumph own  
 So dear to fame as GEORGE's trophied throne? 40  
 At whose firm base, thy steadfast soul aspires  
 To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires :  
 Aspires to baffle faction's specious claim,  
 Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim:  
 Once more the main her conquering banners  
 sweep, 45

Again her commerce darkens all the deep.  
 Thy fix'd resolve renews each firm decree  
 That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.  
 Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,  
 Its willing youth the rural empire arms : 50  
 Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains  
 March the firm leaders of their faithful swains ;

V. 46. Again her commerce darkens all the deep.] Mr. Headley refers to Whitehead's apostrophe to *Commerce*, in *Ode for the New Year*, 1765 ;

Thy sails unnumber'd swell in air,  
 And darken half the main.

V. 49. Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,  
 Its willing youth the rural empire arms, &c.]  
 Alluding to the establishment of the militia, during Mr. Pitt's administration, about two years before these verses were written.

As erst stout archers, from the farm or fold,  
Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.

Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate, 55  
The war of words, the sophistries of state;  
Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,  
Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine:  
For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,  
To feel, to think, to speak, for public good. 60  
In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes;  
One common cause one common end prescribes:  
Nor fear nor fraud or spares or screens the foe,  
But spirit prompts, and valour strikes, the blow.

OPITT, while honour points thy liberal plan, 65  
And o'er the Minister exalts the Man,

V. 54. Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.] See *Mason's Ode to Memory*:

Who bidst their ranks now vanish, now appear,  
*Flame in the van*, or darken in the rear.

Mason might have thought of Milton, speaking of the sun;  
*Flames in the forehead* of the morning sky.

*Lycidas*, ver. 171

The "*baron bold*," from *L' Allegro*, ver. 119. is repeated in *Verses to Sir J. Reynolds*, ver. 12. and *Ode on Approach of Summer*, ver. 243.

V. 66. And o'er the Minister exalts the Man,] Pope's *Epistle* "Craggs":

But candid, free, sincere, as you began,  
Proceed—a *Minister*, but still a *Man*. Ver. 12.

Isis congenial greets thy faithful sway,  
 Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay.  
 For 'tis not hers, by false connections drawn,  
 At splendid Slavery's sordid shrine to fawn ; 70  
 Each native effort of the feeling breast,  
 To friends, to foes, in equal fear, suppress :  
 'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue  
 The phantom favours of the cringing crew :  
 More useful toils her studious hours engage, 75  
 And fairer lessons fill her spotless page :  
 Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,  
 With nobler arts she forms the rising race :  
 With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,  
 In elder times, the woo'd Munificence 80  
 To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,  
 And lift her temples nearer to the skies ;  
 Princes and prelates stretch'd the social hand,  
 To form, diffuse, and fix, her high command :  
 From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek, the  
     prize, 85  
 From kings, like GEORGE, benignant, just, and  
     wife.

V. 74. —the cringing crew :] The same epithet is used by Dr. Joseph Warton, in his translation of the *Georgics* :

———whose portals proud

Each morning vomit out the *cringing* crowd. ii. 560.

V. 81. —her arched roofs] Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity* :

No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the *arched roof* in words deceiving. St. 19.

Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse  
This humble present of no partial Muse  
From that calm bower, which nurs'd thy thought-  
ful youth

In the pure precepts of Athenian truth ; (8)  
Where first the form of British Liberty  
Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye ;  
That form, whose mien sublime, with equal  
awe,

In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw : (9)  
Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove  
Which every classic grace had learn'd to rove)

V. 87. Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse  
This humble present of no partial Muse]  
From Pope's *Epistle to Fervas* :  
This verse be thine, my friend.—*Nor thou refuse*  
*This from no venal or ungrateful Muse.*

V. 89 From that calm bower, which nurs'd thy thoughtful youth]  
Trinity College, Oxford : in which also Lord Somers, and James  
Harrington, author of the *Oceana*, were educated. W. "Dr.  
Bathurst (says his biographer Warton, p. 81.) always boasted with  
singular satisfaction the education of so learned and eloquent a law-  
yer, so sincere a patriot, and so elegant a scholar as Lord Somers  
who, to use the remarkable words of a late agreeable biographer,  
(Horace Walpole) was one of those divine men, who, like a chapel  
in a palace, remain unprofaned, while all the rest is tyranny, cor-  
ruption, and folly. A new part of his character, his generous and  
uninterested patronage of literature, appears in the benefaction he  
gave on this occasion, (of rebuilding the college chapel) which was  
one hundred pounds." The handsome folio edition of *Paradise*  
*Lost*, published by subscription in 1688, was owing to his recom-  
mendation and encouragement.

Her whispers wak'd sage Harrington to feign  
 The blessings of her visionary reign ;  
 That reign, which, now no more an empty theme,  
 Adorns Philosophy's ideal dream, 100  
 But crowns at last, beneath a GEORGE's smile,  
 In full reality this favour'd ile.

ON THE  
MARRIAGE OF THE KING.

(Written in 1761.)

TO HER MAJESTY.

WHEN first the kingdom to thy virtues due  
Rose from the billowy deep in distant view;  
When Albion's isle, old Ocean's peerless pride,  
Tower'd in imperial state above the tide;  
What bright ideas of the new domain  
Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign!

And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat  
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat:  
Lo! this the land, where Freedom's sacred rage  
Has glow'd untam'd through many a martial age.  
Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,  
Rear'd on one base the king's the people's good:

V. 11. Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,] He is called in the *Triumph of Isis*, "the Patriot King," ver. 212. In Pope's *Windsor Forest*,

And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood. Ver. 348.

Another river had been similarly distinguished in Drayton's 32d *Idea*:

And the old Lea brags of the Danish blood. Vol. iv. p. 1271.

I will here take occasion to remark, with that deference which I

Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow,  
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low ;  
Here wak'd the flame, that still superior braves 15  
The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves:  
Here Chivalry, stern school of valour old,  
Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd ;

must always pay, on a subject of taste, to my late highly-valued master, that the judgment which he has given (*Essay on Pope*, vol. i. 26.) on a comparison of the passage, in which the above line from Pope occurs, with a similar description from Milton, is to me astonishing, as it is so different from the general nature of his remarks. He considers Pope's to be superior. And yet, not to insist on the insipidity which prevails throughout Pope's, excepting only in the character of the Darent, or on Milton's having for the most part distinguished his rivers by a single appropriate epithet, what in particular is there in the former fit to be mentioned with the Severn, the Dee, or the Humber of the latter? I do not specify the Trent, as Dr. Warton does not deny Milton's superiority in that instance. But the three, which I have mentioned, immediately fill the mind with romantic ideas of old British traditions and druidical rites, with which they are connected. They are like the fabulous Hydaspes of Horace. Except in the instance above, Pope has not a word of all this; and surely the absence of it is not very well compensated by such pretty imagery as the "*dark streams of Cole* laving his *flow'ry* islands," and "the *milky* wave of the *ebalky* Wey."

V. 14. Alanzon's haughty helmet] So Spenser, describing Prince Arthur :

His *haughtie* helmet horrid all with gold. *F. 2.* l. vii. 31.  
The reader will remember the glove, which (in the language of honest Fluellen) "his majesty is take out of *the* helmet of *Alanzon*," when they were down together in the battle of Agincourt. *Hen. V.* Act iv.

V. 17. Here Chivalry, stern school of valour old, &c.] Alluding



Heroic champions caught the clarion's call, 19  
And throng'd the feast in Edward's banner'd hall;  
While chiefs, like GEORGE, approv'd in worth  
alone,

Unlock'd chaste beauty's adamant zone.  
Lo! the sun'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,  
What fertile fields her temperate suns display!  
Where Property secures the conscious swain, 25  
And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain:  
Hence with ripe stores her villages abound,  
Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep refound;  
Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,

to the institution of the Order of the Garter at Windsor by Edward III. in 1350. Perhaps "*stein nürse*" would have been better than "*school*," as in the next line Chivalry is personified. Gray says of Adversity,

*Stern rugged nurse!*

V. 22. —Beauty's adamant zone.] In Mason's *Ode to Truth* in *Elfrida*:

A bright sun clasps her *adamantine zone*.

V. 25. Where Property secures the conscious swain,  
And guards, while plenty gives, the golden grain:]  
Very little varied from what Thomson says on the same subject:

———Thy country teems with wealth,

And *Property* assures it to the *swain*,

Pleas'd and unwearied in his *guarded* toil. *Summer*, 1453.  
He had just before spoken of the valleys floating with golden waves, and the flocks bleating numberless on the mountains.

V. 29. Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,] Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 674.

———Prata recentia rivis.

And future navies crown her darksome hills. 30  
 To bear her formidable glory far,  
 Behold her opulence of hoarded war !  
 See, from her ports a thousand banners stream ;  
 On every coast her vengeful lightnings gleam !  
 Meantime, remote from Ruin's armed hand, 35  
 In peaceful majesty her cities stand ;  
 Whose splendid domes, and busy streets, declare,  
 Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.

And O ! blest Queen, if e'er the magic powers  
 Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours ; 40  
 Here Poesy, from awful days of yore,  
 Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.  
 Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreath'd,  
 In Druid-songs her solemn spirit breath'd :

V. 30. —future navies] The expression, which is remarkable, occurs in Pope's *Windsor Forest* :

And *future navies* on thy shores appear. Ver. 222.

Dryden has one similar in his *Annus Mirabilis* :

Infants' first vows for them to heav'n are sent,

And *future people* bless them as they go. St. 51.

For which, in Tonson's edition, 12mo. 1743. reference is made to Pliny's *Paneg. ad Traj.* *Examina infantium, futurisque populus.*  
 See also Akenfide's *Odes*, book i. ode xii. 8.

He whets the rusty coulter now,

He binds his oxen to the plough,

And wide his *future harvest* throws.

In each case, the author is not speaking of things then unformed, but of such as, being in existence, were to grow up and be framed into others, possessing different properties.

While cunning Bards at ancient banquets fung<sup>45</sup>  
 Of paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.  
 Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,  
 And dress'd in fairy robes a Queen like Thee.  
 Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,<sup>49</sup>  
 Nature's unbounded portrait Shakespeare drew:

V. 45. While cunning bards at ancient banquets fung  
 Of paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.]

"Cunning," in its original sense of knowing. Perhaps as Milton expresses it, sage:

And if aught else great bards beside  
 In sage and solemn tunes have fung  
 Of turneys and of trophies hung. *Il Pens.* 116.

Or rather in the sense of skilful, as used by Spenser in the following passage from the description of a banquet:

There many minstrelles maken melody,  
 To drive away the dull melancholy:  
 And many *bardes*, that to the trembling chord  
 Can tune their timely voices *cunningly*:  
 And many chroniclers, that can record

Old loves and warres for ladies doon by many a lord.

*Faerie Queene*, l. v. 5.

"Sung," used for the preterite, is a solecism, which not even its frequency can excuse.

V. 47. [Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,] Agreeably to his own exposition: "In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my general intention; but in my particular, I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the *Queene*." (Letter to Sir W. Raleigh.) And of course the minstrelsy is properly termed "mystic," as it is emblematical, and involves a meaning different from that which is expressed. It is what Dryden calls

—*mystic* truth, in fables first convey'd. *Flower and Leaf*.

In the *Ode to Upton*, Warton again speaks of Spenser's "*mystic* tales." Ver. 9.

But chief, the dreadful groupe of human woes  
 The daring artist's tragic pencil chose ;  
 Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,  
 Those wounds that lurk beneath the tiffued vest!  
 Lo! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire 55  
 High soar'd to steal from heaven a seraph's lyre;  
 And told the golden ties of wedded love  
 In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.

V. 54. Those wounds that lurk beneath the tiffued vest!] See note on *Monody at Avon*, ver. 22. The epithet "tiffued" is used by Milton:

With radiant feet the *tiffued* clouds down steering.

*Hymn on Nativity*, St. 15.

See our Poet again, *Ode for New Year*, 1787, ver. 4. "*tiffued* dames."

V. 55. —————Milton's muse of fire

High soar'd to steal from heav'n a seraph's lyre;]

From Shakspeare:

O for a *muse of fire*, that would ascend

The brightest heaven of invention! *Prol. to Hen. V.*

With allusion probably to *Paradise Lost*, vii. 12, where Milton says of himself,

—————Up led by thee

Into the heav'n of heav'ns I have presum'd

An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air.

The circumstance of Milton's stealing from heaven a seraph's lyre is well imagined. It is remarkable, though a matter of fact observation, that the musical instrument given by Milton to his angels, in conformity perhaps to descriptions in the Bible, is the harp. The original thought is probably in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*:

Or *steal from heav'n* old Orpheus' lute.

V. 57. And told the golden ties of wedded love] See the very beautiful address in *Par. Lost*, book iv. ver. 750.

Thine too, majestic Bride, the favour'd clime,  
 Where Science sits enshrined in roofs sublime. 60  
 O mark, how green her wood of ancient bays  
 O'er Ists' marge in many a chaplet strays !  
 Thither, if haply some distinguish'd flower  
 Of these mix'd blooms from that ambrosial bower,  
 Might catch thy glance, and rich in Nature's hue,  
 Entwine thy diadem with honour due ; 65  
 If seemly gifts the train of Phebus pay,  
 To deck imperial Hymen's festive day ;  
 Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign  
 To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain ;

Hail ~~wedded~~ love ! mysterious law, true source  
 Of human offspring, sole propriety  
 In Paradise of all things common else, &c.

But the text has a general allusion to the whole of the domestic imagery of Paradise. The circumstances from the writings of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton are selected and adapted to the subject with great judgment.

V. 66. —with honour due ;] *Grave of Arthur*, ver. 131.

The faded tomb with *honour due*

'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew.

From *L'Allegro*, ver. 37.

And if I give thee *honour due*,

Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

V. 70. —with nymph-like step] This combination, as Mr. Headley observes, is from Milton :

If chance *with nymph-like step* fair virgin pass. *P. L.* ix. 452.

But the epithet occurs in *Britain's Ida*, written about the time of Spenser, though, as Warton shows, (*Obs. on Spenser*, i. 123.) falsely ascribed to him :

Pleas'd in the muse's nook, with decent pride, 71  
To throw the scepter'd pall of state aside :  
Nor from the shade shall GEORGE be long away,  
That claims CHARLOTTA's love, and courts her  
stay.

These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace  
With rapt reflection Freedom's favorite race! 78  
But though the generous idle, in arts and arms,  
Thus stand supreme, in nature's choicest charms;  
Though GEORGE and Conquest guard her sea-  
girt throne,  
One happier blessing still she calls her own; 80  
And, proud to cull the fairest wreath of Fame,  
Crowns her chief honours with a CHARLOTTE's  
name.

His *nymph-like* face ne'er felt the nimble sheers. i. 2.  
And in Drayton's *3d Idea* :

Bright star of beauty, on whose eyelids sit

A thousand *nymph-like* and enamour'd graces. Vol. iv. p. 1260.

V. 71. —with decent pride,] “Decent,” in its classical sense of becoming, graceful.

Quo fugit Venus? heu! quove color? *decons*

Quo motus? Hor. *Od.* IV. xiii. 17.

Milton had given authority to use it so:

—————And held

Before his *decent* sleeps a silver wand. *Par. Lost*, iii. 64:

It is connected in Young's *Love of Fame* with the same substantive as in the text:

With what a *decent pride* he throws his eyes. Sat. 1.

ON THE BIRTH OF  
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

(Written after the Installation at Windsor, in the same Year, 1762.)

IMPERIAL Dome of Edward, wife and brave!  
Where warlike Honour's brightest banners wave;  
At whose proud Tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,  
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds:  
Though now no more thy crested chiefs advance  
In arm'd array, nor grasp the glittering lance;  
Though Knighthood boasts the martial pomp  
no more,  
That grac'd its gorgeous festivals of yore;  
Say, conscious Dome, if e'er thy marshall'd knights  
So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites, 10  
As when, high thron'd amid thy trophied shrine,  
GEORGE shone the leader of the garter'd line?

Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain;  
Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train:

V. 1. Imperial dome of Edward, wife and brave!'] Windsor Castle built by Edward the Third. See *Ode for New Year*, 1788. ver 33. *note*. This poem seems to have suggested a hint for the opening of a prize-poem on *the Love of Country* by Dr. Butson, Dean of Waterford, at that time (1772) Fellow of New College.

For lo! to Britain and her favour'd Pair, 15  
 Heaven's high command has sent a sacred Heir!  
 Him the bold pattern of his patriot fire  
 Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire :  
 In life's fresh spring, ere buds the promis'd prime,  
 His thoughts shall mount to virtue's meed  
 sublime : 21

The patriot fire shall catch, with sure preface,  
 Each liberal omen of his opening age ;  
 Then to thy courts shall lead, with conscious joy,  
 In stripling beauty's bloom, the princely boy ;  
 There firmly wreath the Braid of heavenly die,  
 True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.

Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate  
 With many an antique tower, in massy state,

V. 19. In life's fresh spring, ere buds the promis'd prime,]  
 Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, December :

Whilom in youth, when *flow'r'd* my youthful *spring*.

"Prime" in the text is perfection :

Were they of manly *prime* or youthful bloom? *Comus*, 289.  
 On which see Warton's note ; see also note on *Ode for New Year*,  
 1786. ver. 3. He uses it so again, in the *Hamlet* ;

Nor fell Disease before his time

Hastes to consume life's golden *prime*. Ver. 47.

V. 28. With many an antique tower, in massy state,] *Il Petr.*  
*refo* :

And love the high embowed roof

With *antic* pillars, *massy* proof. Ver. 157.

"Antique" is a favourite epithet with our poet.



In the young champion's musing mind shall raise  
Vast images of Albion's elder days. 39

While, as around his eager glance explores  
Thy chambers, rough with war's constructed  
stores,

Rude helms, and bruised shields, barbaric spoils  
Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils ;

Amid the dusky trappings, hung on high 35

Young Edward's fable mail shall strike his eye ;  
Shall fire the youth, to crown his ripper years

With rival Cressys, and a new Poitiers ;

On the same wall, the same triumphal base,

His own victorious monuments to place. 40

Nor can a fairer kindred title move  
His emulative age to glory's love  
Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,  
Oxford, sage mother, school'd his studious youth:

V. 30. Vast images of Albion's elder days.] A fine and expressive line. In *Verses on Sir J. Reynolds's Painted Window* ;

That deck'd heroic *Albion's elder day*. Ver. 12.

*Sonnet* iii. ver. 11. "The pomp of *elder days*." *Ode for New Year*, 1787. ver. 21. "The Bard of *elder days*." *On death of George II.* ver. 80. "In *elder* times she woo'd munificence."

V. 36. Young Edward's fable mail] "Sable" is the epithet by which our poet uniformly characterises the Black Prince. In *Triumph of Isis*, ver. 205. "The *fable*-suited Prince." In *Ode on Approach of Summer*, ver. 322. "Edward, stern in *fable* mail." In *Ode for King's Birth-day*, 1787. ver. 15. "The prince in *fable* steel."

Her simple institutes, and rigid lore, 45  
The royal nursling unreluctant bore;  
Nor shunn'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace  
The cloister's moonlight-chequer'd floor to trace;

V. 45. Her simple institutes, and rigid lore,  
The royal nursling unreluctant bore;]  
A manifest imitation of Gray:

Stern rugged nurse! thy *rigid lore*  
With patience many a year she bore. *Ode to Adv.*

V. 46. The royal nursling] Probably from Tickell, who says of the Black Prince and Henry V. both educated at Queen's College,

Thy *nurslings*, ancient dome!

*On her Majesty's rebuilding part of Queen's College, Oxford.*  
The words "nursling" and "nourle" occur frequently in Spenser: the latter is thus connected in one passage with a subject similar to that before us:

Whether ye list him traine in Chevalry,

Or *nourle* up in *lore* of learn'd Philosophy. *F. 2. VI. iv. 35.*  
And the poet thus addresses the English Universities, *IV. xi. 26.*

Joy to you both, ye double *Noursery*  
Of Arts! ———

In a passage quoted from Spenser, note on *Grave of Arthur*, ver. 168, Arthur is called the *nourling* of Merlin. The word is used by Milton, *Samf. Agon.* ver. 633.

I was his *nourling* once and dear delight.

V. 47. Nor shunn'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace  
The cloister's moonlight-chequer'd floor to trace;  
Nor scorn'd to mark the sun, at mattins due,  
Stream through the storied window's holy hue.]

A very beautiful passage, and much more poetical than Tickell's, on the same subject:

To couch at curfew-time they thought no *scorn*,  
And froze at matins every winter morn.

*On her Majesty's rebuilding part of Queen's College, Oxford.*

V. 48. The cloister's moonlight-chequer'd floor] In *L'Allegro*  
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Nor scorn'd to mark the sun, at mattins due,  
Stream through the storied window's holy hue. 50

And O, young Prince, be thine his moral praise;  
Nor seek in fields of blood his warrior bays.  
War has its charms terrific. Far and wide

we have the *chequer'd shade*," ver. 96 But it is "on a sunshine holy day." This image has doubtless been often noticed; but I do not remember "the cloister's *moonlight-chequer'd floor*," except in the text. "With *due* sect to *walk the studious cloisters pale*" is one of the occupations of Milton's pensive man.

V. 50. Stream through the storied window's holy hue.] "Storied, or painted with stories, that is, histories," as Warton explains it in his curious note on the following from *Il Penseroso* :

And storied windows richly dight

Castling a dim religious light. Ver. 159.

And so in *Grave of Arthur*, ver. 15. "the storied tapestry," and in *Sonnet V.* ver. 10. "the stately-storied hall. The image of "the sun streaming through storied windows" occurs in Bp. Lowth's *Genealogy of Christ*, written while he was a scholar of Winchester College: addressing the Artist, he says

While through thy work the rising day shall stream.

Compare Virgil, *Æn.* iii. 1, 2 :

— qua se

Plena per infertas fovebat Luna fenestras.

V. 53. War has its charms terrific, &c.] Compare the following passage from Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*; "And now the often changing fortune began also to change the hue of the battels, for at the first, though it were terrible, yet *terror* was decked so bravely with rich furniture, gilt swords, shining armour, pleasant pencils, that the eye with *delight* had scarce leisure to be afraid: but now all universally defiled with dust, broken armour, mangled bodies, took away the mask, and set forth *Horror* in his own horrible manner." B. iii.

When stands th' embattled host in banner'd pride;  
 O'er the vext plain when the shrill clangors run,  
 And the long phalanx flashes in the sun ; 56  
 When now no dangers of the deathful day  
 Mar the bright scene, nor break the firm array;  
 Full oft, too rashly glows with fond delight  
 The youthful breast, and asks the future fight; 60  
 Nor knows that Horror's form, a spectre wan,  
 Stalks, yet unseen, along the gleamy van.

May no such rage be thine: no dazzling ray  
 Of specious fame thy stedfast feet betray.

Dryden's *Palamon and Arcite*, B. ii.

And *pleasing* was the *terror* of the field.

V. 54. When stands th' embattled host in banner'd pride;] Milton, *Par. Lost*, ii. 885.

—— a *banner'd host*,

Under spread ensigns marching.

V. 62. —— the gleamy van.] *Par. Lost*, vi. 107: "The cloudy van."

V. 63. May no such rage be thine: no dazzling ray, &c.] Apparently imitated from the strong and manly verses of Bp. Lowth (at that time Fellow of New College and Poetry Professor) on the death of Frederic Prince of Wales, in the *Epicedia Oxoniensia*. After describing several famous conquerors, whom he considers as scourges in the hand of Providence to punish the crimes of mankind, he thus addresses the surviving son of the Prince:

*Let no such* frantic thirst thy soul inflame,

Of hateful glory and of guilty fame.

Britain from thee no such mean triumphs craves,

Britain disdains a subject world of slaves, &c.

It is to be lamented that the poems of so good a man and so ner-

Be thine domestic glory's radiant calm, 6,  
 Be thine the sceptre wreath'd with many a palm;  
 Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,  
 The silver lyre to milder conquest strung!

Instead of glorious feats achiev'd in arms,  
 Bid rising arts display their mimic charms! 70  
 Just to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,  
 Record the past, and rouse to future praise:  
 Before the public eye, in breathing bras,  
 Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs pass:  
 Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall, 7,  
 And clothe with Minden's plain th' historic hall.

vous a writer as the late Bp. of London should, from the finality of their number, be likely to be lost to the world.

V. 71. Just to thy country's fame, in tranquil days, &c.] Compare the following from Pope's *Windfor Forest*:

Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains  
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains,  
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,  
 Stretch his long triumphs down through every age,

Draw monarchs chain'd and Cressi's glorious field, &c. Ver 301.

Pope's judgment might have prevented him from adopting the error, which Verrio had fallen into, in having represented the Kings of France and Scotland chained, in his picture of the triumph of the Black Prince at Windfor. The courteous manner, in which Edward the III and his son behaved to their royal prisoners, is their great glory and distinction.

V. 73. — in breathing bras,] Virg. *Æn.* vi. 847. "*spirantia æra.*"

Then mourn not, Edward's Dome, thine an-  
 cient boast,  
 Thy tournaments, and lifted combats lost !  
 From Arthur's Board, no more, proud castle,  
 mourn  
 Adventurous Valour's Gothic trophies torn! 80  
 Those elfin charms, that held in magic night  
 Its elder fame, and dimm'd its genuine light,  
 At length dissolve in Truth's meridian ray,  
 And the bright Order bursts to perfect day :  
 The mystic round, begirt with bolder peers, 85  
 On Virtue's base its rescued glory rears ;  
 Sees Civil Prowess mightier acts achieve,  
 Sees meek Humanity distress relieve ;  
 Adopts the Worth that bids the conflict cease,  
 And claims its honours from the Chiefs of Peace.

V. 84. —the bright Order] Horace has "*lucidus Ordo*," but in a sense altogether different. *Art. Poet.* ver. 41.

V. 85. The mystic round,] Arthur's round table, called above, ver. 79. "Arthur's board." Tradition considers the Order of the Garter, as a revival of Arthur's fabled institution of the round table.

VERSES

ON

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PAINTED WINDOW

AT NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

(Written in 1782.)

AH, stay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace  
 Those faultless forms of elegance and grace!  
 Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mafs,  
 With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glafs!  
 Nor steal, by strokes of art with truth combin'd,  
 The fond illusions of my wayward mind!  
 For long, enamour'd of a barbarous age,  
 A faithless truant to the classic page;  
 Long have I lov'd to catch the simple chime  
 Of minstrel-harps, and spell the fabling rime; 10

V. 3. —the bright transparent mafs,] Pope's *Epistle to Jervas*:  
 Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mafs.

V. 9. ———the simple chime  
 Of minstrel-harps, ———]

See note on *Grave of Arthur*, ver. 29.

Ibid. ———to catch the simple chime

Of minstrel-harps, and spell the fabling rime;]  
 By the "chime of minstrel-harps" is meant the music, and by the  
 "fabling rime" the legendary poetry, which constantly accompa-

To view the festive rites, the knightly play,  
That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day ;  
To mark the mouldering halls of barons bold,  
And the rough castle, cast in giant mould ;  
With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore, 15  
And muse on the magnificence of yore.

But chief, enraptur'd have I lov'd to roam,  
A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,  
Where the tall shafts, that mount in massy pride,  
Their mingling branches shoot from side to side ;

nied festivals and tournaments ("the festive rites and knightly  
"play"). Milton distinguishes the two species of entertainment,  
where he says

What never yet was heard in *tale* or *song*. Comus, ver. 44.

V. 14. And the rough castle, cast in giant mould ;] *Ode on first  
of April*, ver. 13 :

Searce a sickly straggling flower  
Decks *the rough castle's* rifted tower.

*Grave of Arthur*, ver. 35 :

Round *the rough castle* shrilly sung  
The whirling blast, &c.

Compare also *Ode for New Year*, 1788. ver. 17 :

Unchang'd through many a hardy race  
Stood *the rough* dome in fullen grace.

Ibid. —giant mould ;] So in Collins's *Ode to Fear* ;

Danger, whose limbs of *giant mould*  
What mortal eye can fix'd behold ?

V. 18. A lingering votary—] Dr. Warton's *Ode to Evening* :

O modest Evening, oft let me appear  
*A wand'ring votary* in thy pensive train.



Where elfin sculptors, with fantastic clew, 21  
 O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew;  
 Where SUPERSTITION with capricious hand  
 In many a maze the wreathed window plann'd,  
 With hues romantic ting'd the gorgeous pane, 25  
 To fill with holy light the wondrous fane;  
 To aid the builder's model, richly rude,  
 By no Vitruvian symmetry subdu'd;  
 To suit the genius of the mystic pile:  
 Whilst as around the far-retiring ile, 30  
 And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung,  
 Her dark illumination wide she flung,

V. 22. O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew,] He has used the same appropriate and very beautiful expression in his note on Gothic Architecture: "The Florid Gothic distinguishes itself by an exuberance of decoration, by *roofs* where the most delicate fretwork is expressed in stone, and by a certain lightness of finishing, as in the roof of the choir at Gloucester, where it is "thrown like a web of embroidery over the old Saxon vaulting." *Obs. on Spenser*, vol. ii. p. 191. It is by the same elegant figure that he uses "textile buxum" in *Verses on Trinity Coll. Chapel*, ver. 117. And the extreme delicacy of this kind of work is meant to be expressed by the term "elfin sculptors;" work too nice to have been executed by the gross hands of mortals, and requiring the exquisite touch of an "elfin," or fairy, artist.

V. 32. Her dark illumination wide she flung,] *Il Penseroso*, ver. 131.

But when the sun begins to *fling*  
 His flaring beams, &c.

Ibid. Her dark illumination—] An expression apparently paradoxical, but which very well conveys the image intended. Com-

With new solemnity, the nooks profound,  
 The caves of death, and the dim arches frown'd.  
 From blifs long felt unwillingly we part : 35  
 Ah, spare the weaknefs of a lover's heart !  
 Chafe not the phantoms of my fairy dream,  
 Phantoms that shrink at Reason's painful gleam !  
 That fofter touch, infidious artist, ftay,  
 Nor to new joys my ftuggling breaft betray ! 40

Such was a penfive bard's miftaken ftain.—  
 But, oh, of ravish'd pleasures why complain ?  
 No more the matchlefs fkill I call unkind,  
 That ftives to difenchaut my cheated mind.

pare the following from *Ode for New Year*, 1788, ver. 55. meant to give the fame image as the text :

She bids th' *illuminated* pane  
 Along thy lofty-vaulted fane  
 Shed the *dim blaze of radiance* richly clear.

But the line is fcarcely fimple enough.

V. 34. The caves of death—] In *Grave of Arthur*, ver. 140. we have "the vaults of death;" in Milton's ftyle of phrafeology, *Par. Loft*, ii. 621.

Rocks, *caves*, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and fhades of death. It is not improbable that the idea in the text is from that noble paffage in *Paradife Loft*, where it is faid of Satan and Death,

So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell  
 Grew darker at their frown. ii. 719.

V. 44. —my cheated mind.] The fpells of the inchanter Co-mus are "of power to cheat the eye with bleat illufion." Ver. 155. *Ode at Vale-royal*; "to cheat the tranced mind." Ver. 43.

For when again I view thy chaste design, 43  
 The just proportion, and the genuine line ;  
 Those native portraitures of Attic art,  
 That from the lucid surface seem to start ;  
 Those tints, that steal no glories from the day,  
 Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray : 50  
 The doubtful radiance of contending dyes,  
 That faintly mingle, yet distinctly rise ;  
 'Twixt light and shade the transitory strife ;  
 The feature blooming with immortal life :  
 The stole in casual foldings taught to flow, 55  
 Not with ambitious ornaments to glow ;  
 The tread majestic, and the beaming eye,  
 That lifted speaks its commerce with the sky ;  
 Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild  
 O'er the mean cradle of the Virgin's child : 60

V. 49. Those tints, that steal no glories from the day,  
 Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray :]

Compare Gray's *Progress of Poetry*, iii. 3.

With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun.

V. 57. ———— the beaming eye,  
 That lifted speaks its commerce with the sky ;]

*Il Penseroso* :

——— looks *commencing with the skies*,

Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes. Ver. 39.

V. 59. Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild  
 O'er the mean cradle of the Virgin's child :]

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his design for New College window, imitated the famous "Notte" of Corregio, in the ducal palace at Modena, wherein the whole light of the picture is made to proceed

Sudden, the sombrous imagery is fled,  
 Which late my visionary rapture fed :  
 Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain,  
 And brought my bosom back to truth again ;  
 To truth, by no peculiar taste confin'd, 65  
 Whose universal pattern strikes mankind ;

from the body of the infant Christ, "which (as Spenser describes a golden image of Cupid, *F. 2. III. xi. 47.*) with his own light shines." There are in Oxford two copies of this celebrated picture by Corregio; one in Queen's College Chapel by Ant. Raf. Mengs; and the other by Carlo Cignano in Gen. Guise's collection at Ch. Ch.

V. 65. To truth, by no peculiar taste confin'd,  
 Whose universal pattern strikes mankind ;]

Longinus considers that those productions may be judged truly beautiful and sublime, which have been received with approbation by different persons, whatever may be their pursuits, ages, inclinations, and ways of life. (*περί ᾠδῶν*, cap. 7.) Some of the productions of antient art, which have borne this test, are ludicrously contrasted with what was considered graceful by the peculiar taste of the times, in one of the Plates to Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty*. It would be almost unpardonable not to add, that Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his admirable Discourses, has insisted on this important principle of taste, with his usual discernment and precision. "When the Artist (he observes) has by diligent attention acquired a clear and distinct idea of beauty and symmetry; when he has reduced the variety of nature to the abstract idea; his next task will be to become acquainted with the *genuine habits of nature*, as distinguished from those of fashion. For in the same manner, and on the same principles, as he has acquired the knowledge of the real forms of nature, distinct from accidental deformity, he must endeavour to separate simple chaste nature from those adventitious, those affected and forced airs or actions, with which she is loaded by modern education." (*Diss.* iii. vol. i. p. 65, 8vo.)

To truth, whose bold and unresisted aim  
Checks frail caprice, and fashion's fickle claim;  
To truth, whose charms deception's magic quell,  
And bind coy Fancy in a stronger spell. 70

Ye brawny Prophets, that in robes so rich,  
At distance due, possess the crisped nich;  
Ye rows of Patriarchs, that sublimely rear'd  
Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard:  
Ye Saints, who, clad in crimson's bright array, 75  
More pride than humble poverty display:  
Ye Virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown  
Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown:

And in the next page: "However the mechanick and ornamental  
" arts may sacrifice to *fashion*, she must be entirely excluded from  
" the art of Painting: the Painter must never mistake this capri-  
" cious changeling for the genuine offspring of nature; he must  
" divest himself of all prejudices in favour of his age or country;  
" he must disregard all local and temporary ornaments, and look  
" only on those *general habits*, which are every where and always  
" the same: he addresses his works to *the people of every country and*  
" *every age*, he calls upon posterity to be his spectators, and says  
" with Zeuxis, in *æternitatem pingo*." See also the conclusion of  
the fourth Discourse, p. 112.

V. 77. Ye Virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown  
Of patient faith—]

See *Revel.* vii. 9, 14. "After this I beheld, and lo a great multi-  
" tude—clothed with white robes, and *palms* in their hands—  
" These are they which came out of great tribulation." In *Par.*  
*Loß*, the Angels are represented "shaded with branching *palm*."  
vi. 885. And in Milton's *Verses at a solemn Music*, ver. 14.

With those just spirits, that wear victorious *palms*.

Ye Angels, that from clouds of gold recline,  
 But boast no semblance to a race divine : 80  
 Ye tragic Tales of legendary lore,  
 That draw devotion's ready tear no more ;  
 Ye Martyrdoms of unenlighten'd days,  
 Ye Miracles, that now no wonder raise :  
 Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer strike,  
 Kings, Bishops, Nuns, Apostles, all alike ! 86  
 Ye Colours, that th' unwary fight amaze,  
 And only dazzle in the noontide blaze !  
 No more the sacred window's round disgrace,  
 But yield to Grecian groupes the shining space. 90  
 Lo, from the canvas Beauty shifts her throne,  
 Lo, Picture's powers a new formation own !  
 Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,  
 With her own energy, th' expressive stain !  
 'The mighty Master spreads his mimic toil 95  
 More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil ;

See also his *Epitaph. Damonis*, ver. 214.

En etiam tibi *virginæ* servantur honores ;  
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,  
 Lætaque frondentis gefians umbracula *palme*  
 Aeternum perages immortales hymenæos.

Which is nearer to the text of Scripture than the former.

V. 81. Ye tragic Tales of legendary lore,] Goldsmith's Hermit is "skill'd in *legendary lore*." See note on *Grave of Arthur*, ver. 89. and 137.

V. 95. The mighty Master—] Dryden's *Ode* :  
*The mighty Master smil'd to see, &c.*

But calls the lineaments of life compleat  
From genial alchymy's creative heat ;  
Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,  
While in the warm enamel Nature lives. 109

REYNOLDS, 'tis thine, from the broad win-  
dow's height,  
To add new lustre to religious light :  
Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,  
But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine :  
With arts unknown before, to reconcile  
The willing Graces to the Gothic pile.

V. 99. Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,  
While in the warm enamel Nature lives.]

Dryden's *Epistle to Sir Godfrey Kneller* :

So warm thy work, so glows the generous frame,  
Flesh looks less living in the lovely dame.

And again :

Such are thy pictures, Kneller ; such thy skill,  
That *Nature* seems *obedient* to thy will,  
Comes out, and meets' thy pencil in the draught,  
*Lives* there, and wants but words to speak her thought.

Vol. ii. p. 194.

V. 101. Reynolds—] In the first edition of this poem, in 1782, the text stood "*Artist*, 'tis thine, &c." The only alteration in the poem, as it now appears, was in this single word ; and that alteration was, I presume, occasioned by Sir Joshua's letter to the author, which is inserted in the memoirs prefixed.

MONODY,

WRITTEN NEAR STRATFORD UPON AVON.

(Published in the Edition of 1777.)

AVON, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,  
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,  
Their boughs entangling with th' embattled  
fedge;  
Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,

Stratford upon Avon.] The birth and burial place of Shak-  
spere.

V. 3. —th' embattled fedge;] Mr. Headley refers to *Par.  
Lost*, vii. 321.

————up stood the corny reed  
*Imbattled* in her field.

And observes that the word occurs again in the *Ode on the Approach  
of Summer*;

Ruffle the breezes, lightly borne  
O'er deep-*imbattled* ears of corn.

The resemblance between such natural productions and a battalion  
of spears is thus noticed by Virgil:

Forte fuit juxta tumulus, quo cornea summo

Virgulta, et densis hastilibus horrida myrtus. *Æn.* iii. 22.

In a passage quoted below, note to ver. 13. the word "spiky" is  
used synonymously with "embattled."

V. 4. —quaintly fring'd,] "Quaintly," curiously, as it is  
used by Milton,

To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove  
With ringlets *quaint*. *Arcades*, ver. 47.

The word is used several times by our Poet.



Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd;      5  
 Soothe me with many a pensive pleasure mild,  
 But while I muse, that here the bard divine,  
 Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd iles inclose,  
 Where the tall windows rise in stately rows  
 Above th' embowering shade,      10  
 Here first, at Fancy's fairy-circled shrine,  
 Of daisies pied his infant offering made ;  
 Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,  
 Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe :  
 Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,      15  
 As at the waving of some magic wand ;  
 An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,

V. 12. Of daisies pied his infant offering made ;] "Pied," with a variety of colours. See *L'Allgro*, ver. 75, and *note*.

V. 13. Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,  
 Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe :]  
 Mr. Headley quotes the following from the *Ode on Approach of Summer*, where both the thought and expressions are repeated :

Or o'er old Avon's magic edge  
 Whence Shakspeare cull'd the spiky fedge,  
 All playful yet, in years unripe  
 To frame a shrill and simple pipe. Ver. 93.

V. 17. An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,] See that sublime stanza in a poem which Milton "left unfinished, because he "was nothing satisfied with what was begun :"

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels  
 That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood ;  
 My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,  
 To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem stood,  
 Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood ;

And awful shapes of warriors and of kings  
 People the busy mead,  
 Like spectres swarming to the wifard's hall ; 20

There doth my soul in *holy* vision fit,  
 In pensive *trance*, and anguish, and ecstasie fit.

*The Passion*, St. 6.

V. 18. And awful shapes of warriors and of kings  
 People the busy mead,]

Mr. Headley quotes the following lines from Thomson's *Alfred*,  
 Act. ii. Sc. 3.

—————a long line of kings  
 From thee descending, glorious and renown'd  
 In shadowy pomp I see—

—————  
 Slow let the *visionary* forms arise,  
 And solemn pails before our wondering eyes.

And refers to Macbeth, Act. iv. Sc. 1. where the Kings of Banquo's line pails in procession. We have the same imagery and the same expressions in *Ode to a Friend*:

Who *peopled* all thy vocal bowers  
 With shadowy *shapes* and airy powers. Ver. 49.

See also Thomson's *Winter*, ver. 297.

Then throng the *busy shapes* into his mind.

V. 20. Like spectres swarming to the wifard's hall :] From Akenfide's *Pleasures of Imagination*, as Mr. Headley has remarked:

—————Anon ten thousand *shapes*,  
 Like *spectres* trooping to the *wifard's* call,  
 Flit swift before him. B. iii. ver. 385.

In the text the substitution of "*ball*" for *call* is from *Comus*, ver. 649 :

Boldly assault the necromancer's *ball*.

On which see Warton's *note*. By the way, an expression in the above passage from Akenfide may have been taken from one in *Comus*, ver. 602.

But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt

And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand  
 The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.  
 Before me Pity seems to stand  
 A weeping mourner, smote with anguish fore,  
 To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood 25  
 His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.

With all the grisly legions that troop  
 Under the footy flag of Acheron.

V. 22. The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.] The same sentiment occurs in *Verses on the Marriage of the King*, ver. 54.

Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest.

Mr. Headley refers to Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesy*, p. 26. edit. 1724. "The high and excellent *Tragedy*, that openeth the "greatest wounds, and sheweth forth *Ulcers that are covered with* " *vijue*." But "the purple pall" is from Spenser. *F. Q. B. V. c. ix.* ft. 50. Mercilla is thus described :

But rather let, instead thereof, to fall  
 Few pearly drops from her faire lamps of light ;  
 The which she *covering with her purple pall*  
 Would have the passion hid.

I may add that Telemachus in a very affecting passage of the *Odyssey* makes use of his "*purple pall*" (*χλαναν πορφύρεον*) to conceal his agitation at the mention of his father's merits and sufferings, (Δ. 113,) as Ulysses does at the singing of Demodocus. (Θ. 84.)

V. 26. His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.] Denoting hereby that royal sufferings, or at least those of distinguished characters, are the proper subjects for tragedy : agreeably to Aristotle's direction, τῶν ἐν μεγάλῃ δούλῃ οὐτῶν καὶ εὐτυχίᾳ· οἷος, Οιδίποτος καὶ Θυέστης, καὶ οἱ ἐκ τῶν τοιούτων γεννῶν ἐπιφανεῖς αἰδρεῖς. (*De Poet.* p. 42. ed. Tytwhitt.) Mr John Warton remarked to me that the image in this line is perhaps taken from Savage's *Wanderer*, Canto 2 :

—————A robe she wore  
 With life's calamities *embroider'd o'er*.

Pale Terror leads the visionary band,  
And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

And again,

She mufes o'er her *woe embroider'd* veft.

But it may be added as a curious incident, that Witlaf, a king of the Weft Saxons, grants in his charter, dated 833, among other things to Croyland Abbey, his *robe of tyffe*, on which was *embroidered* the deftruction of Troy. See *Hift. of Eng.* p. i. 128, *note*; and *Olf. on Spenser*, i. 176. See alfo *Gest. Romanorum*, p. 28. *Hift. of Eng.* p. iii. 261.

V. 27. Pale Terror leads the visionary band,

And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood ]

From Milton, *Eleg.* i. ver. 37 :

Sive *cruciatum* furiota Tragedia *scptum*

*Quaſſat*, et eluſis criminibus ora rotat.

THE  
PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY.

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— — — — — *Præcipe lugubres*  
*Cantus, Melpomene !—*

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(Written in 1745, the Author's 17th year. Published anonymously  
in 1747.)

MOTHER of musings, Contemplation sage,  
Whose grotto stands upon the topmost rock  
Of Teneriff; 'mid the tempestuous night,  
On which, in calmest meditation held,  
Thou hear'st with howling winds the beating rain  
And drifting hail descend; or if the skies  
Unclouded shine, and thro' the blue serene  
Pale Cynthia rolls her silver-axled car,

V. 4. —in calmest meditation held,] There is an awkwardness in describing Contemplation held in meditation. Contemplation is meditation. It is somewhat like an apparent oversight of Milton, who in his *Hymn on the Nativity* represents Peace striking a peace. The expression "in meditation held" is Miltonic. See note on *Ode on Summer*, ver. 338.

Warton has remarked that "the best poets imperceptibly adopt phrases and formularies from the writings of their contemporaries and immediate predecessors." (Note on *Lycidas*, ver. 1.) And we may add of those whom they are much in the habit of reading. His own imitations of Milton, more than of any other poet, may be repeatedly traced throughout this, which is the earliest, and the rest of his poetical compositions

Whence gazing stedfast on the spangled vault  
 Raptur'd thou sitt'st, while murmurs indistinct  
 Of distant billows sooth thy pensive ear 11  
 With hoarse and hollow sounds; secure, self-blest,  
 There oft thou listen'st to the wild uproar  
 Of fleets encount'ring, that in whispers low  
 Ascends the rocky summit, where thou dwell'st 15  
 Remote from man, conversing with the spheres!  
 O lead me, queen sublime, to solemn glooms  
 Congenial with my soul; to cheerless shades,  
 To ruin'd feats, to twilight cells and bow'rs,  
 Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to muse, 20

V. 13. —the wild uproar] *Par. Lost*, ii. 541 :  
 —Hell scarce holds *the wild uproar*.

V. 16. —conversing with the spheres'] Or, as Milton expresses it, "commencing with the skies." *Il Pens.* ver. 39. Dryden says in his *Elgy on Poets and Poetry*, They with the Muses which *conversed*. Vol. iv. 1255.

V. 19. —to twilight cells and bow'rs,  
 Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to muse.]  
*Comus*, ver. 386 :

———'Tis most true  
 That *mus'ing Melancholy* most affects  
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds.

*Twilight* was first used as an epithet by Milton; and from him borrowed by Pope, as Dr. Warton has observed, *Essay on Pope*, i. 318, note. Shakspeare however had used *moonlight* in the same manner:

If you will patiently dance in our round,  
 And see our *moonlight* revels, go with us.

*Midf. N. Dr.* Act ii.

The epithet "twilight" is familiar with our poet.

Her fav'rite midnight haunts. The laughing scenes  
Of purple Spring, where all the wanton train  
Of Smiles and Graces seem to lead the dance  
In sportive round, while from their hands they  
show'r

Ambrosial blooms and flow'rs, no longer charm; 25  
Tempe, no more I court thy balmy breeze,  
Adieu green vales! ye broider'd meads, adieu!

Beneath yon ruin'd abbey's moss-grown piles  
Oft let me sit, at twilight hour of eve, 29  
Where thro' some western window the pale moon

V. 21. —The laughing scenes  
Of purple Spring, &c.]

Compare the following from Akenfide's *Pleasures of Imagination*:

Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of fylvan powers,  
Of Nymphs and Fauns, where in the Golden Age  
They play'd in secret on the shady brink  
With ancient Pan, while round their choral steps  
Young Hours and genial Gales with constant hand  
Show'r'd blossoms, odours, show'r'd ambrosial dews,  
And Spring's Elysian bloom. i. 299.

This passage our poet has translated. See also Horace, in a description of the Spring:

*Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque fororibus audet  
Ducere nuda choros. Carm. IV. vii. 5.*

V. 30. Where thro' some western window the pale moon  
Pours her long-levell'd rule of streaming light;]

*Ode on Summer*, ver. 121:

While with the *level-streaming rays*  
Far seen its arched windows blaze.

Pours her long-levell'd rule of streaming light ;  
While fullen sacred silence reigns around,  
Save the lone screech-owl's note, who builds  
his bow'r

Amid the mould'ring caverns dark and damp,  
Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves 35  
Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green  
Invests some wasted tow'r. Or let me tread

See *Comus*, ver. 340 :

————— visit us

With thy *long-levell'd rule of streaming light*.

And Warton's note upon it : to which may be added that the expression of the sun's levelling his rays, quoted by him from *Par. Lost*. iv. 543. may be found also in Sir H. Wotton ;

—————the *Sun* doth still

*Level his rays* against the rising hill.

Headley's *Anc. Poet.* ii. 24.

V. 31. While fullen sacred silence reigns around,

Save the lone screech-owl's note, who builds his bower, &c.]

Gray's *Elegy* :

And all the air a solemn stillness holds,

*Save* that from yonder *ivy-mantled tower*

The moping *owl* does to the moon complain

Of such as wandering near her *sacred bower*, &c.

The *Pleasures of Melancholy* was published in 1747 : Gray's *Elegy* was written, according to Johnson, in 1750. Warton supplies several instances of this use of the word " mantle." See *Ode at Vale-royal*, ver. 75. *Ode on Summer*, ver. 182. *Panegy. on Oxford Ali*, ver. 116.

V. 36. —flaunting ivy,] Mr. Headley notices "*flaunting honey-suckle*" in *Comus*, ver. 545. And " the bower, where woodbines *flaunt*," in Thomson's *Spring*, ver. 976. But the epithet " gadding " used by our poet in *Inscript. on a Hermitage* is perhaps more descriptive of the ivy.



Its neighb'ring walk of pines, where mus'd of old  
 The cloyster'd brothers : thro' the gloomy void  
 That far extends beneath their ample arch 40  
 As on I pace, religious horror wraps  
 My soul in dread repose. But when the world  
 Is clad in Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,  
 'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame  
 Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare 45  
 O'er the wan heaps; while airy voices talk

V. 41. As on I pace, religious horror wraps  
 My soul in dread repose.]

Lucretius, iii. 28 :

His tibi me rebus quædam divina voluptas  
 Percipit, atque *horror*.

V. 43. —Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,] In *Comus*, ver. 251.  
 “the *raven* down of darkness.”

Ver. 46. —while airy voices talk

Along the glimmering walls ; or ghostly shape  
 At distance seen, invites with beck'ning hand  
 My lonesome steps,—]

Pope's *Eloisa*, ver. 305 :

In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,  
 And more than echos *talk along the walls*.

*Comus*, ver. 205 :

———A thousand fantasies  
 Begin to throng into my memory,  
 Of calling *shapes*, and *beck'ning* shadows dire,  
 And *aery* tongues, that syllable men's names  
 On sands and shores, and desert wildernesses.

And ver. 270 :

Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp  
 Oft seen in *charnel* vaults and sepulchres.

Along the glimm'ring walls; or ghostly shape  
 At distance seen, invites with beck'ning hand  
 My lonesome steps, thro' the far-winding vaults.  
 Nor undelightful is the solemn noon 50  
 Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch  
 I start : lo, all is motionless around !  
 Roars not the rushing wind; the sons of men  
 And every beast in mute oblivion lie ;  
 All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep. 55  
 O then how fearful is it to reflect,  
 That thro' the still globe's awful solitude,  
 No being wakes but me ! till stealing sleep  
 My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.  
 Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born, 60  
 My senses lead thro' flow'ry paths of joy;  
 But let the sacred Genius of the night

See also Pope's *Elgy on an unfortunate Lady* :

What *beckoning* ghost along the moonlight shade  
*Invites my steps*, and points to yonder glade?

Which, as Dr. Warton has noticed in his edition of Pope, is from Ben Jonson : as the passage quoted above from his *Eloisa* is from Milton.

V. 50. —the solemn noon

Of night,—] Midnight ; it is so used by Dryden, *Pal.*  
*and Arc.* B. iii.

'Twas ebbing darkness past *the noon of night.*

V. 62. But let the sacred Genius of the night

Such mystic visions send,—]

Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,  
 When thro' bewild'ring Fancy's magic maze,  
 To the fell house of Bufyrane, he led 63  
 Th' unshaken Britomart; or Milton knew,  
 When in abstracted thought he first conceiv'd  
 All heav'n in tumult, and the Seraphim  
 Come tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.

Let others love soft Summer's ev'ning smiles, 79  
 As list'ning to the distant water-fall,  
 They mark the blushes of the streaky west;  
 I choose the pale December's foggy glooms.  
 Then, when the fullen shades of ev'ning close,  
 Where thro' the room a blindly-glimm'ring gleam

*Il Pens.* ver. 147:

Some strange *mysterious* dream.

And below, ver. 153:

*Sent* by some spirit to mortals good,

Or th' unseen *Genius* of the wood.

See *Faerie Queene*, B. III. Cant. xi, xii. and *Par. Lost*. B. vi. for the allusions, which follow.

V. 75. Where thro' the room a blindly-glimm'ring gleam  
 The dying embers scatter,—]

*Il Pens.* ver. 79:

Where glowing *embers thro' the room*

Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

Shakspeare's *Midf. N. Dr.* Act. v.

Through this house give *glimmering* light;

By the dead and drowsy fire, &c.

It is somewhat strange that neither Warton in his note on the

The dying embers scatter, far remote  
From Mirth's mad shouts, that thro' th' illumin'd  
roof

R'ound with festive echo, let me fit,  
Blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge.  
Then let my thought contemplative explore 80  
This fleeting state of things, the vain delights,  
The fruitless toils, that still our search elude,  
As thro' the wilderness of life we rove.  
This sober hour of silence will unmask  
False Folly's smile, that like the dazzling spells 85  
Of wily Comus cheat th' unweeeting eye

above from *Il Pens.* nor Newton on *Par. Lost*, i. 63, has noticed  
the excellent way in which Spenser gives the image,

—A faint shadow of uncertaine light,  
Such as a lampe whose lyfe doth fade awaie.

*F. 2. II. vii. 27.*

V. 76. —————far remote

From Mirth's mad shouts, that thro' the illumin'd roof, &c.]

*Il Pens.* 81 :

Far from all resort of *Mirth*,  
Save the *cricket* on the hearth,  
Or the belman's *drowsy* charm.

See also Shakspere's *Macbeth*, Act iii.

The hard-born beetle with his *drowsy* hums.

V. 85. —that like the dazzling spells  
Of wily Comus, &c.]

*Comus*, ver. 153 :

————— Thus I hurl  
My *dazzling spells* into the spongy air,  
Of power to cheat the eye with *blear illusion*,  
And give it false presentments.

With blear illusion, and persuade to drink  
That charmed cup, which Reason's mintage fair  
Unmoulds, and stamps the monster on the man.  
Eager we taste, but in the luscious draught 90  
Forget the poisonous dregs that lurk beneath.

Few know that elegance of soul refin'd,  
Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy  
From Melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride  
Of tasteless splendor and magnificence 95  
Can e'er afford. Thus Eloise, whose mind  
Had languish'd to the pangs of melting love,

And again, ver. 524 :

And here to every thirsty traveller  
By sly enticement gives his baneful *cup*,  
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison  
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
Fixes instead, *unmolding reason's mintage*  
Character'd in his face.

In ver. 652. we have " the *luscious* liquor."

V. 92. Few know that elegance of soul refin'd,] Thomson's  
*Summer* :

A pure ingenuous *elegance of soul*,  
A delicate *refinement known to few*. Ver. 1295.

V. 96.—Thus Eloise, &c.] See Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard*, ver. 303.

See in her cell sad Eloisa laid,  
Propt on *some tomb*, a neighbour of the dead :  
Here as I *watch* the dying lamps around, &c.

And ver. 164 :

Long-sounding isles, and *intermingled graves*.





More genuine transport found, as on some tomb  
 Reclin'd, she watch'd the tapers of the dead;  
 Or thro' the pillar'd iles, amid pale shrines 100  
 Of imag'd saints, and intermingled graves,  
 Mus'd a veil'd votareſs; than Flavia feels,  
 As thro' the mazes of the feſtive ball,  
 Proud of her conquering charms, and beauty's  
 blaze,

She floats amid the filken ſons of drefs, 105  
 And ſhines the faireſt of th' aſſembled fair.

When azure noontide cheers the dædal globe,

V. 105. She floats amid the ſilken ſons of drefs,] *Samſon Agoniſtes*,  
 ver. 1071:

———When firſt I ſaw

The ſumptuous Dalilah *floating* this way.

As he had before ſaid of her,

Comes this way *failing* like a ſtately ſhip. Ver. 713.

Where Dr. Newton (ſee his note on the line) might have re-  
 marked that Milton poſſibly thought of Shakſpere, *Midſ. N. Dr.*  
 Act ii.

Which ſhe with pretty and with ſwimming gait

Would imitate, and *ſail* upon the land

To fetch me trifles, and return again

As from a voyage rich with merchandiſe.

V. 107. —the dædal globe,] And below, ver. 248, “*dædal*  
*landſcapes*.” From the Greek *δαίδαλος*, whence the Latin *dædalus*,  
 wrought with art, variegated. Lucretius, i. 7:

——— tibi ſuavels *dædala tellus*

Summittit flores.

In an excellent tranſlation of which paſſage, Spenſer probably  
 introduced the word into the Engliſh language;



And the blest regent of the golden day  
Rejoices in his bright meridian tower,  
How oft my wishes ask the night's return, 110  
That best befriends the melancholy mind!  
Hail, sacred Night! thou so shalt share my song!  
Sister of ebon-scepter'd Hecat, hail!

Then does the *dædalæ carib* throw forth to thee  
Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres.

*F. 2. IV. x. 45.*

I may add that in the poems of our poet's father we have "the *dædal globe*," p. 79. But the word does not seem here so appropriate as when he says,

Here ancient Art her *dædal* fancies play'd  
In the quaint mazes of the crisped roof.

*Ode at Fale-royal Abbey, ver. 61.*

or speaks of the "*dædal coronet of leaves*," of Corinthian architecture. *Ode for Music.*

V. 108. And the blest regent of the golden day  
Rejoices in his bright meridian tower,]

*Par. Lost. vii. 370.*

First in his east the glorious lamp was seen  
*Regent of day*, and all th' horizon round  
Invested with *bright* rays, *joyous* to run  
His longitude thro' heaven's high road.

Thomson's *Summer*, ver. 81:

But yonder comes the powerful *King of day*,  
*Rejoicing* in the east.

And the 19th Psalm will of course be recollected, where it is said of the sun, "and *rejoiceth* as a giant to run his course." I have taken a liberty with the text by substituting "tower" for "bowet," for a reason which will be obvious on a comparison of the *Ode for Summer*, ver. 139, and *note*.

V. 113. Sister of ebon-scepter'd Hecat, hail!

Whether in congregated clouds thou wrap'st  
 Thy viewless chariot, or with silver crown 115  
 Thy beaming head encirclest, ever hail !  
 What tho' beneath thy gloom the forcerefs-train,  
 Far in obscured haunt of Lapland moors,  
 With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron blefs;  
 Tho' Murder wan beneath thy shrouding shade  
 Summons her flow-ey'd vot'ries to devise 121  
 Of fecret flaughter, while by one blue lamp

Whether in congregated clouds thou wrap'st  
 Thy viewless chariot,—]

*Comus*, ver. 134 :

Stay thy *cloudy ebony chair*,

Wherein thou rid'st with *Hecat*.

"*Ebon chair*" occurs in William Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*,  
 B. i. Song 5.

V. 117. What tho' beneath thy gloom the forcerefs-train,]  
 Shakspere in *Macbeth*, Act ii.

———Now *witchcraft* celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd *Murder*, &c.

Where Murder is personified. And the "bleffing the cauldron  
 with uncouth rhymes" is an allusion perhaps to the incantations  
 in Act v. where the witches "round about the *cauldron* sing"  
 Milton mentions the old fuperftitious ftories of the "Lapland  
 witches" in *Par. Left*, ii. 662. See alfo *Comus*, ver. 515 :

Doing abhorred rites to Hecate

In their *obfcur'd haunts* of inmoft bowers.

"To blefs," except in a good fenfe, which it evidently is not here,  
 has neither authority nor propriety.

V. 121. —flow-eyed votaries] In Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity*,  
 v. 180, we have "the pale-eyed prieft," which is fomewhat more  
 intelligible than "flow-eyed." And "the furnace *blefs*," in  
 ver. 210,

In hideous conf'rence fits the list'ning band,  
 And start at each low wind, or wakeful sound:  
 What tho' thy stay the pilgrim curseth oft, 125  
 As all benighted in Arabian wastes  
 He hears the wilderness around him howl  
 With roaming monsters, while on his hoar head  
 The black-descending tempest ceaseless beats;  
 Yet more delightful to my pensive mind 130  
 Is thy return, than blooming morn's approach,  
 Ev'n then, in youthful pride of opening May,  
 When from the portals of the saffron east  
 She sheds fresh roses, and ambrosial dews.  
 Yet not ungrateful is the morn's approach, 135  
 When dropping wet she comes, and clad in clouds,  
 While thro' the damp air scowls the louring south,  
 Blackening the landscape's face, that grove and hill  
 In formless vapours undistinguish'd swim:  
 Th' afflicted songsters of the fadden'd groves 140  
 Hail not the fullen gloom; the waving elms  
 That, hoar thro' time, and rang'd in thick array,  
 Enclose with stately row some rural hall,  
 Arc mute, nor echo with the clamors hoarse  
 Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs; 145

V. 136. —clad in clouds,] Milton, of the *morn*, "kercheft in  
 a comely cloud." *Il Pens.* ver. 125.

V. 137. While thro' the damp air, &c.] See *1st of April*, ver. 43,  
 and *note*.

While to the shed the dripping poultry crowd,  
A mournful train : secure the village-hind  
Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the  
storm ;  
Fix'd in th' unfinish'd furrow rests the plough :  
Rings not the high wood with enliven'd shouts 150

V. 146. While to the shed the dripping poultry crowd,  
A mournful train : secure the village-hind  
Hangs o'er the crackling blaze,—]  
Compare a description of the same circumstances in Thomson's  
*Winter*, ver. 87 :

Thither the household feathery people *crowd*,  
The crested cock with all his female *train*,  
Pensive and *dripping*, while the cottage-hind  
Hangs o'er th' enlivening *blaze*.

V. 149. Fix'd in th' unfinish'd furrow rests the plough:] An  
incident noticed by Virgil in his description of the Alpine petilence :

——it triftis arator,

Mœrentem abjungens fraternâ morte juvenum,  
Atque opere in medio defixa relinquat aratra. *Georg.* iii. 517.

V. 150. Rings not the high wood with enliven'd shouts  
Of early hunter:]

*L'Alligro*, ver. 53 :

Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through *the bigb wood* echoing thrill.

The “ high wood” is used by Fairfax :

He followed on the footsteps he had trac'd,  
Till in *bigb woods* and forests old he came. *T. ff.* vii. 23.

And Drayton :

The lofty *bigb wood* and the lower spring.

*Muses Elys. Nymph* x. vol. iv. 1520.

In Milton's *Arcades*, ver. 58 : “ the *bigb* thicket.”

Of early hunter : all is silence drear ;  
And deepest sadness wraps the face of things.

Thro' POPE's soft song tho' all the Graces  
breathe,  
And happiest art adorn his Attic page ; 154  
Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,  
As at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,  
In magic SPENSER's wildly-warbled song  
I see deserted Una wander wide  
Thro' wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,  
Weary, forlorn ; than when the fated fair 160  
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames  
Launches in all the lustre of brocade,  
Amid the splendours of the laughing Sun.  
The gay description palls upon the sense,  
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble blifs. 165

Ye youths of Albion's beauty-blooming isle,  
Whose brows have worn the wreath of luckless  
love,  
Is there a pleasure like the pensive mood,  
Whose magic wont to soothe your soften'd souls ?  
O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt 170

V. 158. I see deserted Una wander wide, &c.] See *F. Q.* I. iii.

V. 160. —the fated fair,] *Belinda*. See *Rape of the Lock*, ii. 4 :  
*Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.*

To Melody's affuasive voice ; to bend  
Th' uncertain step along the midnight mead,  
And pour your sorrows to the pitying moon,  
By many a flow trill from the bird of woe  
Oft interrupted ; in embow'ring woods 175

V. 175. —————in embow'ring woods

By darksome brook to muse,—]

The verb " bower," or rather " embower," is a favourite with Warton ; which I notice, as it gives me an opportunity of showing that his fondness for particular expressions did not occasion any want of variety in his ideas. It will be found on observation that every one of the following passages presents an image different from those presented by the others ; all of them beautiful and distinct in their kind.

*Inscript. in a Hermitage*, ver. 3 :

——to shade my lowly cave,

*Embow'ring* elms their umbrage wave.

*Monody*, ver. 9 :

Where the tall windows rise in stately rows

Above th' *embow'ring* shade.

*Hamlet*, ver. 43 :

Their humble porch with honied flowers

The curling woodbine's shade *embowers*.

*Ode to a Friend*, ver. 34 :

Where high o'er-arching trees *embower*

The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd,

With azure flow'rets idly grac'd.

*Below*, ver. 281 :

From forth thy cave *embower'd* with mournful yew.

*Ode on Summer*, ver. 51 :

There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine

With myrtle *bower'd* and jessamine.

*Ibid.* ver. 169 :

From *bow'ring* beech the mower blithe

With new-born vigour grasps his scythe.

In order to illustrate our poet's variety of imagery a little farther,

By darksome brook to muse, and there forget  
 The solemn dulness of the tedious world,  
 While Fancy grasps the visionary fair :  
 And now no more th' abstracted car attends  
 The water's murm'ring lapse, th' entranced eye  
 Pierces no longer thro' th' extended rows 181  
 Of thick-rang'd trees; till haply from the depth  
 The woodman's stroke, or distant tinkling team,  
 Or heifers rustling thro' the brake, alarms  
 Th' illuded sense, and mars the golden dream. 183  
 These are delights that absence drear has made  
 Familiar to my soul, e'er since the form  
 Of young Sapphira, beauteous as the Spring,  
 When from her vi'let-woven couch awak'd

I will hazard a charge of multiplying quotations unnecessarily, by adducing two or three passages with the substantive " bower."

*Ode to a Friend*, ver. 85 :

While gleaming o'er the crisped *bowers*  
 Rich spires arose, and sparkling towers.

*Newmarket*, ver. 42 :

And see the good old seat, whose Gothic towers  
 Awful emerge from yonder tufted *bowers*.

*Ode on Summer*, ver. 297. of an oak forest,

Beneath whose dark and branching *bowers*  
 Its tide a far-fam'd river pours.

In neither of these passages is the word " bower" or " embower" without its force. Yet, though they have accordingly one general point of resemblance, their particular features are distinctly marked.

V. 189. —her vi'let-woven couch] *Camus*, ver. 233 :

And in the *violet-embroider'd* vale.

But " woven" in composition our poet was partial to. *Compl. of*

By frolic Zephyr's hand, her tender cheek 190  
Graceful she lifts, and blushing from her bow'r  
Issues to clothe in gladfome-glitt'ring green  
The genial globe, first met my dazzled sight :  
These are delights unknown to minds profane,  
And which alone the pensive soul can taste. 195

The taper'd choir, at the late hour of pray'r,  
Oft let me tread, while to th' according voice  
The many-founding organ peals on high,  
The clear flow-dittied chaunt, or varied hymn,

*Cherwell*, ver. 1. "her offer-woven bower." *Ode on Summer*, ver. 137. "each moss-woven border." *Beloso*, ver. 257. "The thick-woven laurel." Compare also *Ode on Summer*, ver. 132. "Its side with mantling woodbines wove."

V. 190. —frolic Zephyr] *L'Allegro*, ver. 18 :

The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,

Zephyr.

V. 196. The taper'd choir,] *Ode at Vale-royal*, ver. 32. "The taper'd rites."

V. 199. The clear flow-dittied chaunt, or varied hymn,] The fondness for choir-service, which Warton very early in his life entertained, seems to have continued with him throughout it, and has produced several allusions in his different poems. To that now before us I add the following.

*Ode at Vale-royal*, ver. 36 :

I seem to listen to the chaunting quire.

*Suicide*, ver. 67 :

What, tho' refus'd each chaunted rite.

*Grave of Arthur*, ver. 118 :

There with chaunted orison,

And the long blaze of tapers clear.





Far in sequester'd iles of the deep dome,  
 There lonesome listen to the sacred founts,  
 Which, as they lengthen thro' the Gothic vaults,  
 In hollow murmurs reach my ravish'd ear. 205  
 Nor when the lamps expiring yield to night,  
 And solitude returns, would I forsake  
 The solemn mansion, but attentive mark  
 The due clock swinging slow with sweepy sway,  
 Measuring Time's flight with momentary sound.

Whereof I had so inly grete plesure,  
 As methought I surely ravishid was  
 Into *Paradise*.

Dryden's paraphrase of the last passage, which by the way blends some of the expressions in the two former, may be considered as a very fair specimen of the manner in which he fills up the outline of his great original :

And I so ravish'd with her heav'nly note,  
 I stood intranc'd, and had no room for thought,  
 But all o'erpower'd with ecstacy of blis,  
 I seem'd brought to bed in *Paradise*.

V. 200. —my soul is bath'd in ecstasies,] *Ode on Summer*, ver. 126:

*Bathe* my blithe heart in *ecstasies*.

*Comus*, ver. 812 :

Will *bathe* the drooping spirits in delight.

But the metaphor is common in Spenser, under its various modifications of *bathe*, *swimming*, *drowned*, in pleasure.

V. 209. The due clock swinging slow] In *The Hamlet*, ver. 28. "the curfeu echoes *duly*." *Il Penseroso*, ver. 76. "Swinging slow with fullen roar."

*Ibid.* —with sweepy sway,] Gray's *Fragment on Education and Government* :

And where the deluge burst with *sweepy sway*.

Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind  
 With the soft thrillings of the tragic Muse,  
 Divine Melpomene, sweet Pity's nurse,  
 Queen of the stately step, and flowing pall.  
 Now let Monimia mourn with streaming eyes  
 Her joys incestuous, and polluted love : 216  
 Now let soft Juliet in the gaping tomb  
 Print the last kiss on her true Romeo's lips,  
 His lips yet reeking from the deadly draught :  
 Or Jaffier kneel for one forgiving look. 220  
 Nor seldom let the Moor on Desdemone  
 Pour the misguided threats of jealous rage.  
 By soft degrees the manly torrent steals  
 From my swollen eyes ; and at a brother's woe  
 My big heart melts in sympathizing tears. 225

What are the splendors of the gaudy court,  
 Its tinsel trappings, and its pageant pomps ?

V. 217. Now let soft Juliet in the gaping tomb, &c.] See Act. v.

*Jul.* What's here ? a cup, clos'd in my true-love's hand ?

————— I will kiss thy lips :

Haply some poison yet does hang on them.

*Thy lips are warm.*

V. 227. Its tinsel trappings, and its pageant pomps ?] *Par. Lost*,  
 ix. 36 :

Bases and *tinsel trappings*, gorgeous knights, &c.

*L'Allegro*, ver. 127 :

And *pomp* and feast and revelry

With mask and antique *pageantry*.

To me far happier seems the banish'd lord,  
 Amid Siberia's unrejoicing wilds  
 Who pines all lonesome, in the chambers hoar 230  
 Of some high castle shut, whose windows dim  
 In distant ken discover trackless plains,  
 Where Winter ever whirls his icy car;  
 While still repeated objects of his view,  
 The gloomy battlements, and iced spires, 235  
 That crown the solitary dome, arise;  
 While from the topmost turret the slow clock,  
 Far heard along th' inhospitable wastes,  
 With sad-returning chime awakes new grief;  
 Ev'n he far happier seems than is the proud, 240  
 The potent Satrap, whom he left behind  
 'Mid Moscow's golden palaces, to drown  
 In ease and luxury the laughing hours.

Illustrious objects strike the gazer's mind  
 With feeble blifs, and but allure the sight, 245  
 Nor rouse with impulse quick th' unfeeling heart.

V. 233. Where Winter ever whirls his icy car;] Milton on the death of a fair infant, ver. 15. represents Winter "in icy-pearled "*car*." But see *The Passion*, ver. 36 :

See, see the chariot and those rushing wheels,

That *whirl'd* the Prophet up at Chebar flood.

Drayton says of the Britons, "they could *whirl* their armed cars." *Poly-olb.* S. x. vol. iii. p. 850. Our poet again in *Newmarket*, ver. 174 :

*Whirl'd* the swift axle through the Pythian dust.

Thus seen by shepherd from Hymettus' brow,  
 What dædal landscapes smile! here palmy groves,  
 Resounding once with Plato's voice, arise,  
 Amid whose umbrage green her silver head 250  
 Th' unfading olive lifts; here vine-clad hills  
 Lay forth their purple store, and sunny vales  
 In prospect vast their level laps expand,  
 Amid whose beauties glistering Athens tow'rs.  
 Tho' thro' the blissful scenes Iliffus roll 255  
 His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding marge  
 The thick-wove laurel shades; tho' roseate Morn  
 Pour all her splendors on th' empurpled scene;  
 Yet feels the hoary Hermit truer joys,  
 As from the cliff, that o'er his cavern hangs, 260  
 He views the piles of fall'n Persepolis  
 In deep arrangement hide the darksome plain.

V. 247. Thus seen by shepherd from Hymettus' brow,  
 What dædal landscapes smile! &c.]

See the description of Athens in *Par. Reg.* iv. 247:

There flowery hill *Hymettus* with the sound  
 Of bees industrious murmur oft invites  
 To studious musing; there *Iliffus* rolls  
 His whispering stream; within the walls then view  
 The schools of ancient *sages*, &c.

Compare also *Par. Lost*, iv. 254:

Or *palmy* hillock, or the slowery lap  
 Of some irriguous valley spread her *store*,  
 Flowers of all hues, and without thorn the rose;  
 Another side *umbrageous* grots and caves  
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling *vine*  
 Lays forth her purple grape, &c.

Unbounded waste! the mould'ring obelisk  
Here, like a blasted oak, ascends the clouds;  
Here Parian domes their vaulted halls disclose 265

V. 265. Here Parian domes their vaulted halls disclose] Warton has seldom, as in this line, noticed classical architecture with admiration. He has repeatedly expressed his fondness for Gothic by the epithet, here applied with less propriety to the Grecian, and by others of much the same force. *To Sir Jos. Reynolds*, ver. 17 :

But chief, enraptur'd have I lov'd to roam,

A ling'ring votary, the *vaulted* dome.

*Grave of Arthur*, ver. 9 :

Illumining the *vaulted* roof, &c.

*Ode for New Year*, 1788. ver. 56 :

Along thy lofty-*vaulted* fane.

Where he has perhaps been inadvertently led into a mistake. See note on the passage. *Ode at Vale-royal Abbey*, ver. 51 :

Ah! see beneath yon tower's *unvaulted* gate.

These passages relate to Gothic buildings, as do also the following.

*On Death of George II.* ver. 81. Of Oxford :

To rear her *arched* roofs in regal guise.

*Grave of Arthur*, ver. 178 :

E'en now with *arching* sculpture crown'd

He plans the chauntry's choral shrine.

*Ode on Summer*, ver. 122 :

Far seen its *arched* windows blaze.

*Monody at Stratford*, ver. 8. Of Shakspeare,

Whose sacred dust yon *bigb-arch'd* iles inclose.

*Ode for New Year*, 1787. ver. 6 :

In some proud castle's *bigb-arch'd* hall.

It is also with reference to Gothic architecture, that the following expressions are made use of. *Triumph of Isis*, ver. 155 :

Ye *bigb-arch'd* walks, where oft the whispers clear

Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear.

*Ode to a Friend*, ver. 34 :

Where *bigb o'er-arching* trees embower

The grassy lane.

Horrid with thorn, where lurks th' un pitying thief,  
 Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,  
 And the deaf adder wreathes her spotted train,  
 The dwellings once of elegance and art. 269  
 Here temples rise, amid whose hallow'd bounds  
 Spires the black pine, while thro' the naked street,  
 Once haunt of tradeful merchants, springs the  
 grass:

Here columns heap'd on prostrate columns, torn  
 From their firm base, increase the mould'ring mass.  
 Far as the sight can pierce, appear the spoils 275  
 Of sunk magnificence! a blended scene  
 Of moles, fanes, arches, domes, and palaces,  
 Where, with his brother Horror, Ruin sits.

O come then, Melancholy, queen of thought!

Above, ver. 40. Of a walk of pines "beneath their ample *arch*."  
 In repetitions of this kind, trilling as they may appear, we trace  
 the predilections of the poet.

V. 266. Horrid with thorn,] *Census*, ver. 429. "Caverns, shagg'd  
 "with *horrid* shades:" altered by Pope to "Caverns, shagg'd with  
*horrid thorn*." *Elpis*. 20. But see Virgil, *Æn.* viii. 348. Of the  
 Capitol,

*Aurca nunc, olim sylvestribus horrida dumis.*

V. 271. —————thro' the naked street,

Once haunt of tradeful merchants, springs the grass:]

Thomson's *Summer*, ver. 1060:

*Empty the streets*, with uncouth verdure clad,  
 Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd  
 The cheerful *haunt* of men.

O come with faintly look, and steadfast step, 280  
From forth thy cave embower'd with mournful  
yew,

Where ever to the curfeu's solemn sound  
Lift'ning thou sitt'st, and with thy cypress bind  
Thy votary's hair, and seal him for thy son.  
But never let Euphrosyne beguile 285  
With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind,  
Nor in my path her primrose-garland cast.  
Tho' 'mid her train the dimpled Hebe bare  
Her rosy bosom to th' enamour'd view;  
Tho' Venus, mother of the Smiles and Loves, 290

V. 280. —with faintly look, and steadfast step,] Compare *Il Penseroso*, where Melancholy is described with “*faintly* visage,” ver. 13. “sober, *steadfast* and demure,” ver. 32. And “with even *step* and musing gate,” ver. 38.

V. 285. But never let Euphrosyne beguile  
With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind,]

*L'Allegro*, ver. 12 :

In heaven yclep'd *Euphrosyne*,  
And by men heart-easing Mirth.

*Il Pens.* ver. 3 :

How little you bested,  
Or fill the *fixed mind* with all your *toys*.

V. 288. —dimpled Hebe—] By synecdoche, the whole for the part. *L'Allegro*, ver. 28 :

— — —wreathed smiles,  
Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,  
And love to live in *dimple* fleck.



And Bacchus, ivy-crown'd, in citron bow'r  
 With her on nectar-streaming fruitage feast :  
 What tho' 'tis hers to calm the low'ring skies,  
 And at her presence mild th' embattled clouds  
 Disperse in air, and o'er the face of heav'n 295  
 New day diffusive gleam at her approach ;  
 Yet are these joys that Melancholy gives,  
 Than all her witless revels happier far ;  
 These deep-felt joys, by Contemplation taught.

Then ever, beauteous Contemplation, hail! 300

V. 291. —Bacchus, ivy-crown'd—] "*Ivy-crowned Bacchus*," *L'Allegro*, ver. 16 : agreeably to classical usage. The Greek poets frequently give him some compound epithet to this effect; and particularly he is styled *κισσοειφάρος*, in *Anthol.* I. xxxviii. 11. Drayton in one of his Elegies has "*grape-crowned Bacchus*," Vol. iv. p. 1252.

V. 291. ————— in citron bower

With her on nectar-streaming fruitage feast :]

*Ode on Summer*, ver. 43 :

Where a tall *citron's* shade imbrown'd

The soft lap of the fragrant ground,

There on an amaranthine bed

Thee with rare *nectarine-fruits* he fed.

See also ver. 33. "*nectar-trickling wing*," and similarly-compounded epithets from Spenser and Drayton in the note.

V. 293. What tho' 'tis hers to calm the low'ring skies, &c.] Lucretius, addressing Venus, i. 6.

Te, dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli

Adventumque tuum ; tibi suavis dædala tellus

Summittit flores, tibi rident æquora ponti,

Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cælum.

From thee began, auspicious maid, my song,  
 With thee shall end; for thou art fairer far  
 Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's mossy grot;  
 To loftier rapture thou canst wake the thought,  
 Than all the fabling Poet's boasted pow'rs. 305  
 Hail, queen divine! whom, as tradition tells,  
 Once in his evening walk a Druid found,  
 Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods;  
 And piteous bore with hospitable hand  
 To the close shelter of his oaken bow'r. 310  
 There soon the sage admiring mark'd the dawn  
 Of solemn musing in your pensive thought;  
 For when a smiling babe, you lov'd to lie  
 Oft deeply list'ning to the rapid roar  
 Of wood-hung Meinai, stream of Druids old. 315

V. 301. From thee began, auspicious maid, my song,  
 With thee shall end;—]

Horace to Mæcenas, *Ep.* I. i. 1.

Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende Camœnâ.

Virgil to Pollio, *Ecl.* viii. 11.

A te principium, tibi desinet; accipe iussis

Carmina cœpta tuis :

Thus translated by Dr. Warton :

*With thee began my songs, with thee shall end.*

V. 303. —the nymphs of Cirrha's mossy grot;] The Muses.  
 The town and plain of Cirrha, or Cyrrha, are in Phocis, at the  
 foot of Mount Parnassus.

V. 315. —Meinai—] Menai, or Meneu, the strait which di-  
 vides the isle of Anglesey from Caernarvonshire.



# INSCRIPTIONS.



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## INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE.

AT ANSLEY HALL IN WARWICKSHIRE.

(Published in 1777.)

### I.

**BENEATH** this stony roof reclin'd,  
I sooth to peace my pensive mind ;  
And while, to shade my lowly cave,  
Embowering elms their umbrage wave ;

V. 1. Beneath this stony roof reclin'd, &c.] Mr. Headley refers to an Inscription upon a large root at the Leafowes ;

O let me haunt this peaceful shade, &c.

I will take the opportunity of quoting here, somewhat at length, a passage from our Poet's father, as a specimen of his manner, in which we find the same train of thought as in the Inscription before us :

Sweeter the lonely Hermit's simple food,  
Who in lone caves, or near the rushy flood,  
With eager appetite at early hours  
From maple dish salubrious herbs devours :  
Soft drowfy dews at eve his temples steep,  
And happy dreams attend his easy sleep ;  
Wak'd by the thruth, to neighb'ring vales he goes,  
To mark how sucks the bee, how blooms the rose,  
What latent juice the trodden herbage yields,  
Wild nature's physick in the flowery fields.  
With temperance sooth'd, each solitary day  
Free, innocent, and easy steals away,  
Till age down bends him to the friendly grave,  
No fashion's dupe, no powerful passion's slave. P. 178.

And while the maple dish is mine, 5  
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine ;  
I scorn the gay licentious croud,  
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

II.

Within my limits lone and still  
The blackbird pipes in artless trill ; 10  
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,  
The wren has wove her mossy nest ;  
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,  
To lurk with innocence, she flies ;  
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,  
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell. 15

III.

At morn I take my custom'd round,  
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound ;

V. 5. And while the maple dish is mine,] *Comus*, ver. 390:  
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,  
His few books, or his beads, or *maple dish*,  
Or do his gray hairs any violence ?

And Milton's sixth *Elegy*, ver. 61 :  
Stet prope *fagineo* pellucida *lympha catillo*,  
*Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.*

V. 17. At morn I take my custom'd round,] Mr. Headley  
quotes the following from Milton's *Arcades*, where the Genius of  
the wood is introduced describing his daily occupation :  
When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round  
Over the *mound* and all this hallow'd ground ;

And every opening primrose count,  
That trimly paints my blooming mount : 20  
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,  
That grace my gloomy solitude,  
I teach in winding wreaths to stray  
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

IV.

At eve, within yon studious nook, 25  
I ope my brass-embossed book,  
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed  
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed :  
Then, as my taper waxes dim,  
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn ; 30

And early, ere the odorous breath of morn  
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tall'd horn  
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout,  
With pious words, and murmurs made to blest, &c.

A similar employment is given to our first parents, during their  
state of innocence :

On to their morning's rural work they haste  
Among sweet dews and flowers, &c. *Par. Lost*, v. 211.

For the last part of this stanza see, in particular, ix. 215 :

————— whether to *wind*

The woodbine round this arbor, or direct

The clatping *ivy* where to climb.

V. 24. Fantastic ivy's gadding [spray.] The epithet "*gadding*,"  
as Mr. Headley notices, is applied by Milton in *Lycidas*, ver. 40.  
to the vine. Maſon in his *Engliſh Garden* has ivy's "*gadding* ten-  
drils." B. ii. ver. 134.



And, at the clofe, the gleams behold  
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

V. 31. —the gleams behold

Of parting wings—]

We have a fimilar idea in thofe exquisitely beautiful lines of Pope;

Sill as the fea ere winds were taught to blow,

Or moving fpirit bade the waters flow,

Soft as the flumbers of a faint forgiven,

And mild as op'ning *gleams* of promis'd heaven.

*Eloif.* ver. 253.

He had before fpoken of the happinefs of the blamelefs Veftal, for whom

—wings of Seraphs fhed divine perfumes. Ver. 218.

This refemblance I fince find noticed by Dr. Warton. *Pope's Works*, ii. 40. By the way, the above four lines from Pope were perhaps fuggefted, as Headley has obferved, by Davenant :

Smooth, as the face of waters firft appear'd,

Ere tides began to frive, or winds were heard ;

Kind as the willing faints, and calmer farre,

Than in their fleeps forgiven hermits are.

And again :

Calm as forgiven faints at their laft hour.

(See Headley's *Beauties of Ancient Eng. Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 75 and 158.)

Pope has skill enough to difcern and to adapt to his own ufe the beauties of his predeceffors, but not enough ingenuoufnefs to acknowledge his obligations to them.

V. 32. —wings bedropt with gold.] The fame beautiful image occurs in Milton, *Par. Loft*, vii. 406 :

Show to the fun their wav'd coats, *dropt with gold*.

And in Pope's *Windsor Foreft*, ver. 144 :

The yellow carp in fcales, *bedropt with gold*.

Virgil in a manner not altogether diffimilar describes the bees,

*Ardentes auro, et paribus lita corpora guttis.* *Georg.* iv. 99.

The following defcription of Zetes and Calais from Apollonius Rhodius, a poet not indeed in the firft rank, but certainly worthy

## V.

While such pure joys my bliss create,  
 Who but would smile at guilty state?  
 Who but would wish his holy lot 35  
 In calm Oblivion's humble grot?  
 Who but would cast his pomp away,  
 To take my staff, and amice gray;  
 And to the world's tumultuous stage  
 Prefer the blameless hermitage? 40

of more regard than is usually paid him, is full of picturesque circumstances :

Τῷ ΜΕΝ ΕΠ' ΑΚΡΟΤΑΤΟΙΣ ΠΟΔῶΝ ΕΚΑΤΕΡΘΕΝ ΕΡΕΜΝΑΣ  
 ΣΕΙΘΟΝ ΑΕΙΡΟΜΕΝΩ ΠΤΕΡΥΓΑΣ (μυγα θαμβος ιδεσθαι)  
 ΧΡΥΣΕΙΑΙΣ ΦΟΛΙΔΕΣΣΙ ΔΙΑΤΓΕΛΣ' ΑΜΦΙ ΔΕ ΝΥΚΤΙ  
 ΚΡΑΤΟΣ ΕΞ ΪΠΑΤΟΙΟ ΚΑΙ ΑΥΧΕΝΟΣ ΕΝΔΑ ΚΑΙ ΕΝΔΑ  
 ΚΥΑΝΕΑΙ ΔΟΡΕΟΝΤΟ ΜΕΤΑ ΠΝΟΗΣΙΝ ΕΘΙΡΕΑΙ. *Argon.* i. 219.

Virgil did not consider Apollonius unworthy of his attention, and, sometimes, close imitation.

V. 38. —amice gray ;] Gray clothing, from the Latin verb “amicio,” to clothe. In *Paradise Regained*, iv. 427 :

—————morning fair

Came forth with pilgrim steps in *amice gray*.

The *amice* was one of the ancient ecclesiastical habits. See Du Fresnoy *Gloss. Med. Lat.* in verb. *amictus*.

INSCRIBED

ON A

BEAUTIFUL GROTTO NEAR THE WATER.

(Published in 1753.)

I.

THE Graces fought in yonder stream  
To cool the fervid day,  
When Love's malicious godhead came,  
And stole their robes away.

II.

Proud of the theft, the little god  
Their robes bade DELIA wear;  
While they, ashamed to stir abroad,  
Remain all naked here.

Inscribed, &c.] This inscription is founded on the following in the *Antbologia* :

*De balneo in Smyrna :*

Εὐθαδὲ λουσαμένων Χαριτων ποτι, Δισκίλῃ πιπλά

Βαίος Ἔρως ἐκλεψὲ καὶ ῥχίτο' τὰς δ' ἐλίπ' αὐτοῦ

Γυμνας, αἰδομένας θυρεὼν ἐκτοσθε φανῆναι. IV. xix. 11.

The idea is not uncommon with the Greek epigrammatists; see particularly *Antbol.* IV. xv. 5. and xix. 18.

# INSCRIPTION

OVER A

CALM AND CLEAR SPRING IN BLENHEIM GARDENS.

HERE quench your thirst, and mark in ME  
An emblem of true Charity ;  
Who, while my bounty I bestow,  
Am neither heard nor seen to flow.

Inscription, &c.] I have heard this inscription attributed to Dr. Phannel Bacon, fellow of Magdalen College, author of the *Kite*, and of one or two pieces in the *Oxford Sausage*. A copy of the inscription, which a friend once shewed me in MS. has two additional lines :

Repaid by fresh supplies from heav'n,  
For every cup of water given.

I since find the inscription mentioned as Dr. Bacon's in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1792 ; where the first line is, " Gentle reader, see in me." The insertion of the Inscription in the edition of Warton's Poems in 1791, arranged by himself, and partly printed before his death, may be considered as ascertaining him for the author.

EPITAPH

ON MR. HEAD.

OH spare his youth, O stay thy threat'ning hand,  
 Nor break too soon young wedlock's early band!  
 But if his gentle and ingenuous mind,  
 The generous temper, and the taste refin'd,  
 A soul unconscious of corruption's stain,  
 If learning, wit, and genius plead in vain,  
 O let the mourning Bride, to stop thy spear,  
 Oppose the meek resistance of a tear!  
 And when to sooth thy force his virtues fail,  
 Let weeping faith and widow'd love prevail!

TRANSLATIONS

AND

PARAPHRASES.



J O B,

CHAPTER XXXIX.

(Published in 1750, in the Student.)

DECLARE, if heav'nly wisdom blefs thy  
tongue,

When teems the Mountain-Goat with promis'd  
young ;

The stated seasons tell, the month explain,  
When feels the bounding Hind a mother's pain;  
While, in th' oppressive agonies of birth,  
Silent they bow the forrowing head to earth?  
Why crop their lusty feed the verdant food?  
Why leave their dams to search the gloomy wood?

Say, whence the Wild-Afs wantons o'er the  
plain,

Sports uncontrol'd, unconscious of the rein ?

'Tis his o'er scenes of solitude to roam,

The waste his house, the wilderness his home:

He scorns the crowded city's pomp and noise,

Nor heeds the driver's rod, nor hears his voice ;

At will on ev'ry various verdure fed,

His pasture o'er the shaggy cliffs is spread.



Will the fierce Unicorn obey thy call,  
 Enslav'd to man, and patient of the stall?  
 Say, will he stubborn stoop thy yoke to bear,  
 And thro' the furrow drag the tardy share?  
 Say, canst thou think, O wretch of vain belief,  
 His lab'ring limbs will draw thy weighty sheaf?  
 Or canst thou tame the temper of his blood  
 With faithful feet to trace the destin'd road?  
 Who paints the Peacock's train with radiant eyes  
 And all the bright diversity of dyes?  
 Whose hand the stately Ostrich has supply'd  
 With glorious plumage, and her snowy pride?  
 Thoughtless she leaves amid the dusty way  
 Her eggs, to ripen in the genial ray;  
 Nor heeds, that some fell beast, who thirsts for  
     blood,  
 Or the rude foot, may crush the future brood.  
 In her no love the tender offspring share,  
 No soft remembrance, no maternal care :  
 For God has steel'd her unrelenting breast,  
 Nor feeling sense, nor instinct mild impress'd,  
 Bade her the rapid-rushing steed despise,  
 Outstrip the rider's rage, and tow'r amidst the  
     skies.  
 Didst thou the Horse with strength and beauty  
     deck ?  
 Hast thou in thunder cloth'd his nervous neck ?

[ III ]

Will he, like groveling grasshoppers afraid,  
 Start at each soun<sup>1</sup>, at ev'ry breeze dismay'd ?  
 A cloud of fire his lifted nostrils raise,  
 And breathe a glorious terror as they blaze.  
 He paws indignant, and the valley spurns,  
 Rejoicing in his might, and for the battle burns.  
 When quivers rattle, and the frequent spear  
 Flies flashing, leaps his heart with languid fear ?  
 Swallowing with fierce and greedy rage the ground,  
 "Is this," he cries, "the trumpet's warlike sound?"  
 Eager he scents the battle from afar,  
 And all the mingling thunder of the war.  
 Flies the fierce Hawk by thy supreme command,  
 To seek soft climates, and a southern land ?  
 Who bade th' aspiring Eagle mount the sky,  
 And build her firm aerial nest on high ?  
 On the bare cliff, or mountain's shaggy steep,  
 Her fortress of defence she dares to keep ;  
 Thence darts her radiant eye's pervading ray,  
 Inquisitive to ken the distant prey ;  
 Seeks with her thirsty brood th' ensanguin'd plain,  
 There bathes her beak in blood, companion of  
 the slain.

# A PASTORAL

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

FROM THEOCRITUS.

IDYLL. XX.

## I.

AS late I strove LUCILLA's lip to kiss,  
 She with discourtesee reprov'd my will;  
 Dost thou, she said, affect so pleasant bliss,  
 A simple shepherd, and a losell vile?  
 Not Fancy's hand should join my courtly lip  
 To thine, as I myself were fast asleep.

## II.

As thus she spake, full proud and boasting lass,  
 And as a peacocke pearke, in dalliance

From Theocritus.] This is not a translation, but rather a paraphrastic imitation of the 20th Idyllium of Theocritus. The stanza is the same with that in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*; January and December.

V. 4. —a losell vile?] A good-for-nothing fellow.

V. 8. —as a peacocke pearke,] Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, February:

They wont in the wind wag their wriggle tails,  
*Pearke as a peacocke.*

She bragly turned her ungentle face,  
And all disdaining ey'd my shape askaunce : 10  
But I did blush, with grief and shame yblent,  
Like morning-rose with hoary dewe besprent.

III.

Tell me, my fellows all, am I not fair ?  
Has fell enchantres blasted all my charms ?  
Whilom mine head was sleek with tressed hayre, 15  
My laughing eyne did shoot out love's alarms :  
E'en KATE did deemen me the fairest swain,  
When erst I won this girdle on the plain.

V. 10. —ey'd my shape askaunce :] *Par. Lost*, iv. 502 :

— Afide the Devil turn'd

For envy, and with jealous leer malign

*Eyed them askance.*

See also Spenser, *F. Q.* III. xii. 15 :

Under his *eyebrows* looking still *askaunce*.

V. 11. —yblent,] blinded, confounded. So in *F. 2.* I. ii. 5 :

The eie of reason was with rage *yblent*.

V. 12. Like morning-rose with hoary dewe besprent.] *Shepherd's Calendar*, *December* :

My head *besprent with hoarie* frost I fynde.

V. 15. —with tressed hayre,] *Shepherd's Cal.* *April* :

He plung'd in vaine his *tressful* lockes doth teare.

Drayton has " his *tressed* locks." *Ecl.* II. vol. iv. p. 1391.

V. 16. My laughing eyne] This expression does not occur in the 20th Idyll, but is elsewhere used by Theocritus : *ὀμματα μειδιῶντι*. vii. 20. and by Moschus,

Ὅ πρην μινιδίῳντι συν ὀμματα φαίδρος ἰδεσθαι. iii. 97.

IV.

My lip with vermil was embellished,  
 My bagpipes notes loud and delicious were, 20  
 The milk-white lily, and the rose so red,  
 Did on my face depcinten lively cheere,  
 My voice as foote as mounting larke did thrill,  
 My look was blythe as MARG'RET's at the mill.

V.

But she forsooth, more fair than MADGE or KATE,  
 A dainty maid, did deign not shepherd's love ;  
 Nor wist what THENOT told us fwains of late,  
 That VENUS fought a shepherd in a grove ;

V. 19. My lip with vermil was embellished,] For this and ver. 16, see *Comus*, ver. 753 :

What need a *vermil-tinctur'd lip* for that,  
*Love-darting eyes*, or tresses like the morn ?

V. 20. My bagpipes notes] The bagpipe is the Shepherd's music in Spenser's *August*.

V. 21. The milk-white lily, and the rose so red,  
 Did on my face depcinten lively cheere,]

*Shep. Cal. April :*

The *red rose* medled with the *white yfere*  
 In either cheek *depcinten lively cheere*.

V. 23. My voice as foote as mounting larke did thrill,] *Shep. Cal. October :*

Would *mount* as high, and *sing* as *foote* as swan.

"Soot" for sweet is the common word from Chaucer down to William Browne. "To thrill" for "to sound thrilly" is used by Spenser. E. G. *Faerie Queen*, I. v. 6 : A *shrilling* trompett."

V. 27. —THENOT] The name of an old shepherd in Spenser's *Shep. Cal. February*.

Nor that a heav'nly God, who PHŒBUS hight,  
To tend his flock with shepherds did delight. 30

VI.

Ah ! 'tis that VENUS with accurst despight,  
That all my dolour and my shame has made !  
Nor does remembrance of her own delight  
For me one drop of pity sweet persuade !  
Aye hence the glowing rapture may she miss,  
Like me be scorn'd, nor ever taste a kiss ! 36

V. 29. —who PHŒBUS hight,] Who was called PHŒBUS.

FROM HORACE, BOOK iii. OD. 13.

YE waves, that gushing fall with purest stream,  
Blandufian fount ! to whom the products sweet  
Of richest vines belong,  
And fairest flow'rs of Spring ;

To thee a chosen victim will I kill,  
A Goat, who, wanton in lascivious youth,  
Just blooms with budding horn,  
And defines future war,

Elate in vainest thought : but ah ! too soon  
His reeking blood with crimson shall pollute  
Thy icy-flowing flood,  
And tinge thy crystal clear.

Thy sweet recess the Sun in mid-day hour  
Can ne'er invade : thy streams the labour'd ox  
Refresh with cooling draught,  
And glad the wand'ring herds.

Thy name shall shine with endless honour grac'd,  
While on my shell I sing the hanging oak,  
That o'er thy cavern deep  
Waves his imbowering head.

HORACE, Book iii. OD. 18.

AFTER THE MANNER OF MILTON.

FAUNUS, who lov'ft to chafe the light-foot  
 Nymphs,  
 Propitious guard my fields and funny farm,  
 And nurfe with kindly care  
 The promife of my flock.

So to thy pow'r a Kid fhall yearly bleed,  
 And the full bowl to genial VENUS flow ;  
 And on thy ruftic fhine  
 Rich odours incenfe breathe :

So thro' the vale the wanton herds fhall bound,  
 When thy December comes, and on the green  
 The fteer in traces loofe  
 With the free village fport :

No more the lamb fhall fly th' infidious wolf,  
 The woods fhall fhed their leaves, and the glad hind  
 The ground, where once he dug,  
 Shall beat in fprightly dance.





## O D E S.

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Τὰ ῥόδα τὰ δροσοεντα, καὶ ἡ καταπυκνος ἐκείνη

Ἐρπυλλος κεῖται ταῖς Ἑλικωνιάσι·

Ταὶ δὲ μελαμφυλλοὶ δάφναι τιν, Πυθιε Παιῖαν.

THEOCRIT. Epigr.



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## O D E I.

### TO SLEEP.

(Published in 1777.)

ON this my penfive pillow, gentle Sleep !  
Descend, in all thy downy plumage drest :  
Wipe with thy wing these eyes that wake to  
    weep,  
And place thy crown of poppies on my breast.

O steep my senses in oblivion's balm,                   5  
And sooth my throbbing pulse with lenient hand;  
This tempest of my boiling blood becalm !—  
Despair grows mild at thy supreme command.

Yet ah ! in vain, familiar with the gloom,  
And sadly toiling through the tedious night,   10  
I seek sweet slumber, while that virgin bloom,  
For ever hovering, haunts my wretched fight.

V. 3. Wipe with thy wing these eyes] See Crashaw's translation of Marino's *Sospetto d'Herode* :

Now had the night's companion from her den,  
Where all the busy day she close doth lie,  
*Wub ber* soft wing *wip'd* from the brows of men  
Day's sweat. St. 49. p. 46. edit. Philips.

Nor would the dawning day my sorrows charm:  
Black midnight and the blaze of noon alike  
To me appear, while with uplifted arm  
Death stands prepar'd, but still delays, to strike. 16

V. 14. Black midnight and the blaze of noon alike  
To me appear,—]

Compare *Samson Agonistes*, ver. 80:  
O dark, dark, dark, amid *the blaze of noon*,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
Without all hope of day.

V. 15. — with uplifted arm  
Death stands prepar'd, but still delays, to strike.]

From *Paradise Lost*:

And over them triumphant Death his dart  
Shook, but *delay'd to strike*. xi. 491.

Where it may be remarked by the way, that the very affecting  
circumstance which follows,

———tho' oft invoc'd

With vows as their chief good and final hope,  
may possibly have been suggested by Phineas Fletcher,  
Pray'rs there are idle, *death is woo'd in vain*;  
In midst of death poor wretches long to die.

*Purple Island*, Cant. vi. St. 37.

See also Sackville's figure of Remorse in the *Induction to the Mirror  
of Magistrates*:

With dreadfull cheere and lookes throwne to the skie,  
*Wishing for death, and yet she could not die*. St. 33.

## O D E II.

## THE HAMLET.

WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST.

(Published in 1777.)

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd  
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild;

The Hamlet.] Mr. Headley remarks that the leading idea of this poem was suggested by an account of the life of a peasant in Ph. Fletcher's *Purple Island*, Cant. xii. of which the first six stanzas were certainly in Mr. Warton's eye:

## V.

His certain life that never can deceive him  
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content :  
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him  
With coolest shades, till noontide rage is spent :  
His life is neither tost in boist'rous seas  
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease ;  
Pleas'd and full blest he lives when he his God can please.

## VI.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,  
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place,  
*His little son* into his bosom creeps,  
The lively picture of his father's face :  
Never his humble house or state torment him,  
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him,

And, when he dies, green turfs with grassie tombe content him.  
The same remark as to the resemblance of these poems is made in Headley's *Ancient English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 140. where it is justly called a most exquisite little piece, and is said to contain such a selection of beautiful rural images, as perhaps no other poem of equal length in our language presents us with.

Whichwood Forest.] This forest is of considerable extent to-

Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,  
For splendid care, and guilty gain !

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam 5  
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,  
They rove abroad in ether blue,  
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew ;

wards the western side of Oxfordshire, and at no great distance from our poet's parish of Cuddington. The bounds of it, as Camden informs us on an authority earlier than his own, were once much wider. For King Richard the Third disforested a great part of Whichwood between Woodstock and Brightflow, which King Edward the Fourth had taken into the limits of that forest. *Britannia*, vol. i. p. 294. ed. 1722.

V. 5. —morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam] An image beautiful and new. Raphael's wings in *Par. Lost*, v. 285. are “*sky-tinctur'd*.”

V. 8. They rove abroad in ether blue,  
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew ;]

In Maſon's *Engliſh Garden*, ii. 184 :

Draw through *the dew* the ſplendor of his *ſcythe*.

Where, by the way, is an inſtance of that affected phraſeology, ſo frequent and ſo much to be regretted in a poet of undoubted genius. See alſo his very fine dramatic poem, *Caractacus* :

Lift your boughs of vervain blue,  
Dipt in cold September *dew*.

The above expreſſion occurs in a very fine paſſage in the *Færie Queene*, to which I cannot at preſent refer :

For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake  
Could ſave the ſon of Thetis from to die :  
But that blind bard did him immortal make  
With verſes *dipt in dew* of Caſtalie.

The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,  
That nodding shades a craggy dell. 10

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,  
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear :  
On green untrodden banks they view  
The hyacinth's neglected hue :  
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds, 15  
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds :  
And startle from her ashen spray,  
Across the glen, the screaming jay :  
Each native charm their steps explore  
Of Solitude's sequester'd store. 20

For them the moon with cloudless ray  
Mounts, to illumine their homeward way :  
Their weary spirits to relieve,  
The meadows incense breathe at eve.

But Achilles was dipt in Stygian Lake. Young in his *Love of Fame* says very sweetly of two beautiful young women in tears,

Like blushing rose-buds, *dip't in morning dew.* Sat. v.

V. 11. *Midst gloomy glades,*] I have been inclined to attribute our poet's alliterative propensity to his fondness for Spenser. We may trace him in the present instance in the *Fairie Queene*, II. vii. 3.

At last he came unto a *gloomy glade*.

V. 24. *The meadows incense breathe at eve.*] Mr. Headley refers to Gray and Milton, by whom the same circumstance is applied with equal propriety to the morning:



No riot mars the simple fare, 23  
 That o'er a glimmering hearth they share :  
 But when the curfew's measur'd roar  
 Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,

The breezy call of *incense-breathing* morn. Gray's *Elegy*.  
 Now when as sacred light began to dawn  
 In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that *breath'd*  
 Their morning *incense*, when all things that breathe  
 From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise  
 To the Creator, and his nostrils fill  
 With grateful smell, &c. *Par. Lost*. ix. 192.

See a similar idea in Giles Fletcher's *Christ's Victory*, published 1610:

There might the violet and primrose sweet  
 Arising from their beds of *incense* meet. iv. 8.

Perhaps the above passage from Milton gave the hint for the following lines :

Ye dew-fed vapours, nightly balm, exhal'd  
 From earth, young herbs, and flow'rs, that in the morn  
 Ascend as *incense* to the Lord of day,  
 I come to breathe your odours, &c.

Crowe's *Lezefdon Hill*.

Amidst the farrago of what is called poetry continually issuing from the press, the lovers of genuine poetry cannot but regret that a man, so well qualified, as the author of the above lines, to utter the most vigorous thoughts in the most expressive language, should have written so little.

V. 27. But when the curfew's measur'd roar, &c.] *Il Penseroso*, ver. 74 :

Oft on a plat of rising ground  
 I hear the *far-off curfew* sound,  
 Over some wide-water'd shore  
 Swinging slow with fullen roar.

Has echoed from the distant town,  
 They with no beds of cygnet-down, 20.  
 No trophied canopies, to close  
 Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom  
 Of health around the clay-built room,  
 Or through the primros'd coppice stray, 35  
 Or gambol in the new-mown hay;  
 Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,  
 Or drive afield the tardy kine;

V. 30. They with no beds of cygnet-down,  
 No trophied canopies, to close  
 Their drooping eyes in quick repose.]

Compare this and the two first lines of the Ode with Shakspeare,  
*Henry VI.* Part III. Act ii.

Gives not the *hawthorn* bush a sweeter shade  
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
 Than doth a rich embroider'd *canopy*  
 To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?  
 O yes, it doth.

See also in *Henry IV.* Part II.

Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,  
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
 Under the *canopus* of costly state,  
 And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?

Lucretius has a very beautiful passage to this effect, but too long  
 to be quoted. ii. 24. Dryden translates one of the lines,  
 With golden *canopies*, and beds of state.

Or hasten from the sultry hill,  
To loiter at the shady rill ;  
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,  
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

40

Their humble porch with honied flow'rs  
The curling woodbine's shade imbrow'rs :

V. 41. —the tall pine's gloomy crest,] The pine, which several times makes its appearance in our author's poetry, is generally associated with melancholy and gloomy ideas.

*Ode to a Friend*, ver. 13 :

The tufted *pin*es, whose umbrage tall  
Darkens the long deserted hall.

*Pleasures of Melancholy*, ver. 37 :

———Or let me tread  
Its neighbouring walk of *pin*es, where mus'd of old  
The cloyster'd brothers : through the gloomy void  
That far extends beneath their ample arch,  
As on I pace, religious horror wraps  
My soul in dead repose.

*Ode on Approach of Summer*, ver. 239 :

In solemn state, where waving wide  
Thick *pin*es with darkening umbrage hide  
The rugged vaults and riven towers, &c.

We must however except “ the *pin*e verdure” of Crete, (*Cyf.* ver. 32.) the “ *pin*e” sleeps of Lycæum, (*Ode on Summer*, ver. 186) and the chills of Sicily, “ that wav'd with oak and *pin*e.” (*Ode for June* 4, 1786, ver. 24.)

V. 43. Their humble porch with honied flow'rs  
The curling woodbine's shade imbrow'rs :]

*Par. Lost*, i. 303 :

——Where th' Etrurian *shades*  
High over-arch'd *unbrow'r*.

From the small garden's thymy mound 45  
 Their bees in busy swarms resound :  
 Nor fell Disease, before his time,  
 Hastes to consume life's golden prime :  
 But when their temples long have wore  
 The silver crown of tresses hoar ; 50  
 As studious still calm peace to keep,  
 Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

V. 43. —with honied flow'rs] *Lycidas*, ver. 140 :

That on the green turf suck the *bonied flow'rs*.

In *Il Pens.* ver. 142. we have "the bee with *bonied* thie," and in *Samson Agonistes*, 1066. "The bait of *bonied* words." Dr. Johnson in his life of Gray has not specified the nature of the objection which he has to Gray's use of "the *bonied* Spring." "There has "of late," he observes, "arisen a practice of giving to adjectives "derived from substantives the termination of participles ; such as "the *cultur'd* plain, the *daisied* bank : but I was sorry to see, in the "lines of a scholar like Gray, the *bonied* Spring." As to the lateness of the general practice, to go no farther back, Milton has frequently adopted it.

V. 45. From the small garden's thymy mound] In the earlier editions it was the "*trim garden* ;" from *Il Penseroso* :

That in *trim gardens* takes his pleasure. Ver. 50.

The epithet "trim" so applied was appropriate. In the first edition of Milton's smaller poems, by Warton, is a note on the above line, containing some curious remarks and anecdotes relating to the formal style of gardening.

V. 50. The silver crown of tresses hoar ;] *Proverbs*, xvi. 31 :  
 "The *hoary* head is a *crown* of glory, if it be found in the way of  
 "righteousness." See *Ode on Approach of Summer*, ver. 292 :

And Age shall give the *tresses hoar*.

## O D E III.

WRITTEN AT VALE-ROYAL ABBEY IN CHESHIRE.

(Published in 1777.)

AS evening slowly spreads his mantle hoar,  
 No ruder sounds the bounded valley fill,  
 Than the faint din, from yonder sedgy shore,  
 Of rushing waters, and the murmuring mill.

How sunk the scene, where cloister'd Leisure  
 mus'd!

5

Where war-worn Edward paid his awful vow;  
 And, lavish of magnificence, diffus'd  
 His crouded spires o'er the broad mountain's brow!

• Vale-royal Abbey] A Monastery for Cistercian Monks, founded by King Edward I. about the year 1300, in consequence of a vow, which he made when in danger of being shipwrecked, during his return from a crusade. It was first founded at Dernhall in the same county in the year 1270, 54th of the reign of Henry III. But afterwards Edward I. in the 27th year of his own reign, translated it to a place on the river Weaver, not far distant, to which he on this occasion gave the name of The Vale-royal, and granted to the Abbot and Convent several parishes, lands, &c. adjoining. After the dissolution it came into the family of Holcroft, from whom it was purchased about the middle of the 17th century by the Lady Mary Cholmley; and in her family I believe that it still continues.

The golden fans, that o'er the turrets strown,  
Quick-glancing to the fun, wild music made, 10  
Are reft, and every battlement o'ergrown  
With knotted thorns, and the tall sapling's shade.

The prickly thistle sheds its plummy crest,  
And matted nettles shade the crumbling mass,  
Where shone the pavement's surface smooth,  
imprest 15  
With rich reflection of the storied glass.

V. 9. The golden fans, that o'er the turrets firown,  
Quick-glancing to the fun, wild music made,]

Mr. Headley refers to some instances, where this idea occurs, quoted in the 2d vol. of *History of English Poetry*, p. 223. *note*. "In the castle of *Pleasant Regard*, the fans on the high towers are mentioned as a circumstance of pleasure and beauty. *Assembl. of Lad.* ver. 160 :

"The towris hie full pleasant shall ye finde,

" With *phanis* freshe, turning in every winde.

" And our Author again, ch. 38 :

" Aloft the towres the *golden fanes* goode

"*Dyde with the winde make full sweete armony,*

"Them for to heare it was great melody."

See also Percy's *Reliques*, vol. i. p. 104.

V. 10. Quick-glancing to the fun,] Gray's *Ode to Spring*.  
Some show their gayly-gilded trim,  
*Quick-glancing to the fun.*

V. 15. Where shone the pavement's surface smooth, imprest  
With rich reflection of the storied glass.]

"*Storied glaſs*" is of courſe the ſame with "*ſtoried windows*," *On the birth of the Pr. of Wales*, ver. 50. Mr. Headley obſerves that the image contained in theſe lines, which in nature is moſt beautiful,

Here hardy chieftains slept in proud repose,  
 Sublimely shrin'd in gorgeous imagery;  
 And through the lessening files, in radiant rows,  
 Their consecrated banners hung on high. 20

There oxen browse, and there the fable yew  
 Through the dun void displays its baleful glooms;  
 And sheds in lingering drops ungenial dew  
 O'er the forgotten graves and scatter'd tombs.

By the slow clock, in stately-measur'd chime, 25  
 That from the massy tower tremendous toll'd,  
 No more the plowman counts the tedious time,  
 Nor distant shepherd pens his twilight fold.

was first introduced into poetry by Pope, though very feebly expressed :

With various-colour'd light *the pavement shone*.

*Temp. of Fame*, 254

But compare the language and the idea of Milton, though he is not describing the effect of painted glass, reflected on the floor :

————— the bright

*Pavement*, that like a sea of jasper shone,

Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd. *Par. Lost*. iii. 362.

This is shining with *various-coloured* light; for the jasper has a green ground, interspersed with spots of red, white, and yellow.

V. 25. By the slow clock, in stately-measur'd chime, &c.] The thoughts in this stanza are similar to those in the opening of Gray's *Elegy*: but the error in the latter, of making the ploughman leave off work at curfew-time, was seen and avoided.

High o'er the trackless heath at midnight seen,  
No more the windows, rang'd in long array,  
(Where the tall shaft and fretted nook between  
Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray.

V. 29. High o'er the trackless heath at midnight seen,  
No more the windows, rang'd in long array,  
(Where the tall shaft and fretted nook between  
Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray.]

Every picturesque eye must be gratified with this accurate delineation of a very pleasing object. But my intention in citing it here is that I may notice how nicely Warton has at different times touched on the Gothic window, that interesting feature in our ecclesiastical architecture. This will appear by an attention to the several passages in which he has noticed it. In the *Monody*, ver. 9. the *height* and *long range* of the windows are remarked ;

Where the tall windows rise in stately rows  
Above th' embowering shade.

Both which particularities are noticed in the text : as also in *Mons Catbarinæ*, ver. 81 : Of Winchester Cathedral,

Ingens delubrum, *centum sublime fenestris*.

Somewhat of the *shape* is intimated in *Ode on Approach of Summer*, ver. 122 :

Far seen its *arched* windows blaze.

The epithet "arched," I believe, is never used by our poet, but with reference to the pointed arch. But the *Verses to Sir Jos. Reynolds*, which contain an exact picture of a cathedral, are minute also in this particular. Ver. 23 :

Where Superstition with capricious hand  
In many a maze the *wreathed* window plann'd,  
With *bues* romantic ting'd the gorgeous pane, &c.

Which supply us with the *mullions* and *painted glass* ; to which if we add the great western window, intimated in the same verses, 101. "the *broad* window's *height*," (for, it will be observed, the Poet speaks of the west window in New College Chapel) it may be difficult to mention any distinguishing feature in that branch of



Ev'n now, amid the wavering ivy-wreaths,  
 (While kindred thoughts the pensive sounds  
     inspire)  
 When the weak breeze in many a whisper breathes,  
 I seem to listen to the chaunting quire. 36

As o'er these shatter'd towers intent we muse,  
 Though rear'd by Charity's capricious zeal,  
 Yet can our breasts soft Pity's sigh refuse,  
 Or conscious Candour's modest plea conceal? 40

For though the forcerefs, Superftition blind,  
 Amid the pomp of dreadful facrifice,  
 O'er the dim roofs, to cheat the tranced mind,  
 Oft bade her vifionary gleams arife :

Though the vain hours unfocial Sloth beguil'd, 45  
 While the ftill cloifter's gate Oblivion lock'd;  
 And thro' the chambers pale, to flumbers mild  
 Wan Indolence her drowfy cradle rock'd :

Gothic architecture, which Warton has not noticed. These are not hackneyed pictures, but show an observer of real appearances.

V. 42. Amid the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,] Pope's *Eloisa* :  
 From the full quire when loud Hofannahs rise,  
 And swell *the pomp of dreadful sacrifice.* Ver. 353.

V. 48. Wan Indolence her drowfy cradle rock'd:] Pope, in a very tender and affectionate passage, uses the same figure :

Yet hence, enthron'd in venerable state,  
 Proud Hospitality dispens'd her store : 50  
 Ah, see, beneath yon tower's unvaulted gate,  
 Forlorn she sits upon the brambled floor!

Her ponderous vase, with Gothic pourtraiture  
 Emboss'd, no more with balmy moisture flows;  
 Mid the mix'd shards o'erwhelm'd in dust  
 obscure, 55  
 No more, as erst, the golden goblet glows.

Me let the tender office long engage  
 To rock the cradle of reposing age. *Prol. to Sat. ver. 408.*

V. 53. Her ponderous vase, with Gothic pourtraiture  
 Emboss'd,—]

*Complaint of Chervell, St. 4 :*

In Isis' vase if Fancy's eye discern  
 Majestic towers *embofs'd* in sculpture high.

Compare Spenser's *Virgil's Gnat* :

Ne yet his cup *emboft with imagery*. St. 13.

The word *pourtraiture*, the meaning of which is obvious, was introduced into the language by Chaucer, among innumerable other innovations, from the French :

Why shulde I not as wel eke tell you all

The *purtreiture*, that was upon the wall

Within the temple' of mighty Mars the Rede? *C. T. 1969.*

It is not uncommon in Spenser; but though used by Dryden in his version of the above passage of the *Knights Tale*,

Within these Oratories might you see

Rich carvings, *pourtraitures*, and imagery,

may be considered perhaps as obsolete. Warton has it again, *To Sir Jof. Reynolds, ver. 47 :*

Those native *pourtraitures* of Attic art.

Sore beat by storms in Glory's arduous way,  
 Here might Ambition muse, a pilgrim sage;  
 Here raptur'd see, Religion's evening ray  
 Gild the calm walks of his reposing age. 6a

Here ancient Art her dædal fancies play'd  
 In the quaint mazes of the crisped roof;  
 In mellow glooms the speaking pane array'd,  
 And rang'd the cluster'd column, massy proof.

V. 62. —the crisped roof;] And above, in *Verses to Sir Jof. Reynolds*, ver. 72. "the *crisped* nich." The word must be understood of the curious fretwork, which winds and interlaces itself, in every direction, over the roofs and tabernacles of Gothic buildings.

V. 63. —the speaking pane—] *Verses to Sir J. Reynolds*, ver. 4. "the *speaking* glaſs."

V. 64. And rang'd the cluster'd column, massy proof.] *Il Pens.* ver. 157 :

And love the high embowed roof,  
 With antick pillars *massy proof*.

"Massy proof, that is (says Bp. Warburton) proof against a great weight. So, in the poem of *Arcades*,

—branching elm *star-proof*;

"that is, which will resist the evil influence of the planets." And in this explanation, as to that part of it, which concerns the etymology, Dr. Hurd, Mr. Warton, Mr. Todd, and the other commentators on Milton appear to have acquiesced, or at least have not objected to it; though it is evidently unfounded. "*Star-proof*" and "*sun-proof*" doubtless mean *proof* against, or (in Milton's words) "impenetrable to, *star* or *sun* light:" but by no analogy can *massy-proof* be analysed into "proof against a great weight," or massiveness; unless it be contended, and surely it will not, that

Here Learning, guarded from a barbarous age, 65  
 Hover'd awhile, nor dar'd attempt the day ;  
 But patient trac'd upon the pictur'd page  
 The holy legend, or heroic lay.

Hither the solitary minstrel came 69  
 An honour'd guest, while the grim evening sky

"massy" is a substantive. Milton however may be still made to illustrate himself. In *Samson Agonistes* it is said that Samson,

—————weaponless himself,

Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,  
 Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail  
 Adamantean proof. Ver. 130.

"Adamantean proof" here evidently does not mean proof against adamant; the frock of mail was *adamantean* (*tunica adamantina*), and *proof* or impenetrable; as the steel mentioned before was *chalybean* (*chalybeum ferrum*) and *tempered*. In each case are two adjectives agreeing with one substantive, though not connected by the copulative: and thus in the passage, with which we set out, the pillars are *massy* and *proof*, or immovable. That "proof" may be used thus absolutely appears from the following:

Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight  
 With hearts more *proof* than shields.

This passage is quoted from Shakspeare by Dr. Johnson on the word, but without reference to the play. The above explanation will hold, whether the word is considered to be an adjective, or to be used elliptically (as Dr. Johnson says) for "*of proof*."

V. 70. —while the grim evening sky  
 Hung lowering,—]

*Suicide*, ver. 7. "*Lower'd the grim morn.*" Milton speaks of "*grim fires*" in *Par. Lost*, ii. 170. and "*Death's grim cave*" in xi. 469.

Hung lowering, and around the social flame  
Tun'd his bold harp to tales of chivalry.

Thus sings the Muse, all pensive and alone ;  
Nor scorns, within the deep fane's inmost cell,  
To pluck the gray moss from the mantled stone,  
Some holy founder's mouldering name to spell.

Thus sings the Muse:—yet partial as she sings,  
With fond regret surveys these ruin'd piles :  
And with fair images of ancient things  
The captive bard's obsequious mind beguiles. so

But much we pardon to th' ingenuous Muse ;  
Her fairy shapes are trick'd by Fancy's pen :  
Severer Reason forms far other views,  
And scans the scene with philosophic ken.

V. 75. —the gray moss] So Spenser in the *Faerie Queene*,  
————— did spread

Their arms abroad with *gray moss* overcast. I. ii. 28.

And in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, February :

But now the *gray moss* marred his rine.

V. 82. Her fairy shapes are trick'd by Fancy's pen:] "Tricked,"  
which means adorned, dressed out, is used by Milton in *Il Pens.*  
ver. 123 :

Not *trick'd* and frown'd as she was wont.

And in a sublime passage in *Lycidas*, ver. 170 :

And *tricks* his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.

But the word is not yet out of use.

From these deserted domes new glories rise; 85  
 More useful institutes, adorning man,  
 Manners enlarg'd, and new civilities,  
 On fresh foundations build the social plan.

Science, on ampler plume, a bolder flight  
 Essays, escap'd from Superstition's shrine; 90  
 While freed Religion, like primeval light  
 Bursting from chaos, spreads her warmth divine.

O D E IV.

SOLITUDE, AT AN INN.

(Written May 15, 1769.)

OFT upon the twilight plain,  
 Circled with thy shadowy train,  
 While the dove at distance coo'd,  
 Have I met thee, Solitude!  
 Then was loneliness to me  
 Best and true society.  
 But, ah! how alter'd is thy mien  
 In this sad deserted scene!  
 Here all thy classic pleasures cease,  
 Musing mild, and thoughtful peace : 10  
 Here thou com'st in fullen mood,  
 Not with thy fantastic brood  
 Of magic shapes and visions airy  
 Beckon'd from the land of Fairy :  
 'Mid the melancholy void 15  
 Not a pensive charm enjoy'd !

V. 5. Then was loneliness to me  
 Best and true society.]

*Par. Lost*, ix. 249 :

*For solitude sometimes is best society.*

No poetic being here  
 Strikes with airy sounds mine ear ;  
 No converse here to fancy cold  
 With many a fleeting form I hold,  
 Here all inelegant and rude  
 Thy presence is, sweet Solitude.



O D E V.

SENT TO MR. UPTON,

ON HIS EDITION OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

(Published in 1777.)

AS oft, reclin'd on Cherwell's shelving shore,  
I trac'd romantic Spenser's moral page,  
And sooth'd my sorrows with the dulcet lore  
Which Fancy fabled in her elfin age ;

Much would I grieve, that envious Time so soon  
O'er the lov'd strain had cast his dim disguise; 6

Ode, &c.] In the Library of Trinity College, Oxford, there is a copy of Urry's Chaucer, on the first leaf of which is the following memorandum. *Notulas manuscriptas adjecit Joannes Upton, Præbendarius Ecclesiæ Roffensis. Cujus a Musæo redemptus est iste liber. T. Warton.*

V. 2. —romantic Spenser's moral page;] "Romantic," because he sings

Of turneys and of trophies hung,

Of forests and enchantments drear. *II Pcnf.*

But at the same time, "moral," because under the wildest stories

More is meant than meets the ear.

Spenser says of his own poetry,

Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall *moralize* my song.

As lowering clouds, in April's brightest noon,  
Mar the pure splendors of the purple skies.

Sage UPTON came, from every mystic tale  
To chase the gloom that hung o'er fairy ground:  
His wifard hand unlocks each guarded vale, 11  
And opes each flowery forest's magic bound.

Thus, never knight with mortal arms essay'd  
The castle of proud Busyrane to quell,  
Till Britomart her beamy shield display'd, 15  
And broke with golden spear the mighty spell:

V. 8. Mar the pure splendors of the purple skies.] See Ph.  
Fletcher's *Purple Island*:

Only one blot so great a *light to mar*,

That never could he hope his waning to repair. vi. 70.

I would mention here that the use of "repair" in the above  
passage, and again in Cant. vi. St. 64. of the same poem,

So soon *repairs* her light doubling her newborn rays,  
may perhaps have occurred to Milton in *Lycidas*, ver. 169:

And yet anon *repairs* his drooping head;  
and will more fully justify Gray, where he says of "the orb of  
" day,"

To-morrow he *repairs* the golden flood. *Bard*, III. iii.

See note on the above from *Lycidas* in Warton's edit. of Milton.

V. 16. —with golden spear—] I rather suspect an oversight in  
this passage. When Britomart attended at Satyrane's Turney-  
ment in disguise, she is distinguished as the "Knight of the hebene  
"speare:" (See *F. 2*. IV. v. 8.) and it appears from IV. vi. 6. that  
it was with the same spear that she had penetrated the castle of  
Busyrane. Warton remarks however, (*Obs. on Spenser*, i. 207.)

The dauntless maid with hardy step explor'd  
Each room, array'd in glistering imagery ;  
And thro' th' enchanted chamber, richly stor'd,  
Saw Cupid's stately maske come fwEEPing by.—

At this, where'er, in distant region sheen, 21  
She roves, embower'd with many a spangled  
bough,

that Spenser sometimes calls it "*golde launce*." I am not aware that he ever calls it so ; nor do I know what authority Upton has for saying (vol. ii. p. 517.) that it was headed with gold, or for identifying it, as he seems to do, with Aistolfo's *lancia d'oro*. Perhaps indeed he has only mentioned the latter, by way of accounting for Spenser's having attributed such virtue to the "*bebene speare*." Compare Warton's *Hist. of Eng. P.* vol. i. p. 412.

V. 17. The dauntless maid with hardy step explor'd, &c.] See *Faerie Queene*, B. III. C. xi. and xii. Most of the expressions in this stanza are properly taken from Spenser :

Much fairer than the former was that *roome*,  
And *richlier* by many partes *array'd*. III. xi. 51.

And in the next stanza,  
And all aboute the *gliffring* walles were hong  
With warlike spoiles.

And in the argument to Canto xii :  
The *maske of Cupid* and *th' enchaunted*  
*Chamber* are display'd.

Spenser elsewhere uses *imagery* as in the text :  
That richer seem'd than any tapestry,  
That princes bowres adorne with painted *imagery*. VII. vii. 10.

V. 21. At this, where'er, in distant region sheen, &c.] This stanza has evidently an allusion to the first Book of the *Faerie Queene* ; but I do not altogether understand it.

Mild Una, lifting her majestic mien,  
Braids with a brighter wreath her radiant brow.

At this, in hopeless sorrow drooping long,      25  
Her painted wings Imagination plumes ;  
Pleas'd that her laureate votary's rescued song  
Its native charm and genuine grace resumes.

V. 26. Her painted wings Imagination plumes ;] *Triumph of Isis* :

She rests her wearied feet, and *plumes her wings*. Ver. 240.

*Comus*, ver. 378, on which see the note ;

She *plumes* her feathers, and lets grow her *wings*.

Thomson is close to the text, where he says of the birds, that they begin

——to *plume the painted wing*. *Spring*, 585.

The wings of Imagination are “ painted ” for an obvious reason.

# O D E VI.

## THE SUICIDE.

BENEATH the beech, whose branches bare,  
 Smit with the lightning's livid glare,  
 O'erhang the craggy road,  
 And whistle hollow as they wave;  
 Within a solitary grave, 5  
 A Slayer of himself holds his accurs'd abode.

The Suicide.] I am well informed that an opinion, which has prevailed of this Ode having been occasioned by the death of Chatterton, is not founded on fact. Chatterton destroyed himself by swallowing arsenic in water. Not indeed that this circumstance would be decisive against his being the subject of it: but I know from indisputable authority that he was not.

V. 6. A Slayer of himself—] I retain this expression, which appeared in the last edition, in preference to “a wretched suicide.” The “*fleece of himself*” is used by Chaucer, *C. T.* 2007. and retained in Dryden's version of the *Knight's Tale*.

Ibid. A Slayer of himself holds his accurs'd abode.] This line stood at first

A wretched Suicide holds his accurs'd abode.  
 With some parts of this stanza compare the following from *Britannia's Pastorals*:

—————In an ebon chaire  
 The foule's black *bomicide* meager Despaire  
 Had his abode; there 'gainst the craggy rockes  
 Some dasht their braines out—————  
 Others on trees (O! most *accursed* elves!) &c. I. v.

Lower'd the grim morn, in murky dies  
 Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,  
 And dimm'd the struggling day ;  
 As by the brook, that ling'ring laves      10  
 Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,  
 Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,  
 His gestures strange, and varying face,

But see *Facrie Queene*, B. I. C. ix. which Browne, as well as War-  
 ton, certainly had in his eye.

V. 10. —the brook, that ling'ring laves  
 Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,]  
 Like Virgil's description of the lake of hell :  
*Quos circum limus niger, et deformis arundo*  
*Cocyti, tardæque palus inamabilis undâ*  
*Alligat.* *Georg.* iv. 478.

V. 13. I mark'd his desultory pace,  
 His gestures strange, and varying face,]  
 Mr. Headley refers to *Par. Lost* :  
 ———his *gestures* fierce  
 He *mark'd* and mad demeanour, then alone,  
 As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen. iv. 128.

See also, a few lines above :  
 Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his *face*  
 Thrice *chang'd* with pale ire, envy, and despair. 114.

*Ibid.* —his desultory pace,] Sallust thus finely describes the  
 unsettled spirits of Catiline by his varied and desultory gait :  
*Incessus modo citus, modo tardus, &c.* This signification of the word  
 “desultory,” although its strict and literal signification, has been  
 nearly superseded by one not so closely connected with its etymo-  
 logy. Warton uses the word again in its primitive sense, *Ode for*

With many a mutter'd sound ;  
 And ah ! too late aghast I view'd  
 The reeking blade, the hand embru'd ;  
 He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night  
 He watch'd the slow return of light ;        20  
 And fought the powers of sleep,  
 To spread a momentary calm  
 O'er his sad couch, and in the balm  
 Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,        25  
 He wore his endless noons alone,  
 Amid th' autumnal wood :  
 Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,  
 Abrupt the social board to quit,  
 And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling  
 flood.        30

*June 4*, 1788. ver. 39 : Of the Dane, "his *defultory* march ;" and nearly so, in *Ode for June 4*, 1790. ver. 12. "Indignant Darwent's *defultory* tide."

V. 25. Full oft, unknowing and unknown,] So Horace,  
*Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis.*

V. 26. ————alone,  
 Amid th' autumnal wood:]

Probably from Akenfide, as Mr. Headley has observed :

*Alone he treads th' autumnal shade. Ode to Cbeartfulness.*

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,  
 DESPAIR, for ever in his view,  
 A spectre pale, appear'd ;  
 While, as the shades of eve arose,  
 And brought the day's unwelcome close, 35  
 More horrible and huge her giant-shape she  
 rear'd.

V. 33. A spectre pale,] *Verses on Birth of Prince of Wales*,

—Horror's form, a *spectre wan*. Ver. 61.

Compare Dryden's *Palamon and Arcite*,

He withers at the heart, and looks as *wan*

As the *pale spectre* of a murder'd man.

Gray in his *Progress of Poesy* has "her *spectres wan*." I might have noticed before, that Milton personifies *Horror* in his *Quint. Necemb.* much in the same manner with Warton,

—*exanguisq[ue] locum circumvolat Horror*. Ver. 148.

Spenser never drew a finer groupe of allegorical personages, than that in the passage from which this figure is taken.

V. 36. More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.]

Mr. Headley observes that this combination occurs in Spenser ;

Whom after did a mightie man pursfew,

Ryding upon a dromedare on hie,

Of stature *huge* and *horrible* of hew. *F. Q.* IV. viii. 38.

These ideas are frequently connected in the *Fairie Queene* ; see particularly I. vii. 8 :

An hideous geaunt, *horrible* and *hye*.

And II. xii. 22, 23 :

Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast array'd

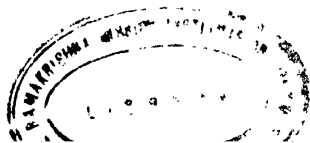
Of *huge* sea-monsters such as living fence dismay'd :

Most ugly shapes and *horrible* aspects.

Ibid. —giant-shape] So in Ph. Fletcher's *Purple Island*, C. vii.

St. 30.

Of *giant-shape* and strength thereto agreeing.





" Is this, mistaken Scorn will cry,  
 " Is this the youth whose genius high  
     " Could build the genuine rime ?  
 " Whose bosom mild the favouring Muse 40  
     " Had stor'd with all her ample views,  
 " Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime."

Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild  
 By treacherous magic was beguil'd,  
     To strike the deathful blow : 45  
 She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind  
 With many a feeling too refin'd,  
 And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense  
     of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,  
 And the sharp stings of hopeless love ; 50

V. 38. ——— whose genius high  
     Could build the genuine rime ?]

From *Lycidas* :

——— he knew  
 Himself to sing and *build the lofty rhyme*. Ver. 10.

*Ode for Music*, ver. 135 :

Erewhile she strove in accents weak  
 In vain to *build the lofty rhyme*.

In the text the epithet "lofty" is altered for the worse, probably because of its resemblance in signification to "high" in the foregoing verse.

V. 49. Though doom'd hard penury to prove,] Gray says in his *Elgy*,

*Chill penury* repress'd their noble rage.



With speaking sculpture wrought?  
 Pity shall woo the weeping Nine,  
 To build a visionary shrine, 65  
 Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions  
 brought.

What though refus'd each chaunted rite?  
 Here viewless mourners shall delight  
 To touch the shadowy shell:  
 And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom 70  
 Of Laura, lost in early bloom,  
 In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring his  
 knell.

To sooth a lone, unhallow'd shade,  
 This votive dirge sad duty paid,

*Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,  
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast.*  
 See also Shakspere in *Cymbeline*, Act iv. Gray's *Elegy*, and Collins's sixth *Ode*.

V. 68. Here viewless mourners shall delight  
 To touch the shadowy shell: &c.]

Collins in much the same manner:

By Fairy hands their *knell* is rung,  
 By forms unseen their *dirge* is sung.

"Viewless" is a Miltonic word: see *Comus*, ver. 92. and note.

"Thy *viewless* chariot." *Pl. of Mel.* ver. 115.

V. 74. This votive dirge—] "Votive" means what is given in compliance with a vow. Milton translates Horace's *tabula votiva*,

Within an ivied nook : 75  
 Sudden the half-sunk orb of day  
 More radiant shot its parting ray,  
 And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention  
 took.

“ Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise ;  
 “ Nor thus for guilt in specious lays 80  
 “ The wreath of glory twine :  
 “ In vain with hues of gorgeous glow  
 “ Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow,  
 “ Unless Truth’s matron-hand the floating folds  
 confine.”

“ Just heaven, man’s fortitude to prove, 85  
 “ Permits through life at large to rove

in my *vow’d* picture. Hor. B. I. Od. v. And by an easy transition it is made to signify, given as an offering of duty, affection, or the like, though not in consequence of a specific vow.

V. 78. And thus a cherub-voice my charm’d attention took.] Mr. Headley refers to Browne’s *Britannia’s Pastorals* :

When *sodainly* a voice as sweet as cleare  
 With words *divine* began entice his care, &c.

---

And from a heavenly quire this ditty heard. B. i. S. 5.

Gray in *The Bard*, III. iii. speaks of  
 A voice as of the *cherub* choir.

V. 85. Just heaven, man’s fortitude to prove,  
 Permits through life at large to rove, &c.] Is not this

“ The tribes of hell-born Woe :  
 “ Yet the same power that wisely lends  
 “ Life’s fiercest ills, indulgent lends  
 “ Religion’s golden shield to break th’ embattled  
     foe. 90

“ Her aid divine had lull’d to rest  
 “ Yon foul self-murthrer’s throbbing breast,  
     “ And stay’d the rising storm :  
 “ Had bade the fun of hope appear  
 “ To gild his darken’d hemisphere, 95  
 “ And give the wonted bloom to nature’s blasted  
     form.

truly elevated and religious sentiment superior to one somewhat similar in Gray’s *Progress of Poesy*?

Man’s feeble race what ills await !  
 Labour and penury, the racks of pain,  
 Disease, and Sorrow’s weeping train,  
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !  
 The fond complaint my song disprove,  
 And justify the laws of Jove.

Say has he given in vain the heav’nly Muse? &c.

But Religion is a better compensation than the Muse for the ills of life.

V. 89. —indulgent lends

Religion’s golden shield—]

Ph. Fletcher’s *Purple Island* :

Patience his shield had lent to guard his breast. x. 7.

In *Paradise Lost*, vi. 102. the Angels are represented with “ golden shields.”

V. 92. Yon foul self-murthrer] Browne speaks of suicide under

" Vain man! 'tis heaven's prerogative  
 " To take, what first it deign'd to give,  
     " Thy tributary breath :  
 " In awful expectation plac'd, 100  
 " Await thy doom, nor impious haste  
 " To pluck from God's right hand his instru-  
     " ments of death."

the appellation of "that *foule* offence," *Brit. Past.* I. i. And in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherds*, it is called "that *foul* unmanly  
"guilt." *Act* iv.

V. 97. "Vain man!] See *Britannia's Pastorals* ·  
     *Vaine man!* doe not mistrust  
     Of heaven winning ;  
     Nor (tho' the most unjust)  
     Despaire for sinning, &c.

This passage is referred to by Mr. Headley, who also remarks the general resemblance between this Ode and Browne's *Brit. Past.* Book I. Song v.

V. 102. —his instruments of death.] Spenser of a Suicide,  
     With which sad *instrument* of hasty death. *F. Q. I.* ix. 30.

But compare the whole of the ninth Cant. of the first Book, in which will be found several hints improved on in "The Suicide." The whole adventure between the Red-Cross Knight and Despair is in Spenser's very first stile; but is in some of its parts, particularly the one before us, copied and greatly improved from Higgins's Legend of Queene Cordila, in the *Mirror of Magistrates*. See *Hist. of Eng. Poet.* iii. 262.

# ODE VII.

SENT TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS LEAVING A FAVOURITE VILLAGE IN HAMPSHIRE.

(Written in 1750. Published in 1777.)

AH mourn, thou lov'd retreat ! No more  
 Shall classic steps thy scenes explore !  
 When morn's pale rays but faintly peep  
 O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,

Sent to a Friend,] To his brother, Dr. Joseph Warton, who at the time of this Ode being written, 1750, was just leaving his residence at Wynflade, near Basingstoke, and going abroad with Charles Duke of Bolton. I am informed of this circumstance by Mr. John Warton. The first Sonnet contains an allusion to the same event.

V. 3. —morn's pale rays] Virgil speaks of *pallida* Aurora, *Georg.* I. 446. Thomson's *Spring*, ver. 20. the *pale morn*.

V. 3. When morn's pale rays but faintly peep  
 O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,]

Of the morning *peeping out* of the east, (see *Comus*, ver. 140. Warton's note) an instance is brought from Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, and Drayton's *Muses Elysium*: but the expression is common in Spenser and Fairfax. I will just add, that the language in the passage of Milton above alluded to,

Ere the blabbing eastern *fiout*  
 The nice *morn* on the Indian steep  
 From her cabin'd *loophole* peep,

Who now shall climb its brows to view  
 The length of landscape, ever new,  
 Where Summer flings, in careless pride,  
 Her varied vesture far and wide !  
 Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,  
 Or grange, or elm-encircled farm : 10

is most probably derived from Fairfax in his translation of Tasso ;  
 where describing a centinel, he says,

There in a turret sat a soldier stout,  
 To watch, and at a *loophole peeped out.* vii. 100.

V. 6. The length of landscape, ever new,] Dyer's *Grange-  
 Hill* :

Ever charming, *ever new*, .  
 When will the *landscape* tire the view !

V. 9. Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,  
 Or grange, or elm-encircled farm :]

This is repeated, as Mr. Headley observes, in the *Ode on Approach  
 of Summer* :

O ! every *village-charm* beneath,  
 The *smoke* that mounts in azure wreath !  
 O beauteous rural interchange,  
 The simple *spire*, the *elmy grange* ! Ver. 265.

Let me add here, that the elm was a favourite tree with Warton,  
 no less than with Milton ; at least if we may judge from his  
 repeated notices of it :

*Inscription in a Hermitage*, ver. 3 :

And while, to shade my lowly cave,  
 Embowering *elms* their umbrage wave.

*Ode for June 4, 1790*, ver. 27 :

That breathes o'er Ashton's *elmy* vale.

*Sonnet VII.* ver. 2 :

——Where Epsom spreads  
 Mid intermingling *elms* her flow'ry meads.



The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,  
 Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof :  
 The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall  
 Darkens the long-deserted hall :  
 The veteran beech, that on the plain  
 Collects at eve the playful train :  
 The cot that smokes with early fire,  
 The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire !

15

*Picures of Melancholy*, ver. 141 :

— the waving *elms*  
 That, hoar thro' time, and rang'd in thick array,  
 Enclose with stately row some rural hall.

*Ode on Summer*, ver. 100 :

Beneath her *elm* the milkmaid chants.

*Ibid.* ver. 115 :

Round ancient *elm*, with humming noise,  
 Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.

In which two cases the selection of circumstances is arbitrary: they are not local descriptions.

*Monf. Catbarinæ*, ver. 78 :

Turritum, a dextrâ, patulis caput extulit *ulmis*  
 Wiccamici domus alma chori.

And *In Horto Script* :

Vos O quæ fociis plicata ramis  
*Ulmi* brachia panditis gemellæ.

V. 18. The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire!] *L'Allegro*,  
 ver. 77 :

Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

Warton has "The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall  
 Darkens the long-deserted hall,

above, ver. 13. And "bosom'd cot," in *Ode on Summer*, ver. 112.

Who now shall indolently fray  
 Through the deep forest's tangled way ; 20  
 Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find  
 The well known hoary-tressed hind,  
 That toils with feeble hands to glean  
 Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean !  
 Who mid thy nooks of hazle sit, 25  
 Loft in some melancholy fit ;  
 And listening to the raven's croak,  
 The distant flail, the falling oak !  
 Who, through the sunshine and the shower,  
 Descry the rainbow-painted tower ? 30  
 Who, wandering at return of May,  
 Catch the first cuckow's vernal lay ?

V. 20. Through the deep forest's tangled way ;] Of the word  
 " tangle," which is Miltonic, our poet furnishes several in-  
 stances.

V. 22. The well known hoary-tressed hind,] As Gray notices  
 the " boary-headed swain," in his *Elegy*. Πολιοκροταφος, Gr. See  
 Anthol. III. xii. 18.

*The Hamlet*, ver. 50 :

The silver crown of *treffes boar*.

Shakspeare, in *Midf. N. Dr.* has " boary-headed frosts."

V. 26. Loft in some melancholy fit ;  
 And listening to the raven's croak,]

In *Ode on Summer*, ver. 214 :

The *raven* wakes my *tranced* mind.

See also *Comus*, ver. 547 :

Wrapt in a pleasing *fit* of *melancholy*.

Who musing waste the summer hour,  
 Where high o'er-arching trees embower  
 The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd, 35  
 With azure flow'rets idly grac'd !  
 Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn  
 Returning reapers cross the lawn ;  
 Nor fond attention loves to note  
 The wether's bell from folds remote : 40  
 While, own'd by no poetic eye,  
 Thy pensive evenings shade the sky !

For lo ! the Bard who rapture found  
 In every rural sight or sound ;

V. 34. Where high o'er-arching trees embower] *Par. Lost*,  
 i. 304 :

—————Where th' Etrurian shades  
 High over-arch'd embower.

But see Warton's note on *Il Penseroso*, ver. 133.

V. 43. For lo ! the Bard who rapture found  
 In every rural sight or sound ;]

From *Par. Lost*, as Mr. Headley remarks :

—————From each thing met conceives delight,  
 The smell of grain, or tedded hay, or kine,  
 Or dairy, *each rural sight, each rural sound.* ix. 449.

Some of the circumstances that follow are judiciously introduced  
 in allusion to a poem by Dr. Warton, intitled *Stanzas on taking*  
*the air after a long illness :*

Yet once more, O ye rivers, shall I lie  
 In summer evenings on your willow'd banks,  
 And, unobserv'd by passing shepherd's eye,  
 View the light Naiads trip in wanton ranks.  
 Each rural object charms so long unseen, &c.

Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste, 45  
 No charm of genuine nature pass'd ;  
 Who felt the Muse's purest fires,  
 Far from thy favour'd haunt retires :  
 Who peopled all thy vocal bowers  
 With shadowy shapes, and airy powers. 50

Behold, a dread repose resumes,  
 As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms !  
 From the deep dell, where shaggy roots  
 Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,  
 Th' unwilling Genius flies forlorn, 55  
 His primrose chaplet rudely torn.

V. 51. Behold, a dread repose resumes,] *Pleasures of Melancholy*,  
 ver. 41 :

As on I pace, religious horror wraps  
 My soul in *dread repose*.

V. 53. ———where shaggy roots  
 Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,]  
 Gray's *Elgy*, ver. 101 :

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
 That *wreathes* its old fantastic *roots* so high.

V. 55. Th' unwilling Genius flies forlorn,  
 His primrose chaplet rudely torn.  
 With hollow shriek the Nymphs, &c.]  
 Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity* :  
 From haunted spring and dale,  
 Edg'd with poplar pale,  
 The parting *Genius* is with sighing sent ;  
 With *flow'r-inwoven tresses* torn,  
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

With hollow shriek the Nymphs forsake  
 The pathless copse and hedge-row brake :  
 Where the delv'd mountain's headlong side  
 Its chalky entrails opens wide, 60  
 On the green summit, ambush'd high,  
 No longer Echo loves to lie.  
 No pearl-crown'd Maids, with wily look,  
 Rife beckoning from the reedy brook.

And again ; of Apollo :

*With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.* St. xix.

See also Spenser, where the Nymphs are described sympathising  
 with Cymoent for the supposed loss of Marinell :

Whiles all her sisters did for her lament,

With yelling outcries and with shrieking fowne,

And every one *did tear her girdle* from her crowne.

*F. Q.* III. iv. 30.

In the *Revenge of America*, Dr. Warton says of the Genius of  
 India,

For grief his feathery crown he tore.

V. 58. ———hedge-row brake:] *L'Allegro*, ver. 58. "By *hedge-*  
*"row elms."*

V. 61. On the green summit, ambush'd high,

No longer Echo loves to lie.]

See Moschus's luscious Elegy on Bion, a considerable part of which,  
 like this paragraph, is made up of the lamentations of several  
 imaginary beings for the loss of their favourite poet :

Αχω δ' ἐν πετρῶνι ὀδυρεται, ὅτι σιωπῇ,

Κεκλιτ' ἰμῖται τα σα χεῖρα. *Ver.* 30.

V. 63. No pearl-crown'd Maids, with wily look,

Rife beckoning from the reedy brook.]

See *Taffo*, Cant. xvi. and Spenser, *F. Q.* II. xii. Mr. John Warton  
 remarked to me a resemblance between this and *Comus*, ver. 883 :

Around the glow-worm's glimmering bank, 65  
 No Fairies run in fiery rank ;  
 Nor brush, half-seen, in airy tread,  
 The violet's unprinted head.  
 But Fancy, from the thickets brown,  
 The glades that wear a conscious frown, 70

By all the Nymphs that nightly dance  
 Upon thy streams with *wily glance*.

V. 63. — pearl-crown'd Maids.

In the *Triumph of Isis*, ver. 13. Isis is described with a " coral  
 " crown." But see note on *Comus*, ver. 833. where in a passage from  
 an old poet we have,

Plait her tresses with your *pearls*.

Drayton also in *Polyolbion* introduces two Nereids,

With dainty nets of *pearl* cast o'er their braided hair.

S. xx. ver. 111. p. 1042.

V. 65. Around the glow-worm's glimmering bank,  
 No fairies run in fiery rank ;]

Milton's *Arcades*, ver. 97:

By sandy Ladon's lilyed *banks*

Trip no more in twilight *ranks*.

But the epithets have different relations ; Milton's pointing out  
 the time of day, Warton's the dazzling appearance of the fairies ;  
 agreeably to Shakspeare, who speaks of " the fiery glow-worm."  
*Midf. N. Dr.*

V. 68. The violet's unprinted head.] *Comus*, ver. 896 :

Whilst from off the waters fleet

Thus I set my *printless* feet

O'er the cowslip's tender *head*,

That bends not as I *tread*.

On which see note, and quotation from *England's Helicon*. Dryden  
 in *The Flower and the Leaf*,

The forest-oaks, that, pale and lone,  
 Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,  
 Rough glens, and fullen waterfalls,  
 Her bright ideal offspring calls.

So by some sage inchanter's spell, 75  
 (As old Arabian fablers tell)

Attending long in vain I took the way,  
 Which through a path but scarcely *printed* lay,  
 In narrow mazes oft it seem'd to meet,  
 And look'd as *lightly press'd by fairy feet*.

Homer and Virgil have nearly the same idea, the former speaking of the mares of Erichonius, and the latter of Camilla.

V. 75. So by some sage inchanter's spell, &c.] Mr. Headley quotes the following from Akenfide's *Pleasures of Imagination* :

————— *So fables tell,*  
 'Th' adventurous hero, bound on hard exploits,  
 Beholds with glad surprise by secret *spells*  
*Of some kind sage*, the patron of his toils,  
 A *visionary* paradise disclos'd  
*Amid the dubious wild*, &c. B. iii. ver. 507.

But what follows from one of Addison's papers on the same subject, for a reference to which I am indebted to Mr. John Warton, is more complete. " We are every where entertained with pleasing  
 " shows and apparitions, we discover imaginary glories in the  
 " heavens and in the earth, and see some of this *visionary* beauty  
 " poured out upon the whole creation. But what a rough un-  
 " sightly sketch of nature should we be entertained with, did all  
 " her colouring disappear, and the several distinctions of light  
 " and shade vanish? In short, our souls are at present delightfully  
 " lost and bewildered in a pleasing delusion, and we walk about  
 " like the enchanted hero in a romance, who sees *beautiful castles*,  
 " *woods*, and *meadows*, and at the same time hears the warbling  
 " of birds and purling of *streams*; but upon the finishing of *some*

Amid the solitary wild,  
 Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd :  
 From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd,  
 With golden fruit the branches beam'd ; 80  
 Fair forms, in every wondrous wood,  
 Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn flood ;

" *secret spell*, the fantastic scene breaks up, and the disconsolate  
 " knight finds himself *on a barren heath, or in a solitary forest*."  
*Spectator*, No. 413. Akenfide of course imitated Addison.

V. 79. From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd,] *Par. Lost*,  
 iv. 237 :

How from that *sapbir* fount the crisped brooks  
 Ran nectar, &c.

V. 80. With golden fruit the branches beam'd ;] See also below,  
 ver. 91 :

Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of *gold*,  
 Blue lightning smote the *blooming* mold.

And compare *Par. Lost*, iv. 148 :

*Blossoms*, and *fruits* at once of *golden* hue.

And ver. 219 :

—————*blooming* ambrosial *fruit*  
 Of vegetable *gold*.

And 249 :

Others whose *fruit* burnish'd with *golden* rind  
 Hung amiable.

In *Comus*, " Laden with *blooming gold*," ver. 394. See also *Grave*  
 of *Arthur*, " *In groves of golden bliss*," ver. 110.

V. 81. Fair forms, in every wondrous wood,  
 Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn flood ;]  
 From *Par. Regained*, ii. 353 :  
 —————distant more  
 Under the trees now *tripp'd*, now *solemn flood*  
 Nymphs of *Diana's* train, &c.



And oft, retreating from the view,  
 Betray'd, at distance, beauties new :  
 While gleaming o'er the crisped bowers 85  
 Rich spires arose, and sparkling towers.  
 If bound on service new to go,  
 The master of the magic flow,  
 His transitory charm withdrew,  
 Away th' illusive landscape flew : 90  
 Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,  
 Blue lightning smote the blooming mold :

*Fairer* than feign'd of old, or fabled since  
 Of faery damsels.

V. 85. —the crisped bowers] *Comus*, ver. 984 :  
 Along the *crisped* shades and *bowers*.

V. 90. Dun clouds] So the word is used by Shakspeare, in Lady Macbeth's awful invocation, to signify excessive gloominess :

—————Come, thick night!

And pall thee in the *dunkest* smoke of hell.

On which Dr. Johnson's remark in No. 168. of the *Rambler* is unaccountable. It is used in the same manner by Fairfax :

The horrid darkness and the shadows *dun*. *Taff.* ix. 62.

And by Milton:

In the *dun* air sublime. *Par. Lost*, iii. 72.

See Mr. Thyer's note.

V. 92. Blue lightning smote the blooming mold:] The word "smote" thus applied, as it has been several times by our poet, is Miltonic :

Both where the morning sun first warmly *smote*

The open field. *Par. Lost*, iv. 244.

On which see Mr. Thyer's note in Newton's edition, where it is referred to the Italians. Compare also *Par. Lost*, i. 297 :

In visionary glory rear'd,  
The gorgeous cattle disappear'd ;  
And a bare heath's unfruitful plain  
Usurp'd the wifard's proud domain. 96

——— the torrid clime

*Smote* on him fore besides.

Fletcher in the *Faithful Shepherdess* uses the same figure with a different expression, Act iv.

When the hot sun *beats* on it.

O D E VIII.

MORNING.

THE AUTHOR CONFINED TO COLLEGE.

*Scribimus inclusi.*——— PERS. Sat. I. ver. 13.

(Written in 1745, his 17th year. Published in 1750, in the Student.)

ONCE more the vernal sun's ambrosial beams  
 The fields as with a purple robe adorn :  
 Cherwell, thy fedgy banks and glift'ring streams  
 All laugh and sing at mild approach of morn ;  
 Thro' the deep groves I hear the chaunting birds, <sup>s</sup>  
 And thro' the clover'd vale the various-lowing  
 herds.

Up mounts the mower from his lowly thatch,  
 Well pleas'd the progress of the spring to mark,

V. 5. Thro' the deep groves I hear the chaunting birds,] See the *Færie Queene*, where " a pleasant grove " is described,

Therein the merry birds, of ev'ry sort,

*Chaunted* aloud their cheerful harmony. II. v. 31.

And *Par. Reg.* ii. 289 :

Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,

With *chant* of tuneful birds resounding loud.

The fragrant breath of breezes pure to catch,  
 And startle from her couch the early lark ; 10  
 More genuine pleasure foothes his tranquil breast,  
 Than high-thron'd kings can boast, in eastern  
 glory drest.

The pensive poet thro' the green-wood steals,  
 Or treads the willow'd marge of murmuring  
 brook ;  
 Or climbs the steep ascent of airy hills ; 15  
 There sits him down beneath a branching oak,  
 Whence various scenes, and prospects wide be-  
 low,  
 Still teach his musing mind with fancies high to  
 glow.

But I nor with the day awake to bliss,  
 (Inelegant to me fair Nature's face, 20  
 A blank the beauty of the morning is,  
 And grief and darkness all for light and  
 grace;)   
 Nor bright the sun, nor green the meads appear,  
 Nor colour charms mine eye, nor melody mine  
 ear.

Me, void of elegance and manners mild, 25  
 With leaden rod, stern Discipline restrains ;

Stiff Pedantry, of learned Pride the Child,  
My roving genius binds in Gothic chains ;  
Nor can the cloister'd Muse expand her wing,  
Nor bid these twilight roofs with her gay carols  
ring.

# ODE IX.

THE

COMPLAINT OF CHERWELL.

(Written in 1761. Published, as it now stands, in 1777.)

## I.

ALL penfive from her oſier-woven bow'r  
 CHERWELL aroſe. Around her darkening  
 edge  
 Pale Eve began the ſteaming miſt to pour,  
 And breezes fann'd by fits the ruſtling ſedge :  
 She roſe, and thus ſhe cried in deep deſpair, 5  
 And tore the ruſhy wreath that bound her  
 ſtreaming hair.

Ode, &c.] This Ode firſt appeared in the Oxford collection of verſes on the death of George II. in the name of John Chicheſter, Brother to the Earl of Donegall, Gent. Com. of Trin. Coll. It was afterwards published in the firſt edition of Warton's Poems, with variations in general not important.

Cherwell.] One of the rivers at Oxford.

V. 3. Pale Eve began the ſteaming miſt to pour,] In *Ode on Approach of Summer*, deſcription of a ſummer-evening, ver. 87 :

When miſts in ſpreading ſteams convey  
 More freſh the fumes of newthorn hay.

II.

Ah ! why, she cried, should Isis share alone  
 The tributary gifts of tuneful fame !  
 Shall every song her happier influence own,  
 And stamp with partial praise her favorite  
 name ?  
 While I, alike to those proud domes allied,  
 Nor hear the Muse's call, nor boast a classic tide.

III.

No chosen son of all yon fabling band  
 Bids my loose locks their glossy length diffuse;  
 Nor sees my coral-cinctur'd stole expand 15  
 Its folds, besprent with Spring's unnumber'd  
 hues :  
 No poet builds my grotto's dripping cell,  
 Nor studs my crystal throne with many a  
 speckled shell.

IV.

In Isis' vase if Fancy's eye discern  
 Majestic towers emboss'd in sculpture high; 20

V. 14. Bids my loose locks their glossy length diffuse;] Dryden's  
*Palamon and Arcite*:

Adown her shoulders fell her *length of hair*. B. i.

Again :

The bush of yellow beard, this *length of hair*. B. iii.

See note on *First of April*, ver. 90.

V. 19. In Isis' vase if Fancy's eye discern  
 Majestic towers emboss'd in sculpture high;]

Lo! milder glories mark my modest urn,  
The simple scenes of pastoral imagery :  
What though the pace sublime, a stately  
queen ?  
Mine is the gentle grace, the meek retiring mien.

V.

Proud Nymph, since late the Muse thy triumphs sung, 25  
No more with mine thy scornful Naiads play,  
(While Cynthia's lamp o'er the broad vale is  
hung,)  
Where meet our streams, indulging short  
delay ;  
No more, thy crown to braid, thou deign'st  
to take  
My cress-born flowers, that float in many a shady  
lake. 20

Alluding to Maſon's *Iſis*, in which the Goddeſs is introduced contemplating the beauties of her "*ſculptured caſſis*:" and in the following ſtanza, which was afterwards added, Warton alludes to his own poem, *The Triumph of Iſis*.

V. 20. —embos'd in ſculpture high ;] *Par. Loſt*, i. 716 :

Cornice, or freeze, with *boſſy ſculptures* graven.

See *Ode at Vale-royal*, ver. 53.

V. 21. Lo! milder glories mark my modest urn,

The ſimple ſcenes of paſtoral imagery :]

*Ode for June 4, 1790*, ver. 52 :

And mark'd his *paſtoral urn* with emblems new.



VI.

Vain bards ! can Isis win the raptur'd soul,  
 Where Art each wilder watery charm invades ?  
 Whose waves, in measur'd volumes taught to  
 roll,  
 Or stagnant sleep, or rush in white cascades :  
 Whose banks with echoing industry resound, 38  
 Fenc'd by the foam-beat pier, and torrent-braving  
 mound.

VII.

Lo ! here no commerce spreads the fervent  
 toil,  
 To pour pollution o'er my virgin tide ;  
 The freshness of my pastures to defile,  
 Or bruise the matted groves that fringe my  
 side : 40  
 But Solitude, on this sequester'd bank,  
 Mid the moist lilies sits, attir'd in mantle dank.

V. 37. —the fervent toil,] *Fervet opus.* Virg. *Georg.* iv.

V. 39. The freshness of my pastures] *On <sup>the</sup> Marriage of the King*, ver. 29 :

*Fresh* are her *pastures* with unceasing rills.

V. 41. But Solitude, on this sequester'd bank,  
 Mid the moist lilies sits,]

The moist lilies are water lilies. Compare Milton's *Arcades*, ver. 97 :

By sandy Ladon's *lilied banks*.

And see Warton's note.

VIII.

No ruder sounds my grazing herds affright,  
 Nor mar the milk-maid's solitary song : 44  
 The jealous halcyon wheels her humble flight,  
 And hides her emerald wing my reeds among;  
 All unalarm'd, save when the genial May  
 Bids wake my peopled shores, and rears the ri-  
 pen'd hay.

IX.

Then scorn no more this unfrequented scene;  
 So to new notes shall my coy Echo string 50

V. 42. —mantle dank.] "Dank," moist, wet. Milton calls  
 Horace's *Vestimenta uvida*

My *dank* and dropping weeds.

See also *Par. Lost*, ix. 179 :

So faying, thro' each thicket *dank* or dry.

V. 45. The jealous halcyon wheels her humble flight,  
 And hides her emerald wing my reeds among;]

Mr. Headley refers to a passage from Shenstone :

Hither the peaceful halcyon flies,  
 And *bides* her *sappbire* plumage here.

The resemblance was stronger, when the two lines in the text  
 stood,

The *sappbire* halcyon wings her secret flight,  
 And glows unseen my reedy ranks among.

Though the word *bides* strongly marks imitation.

V. 47. —the genial May] Lucret. i.

— *genitalis* aura Favoni.

V. 49. Then scorn no more, &c.] Instead of the two stanzas  
 which now conclude this Ode, there were originally the following,  
 which allude to the particular occasion of it :

Her lonely harp. Hither the brow serene,  
And the slow pace of Contemplation bring :  
Nor call in vain inspiring Ecstasy  
To bid her visions meet the frenzy-rolling eye.

X.

Whate'er the theme ; if unrequited love 55  
Seek, all unseen, his bathful griefs to breathe ;  
Or Fame to bolder flights the bosom move,  
Waving aloft the glorious epic wreath ;  
Here hail the Muses : from the busy throng  
Remote, where Fancy dwells, and Nature prompts  
the song. 60

Then hither haste, ye youths, whose duty brings  
To George's memory the votive dirge ;  
Lo ! pensive Peace shall tune your solemn strings,  
To saddest airs along my lonely verge ;  
Here Grief with holy musings may converse  
In sounds, that best shall greet the glorious Hero's herse.

Or if auspicious themes your harps would own,  
In airy visions here shall meet your eye  
Fair scenes of bliss : a blooming Monarch's throne  
Hung with the wreaths of righteous victory,  
The decent trophies of domestic ease,  
A People's filial love, and all the palms of peace.

V. 54. —the frenzy-rolling eye.] Shakspeare, *Midf. N. Dr.*  
Act v :

The poet's eye in a fine *frenzy rolling*, &c.

O D E X.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

(Published in 1777.)

WITH dalliance rude young Zephyr woos  
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse  
The boisterous boy the Fair denies,  
Or with a scornful smile complies.

Mindful of disafter past, 5  
And shrinking at the northern blast,  
The fleet storm returning still,  
The morning hoar, and evening chill;

V. 1. With dalliance rude, &c.] This opening is harsh and unpleasant.

V. 6. —shrinking at the northern blast,  
The fleet storm returning still,  
The morning hoar, and evening chill ;]  
Thomson notices the prevalence of these circumstances in the weather throughout the month of March :

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,  
And Winter oft *at eve* resumes the breeze,  
*Chills the pale morn.* and bids his driving *flics*  
Deform the day delightful. *Spring*, ver. 18.

Reluctant comes the timid Spring. .  
 Scarce a bee, with airy ring, 10  
 Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,  
 That clothe the garden's southern bound :  
 Scarce a sickly straggling flower  
 Decks the rough castle's rifted tower :  
 Scarce the hardy primrose peeps 15  
 From the dark dell's entangled steep ;

V. 10. Scarce a bee, with airy ring,  
 Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,  
 That clothe the garden's southern bound:]

“ What hypercritic (says the present Poet-laureat in his Commentary on Aristotle) would censure these lines, because the “ south wall of a garden is its northern bound ?” P. 501. See Theocritus, *Idyll.* i. ver. 107.

Ὡδὲ καλὸν βορμῶντι ποτὶ σμάνεσσι μελισσαι.

Milton in *Par. Reg.* iv. 247:

There flowery hill Hymettus with the sound  
 Of bees industrious murmur.

V. 15. Scarce the hardy primrose peeps] So Fairfax describes the opening of the rose :

The gentle budding rose, quoth she, behold  
 That first scant *peeping* forth with virgin beames,  
 Halfe ope, halfe shut, her beauties doth unfold.

*Tasso*, xvi. 14.

And Spenser imitating the same passage :

Ah ! see the virgin Rose, how sweetly shee  
 Doth first *peep* forth with bashfull modestie.

*F. 2.* II. xii. 74.

And Ph. Fletcher, of the flowers in spring ;

*Peep* out again from their unfrozen tomb.

*Purple Island*, vi. 68.

And Drayton, in *England's Heroical Epistles* ;

One blossom forth after another *peeps*. Vol. i. p. 225.

O'er the field of waving broom  
 Slowly shoots the golden bloom :  
 And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale  
 Tinctures the transitory gale. 20  
 While from the shrubbery's naked maze,  
 Where the vegetable blaze  
 Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,  
 Every chequer'd charm is flown ;  
 Save that the lilac hangs to view 25  
 Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land  
 The beans their new-born ranks expand :  
 The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades  
 Thinly the sprouting barley shades : 30  
 Fringing the forest's devious edge,  
 Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge ;

V. 22. Where the vegetable blaze  
 Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,  
 He seems to have had Milton in his mind :  
 ———blooming ambrosial fruit  
 Of vegetable gold. *Par. Lost*, iv. 218.

V. 32. Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge ; &c.] Spenser  
 notices much the same circumstances in a pleasing pastoral man-  
 ner :

—Winter's wrath begins to quell,  
 And pleasant spring appeareth.  
 The grafs now 'gins to be refresh'd,  
 The *swallow* peeps out of her nest,  
 And cloudy welkin cleareth.

Or to the distant eye displays  
Weakly green its budding sprays.

Seest not thilk same *hawthorn* stud,  
How bragly it begins to *bud*,  
And utter his *tender head* ?  
Flora now calleth forth each flower,  
And bids make ready Maia's bower,  
That new is uprist from bed. *Shep. Cal. March.*

V. 34. Weakly green—] Gray, (observes Mr. Headley) who saw nature with the eyes of a painter, speaking of the road near Canterbury, says, "It was indeed owing to the bad weather, that the whole scene was dressed in that *tender emerald green*, which one usually sees only for a fortnight in the opening of the spring; and this continued till I left the country." Vol. iv. p. 122. Ma-son's edit.

—"And meadows *green as an emerald*." *Ibid.* p. 182.

Gray notices the same appearance in his *Fragment on Vicissitude*; where he says that April

—lightly o'er the living scene  
Scatters his *freischest tendrest green*.

This beautiful vernal tint has however been often described. See in particular an elegant passage in the beginning of Chaucer's *Floure and Leafe*, ver. 29. It is not going much out of my way to remark, that the above comparison in Gray's letter is to be found in Spenser's description of the various coloured bunches on a vine:

Some deepe impurpled as the hyacine,  
Some as the rubine laughing sweetely red,  
Some like faire *emcraudes*, not yet well ripened.

*F. 2. II. xii. 54.*

And more pointedly in Chaucer:

—Treis clad with leves that aie shal last,  
Eche in his kinde, with colour freshe and *grene*  
As *emcraude*. *Assemb. of Foules*, ver. 173.

It is also used by another modern poet:

Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of *Spring*,  
When first she gives it to the southern gale,  
Than the *greene emerald* shows. Thomson's *Summer*, v. 153.

- The swallow, for a moment seen, 35  
 Skims in haste the village green :  
 From the gray moor, on feeble wing,  
 The screaming plovers idly spring :  
 The butterfly, gay-painted soon,  
 Explores awhile the tepid noon ; 40  
 And fondly trusts its tender dies  
 To fickle suns, and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,  
 If a cloud should haply lower,  
 Sailing o'er the landscape dark, 45  
 Mute on a sudden is the lark ;  
 But when gleams the sun again  
 O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,  
 And from behind his watery veil

V. 40. —the tepid noon ;] Virgil, *Georg.* i. 398 :  
 Non tepidum ad solem pennas in littore pandunt  
 Dilectæ Thetidi Halcyones.

V. 43. Fraught with a transient, frozen shower, &c.] Compare  
 the following beautiful simile from *Paradise Lost* :

As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
 Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread  
 Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element  
 Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow or shower ;  
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet  
 Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,  
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings. ii. 488.



Looks through the thin descending hail ;      50  
She mounts, and, lessening to the sight,  
Salutes the blithe return of light,

V. 50. Looks through the thin descending hail ;] A natural and pleasing image. "Look" is perhaps first applied in this manner by Spenser. *Colin Clout's come home again* :

Her looks were like beams of the morning sun  
Forth-looking through the window of the East,  
When first the fleecie cattle have begun  
Upon the pearled grafs to make their feast.

And *Mother Hubbard's tale* :

The morrow next, so soon as one might see  
Light out of heaven's windows forth to look.

In Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, Act iii.

Till on your side where the morn's sun doth look.

And in B. Jonson's *Sad Shepherdess*, Act i. Sc. 5.

No sun, or moon, or other cheerful star  
Look'd out of heav'n.

See also G. Fletcher's *Chrift's Victory* :

——no joyful beam  
Looks from his starry bower. iii 55.

And Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals* :

——When the morn doth looke  
Out of the eastern gates.

And thus it may be traced to Milton ; *Par. Lost*, i. 594 :

——as when the sun new ris'n  
Looks thro' the horizontal misty air,  
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon, &c.

See *Ode to a Friend*, ver. 3.

V. 52. Salutes the blithe return of light,] So Chaucer :

The besy lark, the messenger of day  
Saluzeth in hire song the morwe gray. *C. T.* 1493.

And Milton :

——the birds,  
Who all things now behold so fresh and green,  
After a night of storm so ruinous,

And high her tuneful track pursues  
Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows 55  
Widely waving oaks inclose  
The moat of yonder antique hall,  
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;  
And to the toils of nature true,  
Wrath their capacious nests anew. 60

Musing through the lawny park,  
The lonely poet loves to mark  
How various greens in faint degrees  
Tinge the tall groupes of various trees;  
While, careless of the changing year, 65  
The pine cerulean, never sere,

Cheer'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,  
*To gratulate the sweet return of morn. Par. Reg. iv. 434.*

V. 66. The pine cerulean,] More distinctive than "gloomy," which he uses in *The Hamlet*, ver. 41. Dyer, who calls the pine "gloomy," has the epithet "blue" in the same line, perhaps with questionable propriety:

The gloomy pine, the poplar blue. *Gongar Hill*.  
The epithet "cerulean," applied in this manner, in English poetry at least, is new to me. Theocritus calls the celandine, a plant of a bluish green colour, *κυανέον* (*Idyll*, xiii. ver. 41.) And Pindar, in a passage which I cannot immediately refer to, applies the same epithet to a wood, though, as far as I remember, with no relation to the particular colour of the trees, but in the general sense of gloomy. The meaning of *κυανέος*, it is well known, was far from

Towers distinguish'd from the rest,  
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

Within some whispering osier isle,  
Where GLYM's low banks neglected smile ; 70  
And each trim meadow still retains  
The wintry torrent's oozy stains :

strictly defined. The Latins use *carulus* and *cæruleus*, in the same manner with their derivative "cerulean" in the text.

V. 66. The pine—never fere,] " fere," ξηρος Gr. dry. Milton

—ivy *never fere*. *Lycid.* ver. 2.

Spenser, in the same manner, characterises the poplar :

—the poplar, *never dry*. *P. 2.* l. i. 8.

I add with reference to Warton's note on the above from *Lycidas*, in which he denies the word " fere" being obsolete in Milton's time, that Dryden uses "*fire-wood*," for dry-wood, fuel, in *Palamon and Arcite*, and in *the Flower and the Leaf*.

V. 69. —osier isle,] Used by Thomson :

— The stately-failing swan

Bears forward fierce, and guards his *osier-isle*.

*Spring*, ver. 775.

V. 70 Where Glym's low banks neglected smile ; &c.] The Glym is a small river in Oxfordshire, flowing through Warton's parish of Kiddington or Cuddington, and dividing it into upper and lower town. It is described by himself in his account of Cuddington, as a deep but narrow stream, winding through willowed meadows, and abounding in trouts, pikes, and wild-fowl. (P. 25.) It gives name to the village of Glymton, which adjoins to Kiddington.

V. 71. Each trim meadow] And below, ver. 87. " daisies  
" pied," from *L'Allegro* :

*Meadows trim with daisies pied*. Ver. 75.

Beneath a willow, long forfook,  
 The fisher seeks his custom'd nook ;  
 And bursting through the crackling sedge, 75  
 That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,  
 He startles from the bordering wood  
 The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,  
 Frisk the lambs with faltering pace, 60

V. 73. Beneath a willow, long forfook,  
 The fisher seeks his custom'd nook ;]  
 The rhyme from Milton :

Th' immortal mind, that hath *forfook*

Her mansion in this fleshly *nook*. *H. Pens.* 91.

And see *Comus*, ver. 499. In strictness, here is a grammatical in-  
 accuracy ; the proper participle is " forsaken."

V. 74. —his custom'd nook ;] The word " nook," a favourite  
 with our poet, conveys the idea of a snug comfortable retreat.  
 See Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Sea-voyage* :

For I will search all *nooks* of this strange island. *Act* iv.

Where the precise meaning of the word is ascertained ; as it  
 seems to be used synonymously with Shakspeare's

In an odd *angle* of the isle. *Tempest*, *Act* i.

To which may be added that our poet in one of his Latin poems  
 uses " angulus" in this sense. *Apud Hort. Wint.*

V. 79. O'er the broad downs, a novel race,  
 Frisk the lambs with faltering pace,]  
 Probably from Lucretius :

———*Hinc nova proles*

*Artubus infirmus teneras lasciva per herbas*

*Ludit, lacte mero mentes percussa novellas.* i. 260.

Gray also thus describes a spring prospect in his *Vicissitude* :

And with eager bleatings fill  
The fofs that skirts the beacon'd hill.

*New-born* flocks in rustic dance  
*Frisking* ply their feeble feet.

V. 79. O'er the broad downs, &c.] The following remark from Mr. Pye's Commentary on Aristotle's Poetic is pleasing and ingenious : Mr. Warton's Ode on Spring, he observes, is " one of the " most beautiful and original descriptive poems in our language, " and strongly shews the force of poetical imitation in rendering " objects that have no beauty in themselves highly beautiful in " description. I suppose there are few scenes less pleasing and " picturesque in themselves than the view from Catharine Hill, " near Winchester, over the bare adjacent downs, and on the " Itchin at its feet, formed into a navigable canal, and creeping " through a wide valley of flat water-meadow, intersected often " at right angles by straight narrow water-courses. But hear the " poet, and observe how the scene appears in the picture he has " given of it, without changing the features of the original." (Then follows the quotation from ver. 79 to ver. 94.)

" Besides the general beauty of the description, it must have a " particular one in the eyes of every Wykehamist, as recalling the " idea of the days of early youth, the joys of which are strongly " impressed on the memory, while the hours of school restraint, " which sometimes considered going to hills even as a task, are " but faintly traced." (P. 500 ) I believe that there is great truth in the last observation. Warton however, it seems, thought less despicably of this view, as we may judge from the following passage in his description of the city, &c. of Winchester. " The " prospect from either of these hills (St. Giles's and Catharine- " hill) is very delightful. The city interspersed with trees and " gardens, magnificent structures, and venerable ruins, and the " country consisting of watered winding valleys, bordered by de- " clivities of a prodigious height, gradually rising into extensive " downs, bounded by distant woods, must charm every lover of " romantic and rural beauty." It is this prospect which he trans- ferred into his *Mons Colbarinæ*. It may be doubted after all

His free-born vigour yet unbroke  
 To lordly man's usurping yoke,  
 The bounding colt forgets to play, 85  
 Basking beneath the noon-tide ray,  
 And stretch'd among the daisies pied  
 Of a green dingle's sloping side :  
 While far beneath, where nature spreads  
 Her boundless length of level meads, 90  
 In loose luxuriance taught to stray  
 A thousand tumbling rills inlay

whether some of our poet's early propensities did not influence him in giving this description. The first quoted testimony is impartial; for Mr. Pye, I believe, is not a Wykehamist, nor particularly connected with Winchester.

V. 88. A green dingle—] *Comus*, ver. 311 :

I know each lane and every alley green,

*Dingle* and bushy dell of this wild wood.

The word "dingle" is still in use, and signifies a valley between two steep hills. See note on the above in Warton's edition of Milton.

V. 90. Her boundless length of level meads,] He seems partial to the kind of expression. *Ode to a Friend* :

Thy *length of landscapes* ever new. Ver. 6.

*Complaint of Chervell* :

Bids my loose locks their glossy *length* diffuse. Ver. 14.

And in a poem by his father we find "his *length of land*." P. 186. It came perhaps from Pope :

Deep through fair forests and a *length of meads*.

*Iliad*, B. xviii.

Dyer says more simply,

Lies a long and level lawn. *Grong. Hill*.

V. 92. A thousand tumbling rills] So Milton, in *Comus*, ver. 926 :

With silver veins the vale, or pass  
Redundant through the sparkling grafs.

From a *thousand* petty rills,  
That *tumble* down the snowy hills.

V. 92. — inlay] Mr. Headley refers to *Paradise Lost*:

———— underfoot the violet,  
Crocus and hyacinth with rich *inlay*  
Broider'd the ground. iv. 700.

See also *Comus*, ver. 21 :

———— sea-girt isles,  
That like to rich and various gems *inlay*  
The unadorned bosom of the deep.

But in the text the land and water are transposed. Warton, who has remarked the resemblance of thought between the above and a passage in *Richard II.* has not mentioned that a similar metaphor is used with the same expression by Shakspeare :

Sit, Jessica : look how the floor of heav'n  
Is thick *inlaid* with patins of bright stars.

*Merchant of Venice*, Act v.

Ibid. ———rills——

With silver veins—]

Rivers have been often described under this metaphor. Drayton in the preface to his *Poly-olbion*, vol. ii. p. 644. speaks of “ delicate embroidered meadows, often *veined* with gentle gliding “ *brooks*.” Isaac Walton in the *Complete Angler* :

The grounds divided into fundry *veins*,  
The *veins* inclos'd with *rivers* running round. P. I. c. i.

Milton in *Par. Reg.*

Fair champain with less *rivers intervein'd*. iii. 257.

Drayton has the following simile :

The *rills* which run in me are like the branched *veins*  
In human bodies seen. *Poly-olb.* S. 21. vol. iii. p. 1055.

G. Fletcher interchanges the metaphor, where he describes our Saviour with temples

*Vein'd* every where with azure *rivulets*. *Christ's Vict.* ii. 10.

Yet, in these prefages rude,  
Midst her pensive solitude,

93

V. 92. ———— inlay

With silver vein—]

Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherds* :

With *veins enamell'd* richly. Act ii.

The whole passage in the text is beautiful, but would have been more so, had there been no confusion of metaphor :

V. 93. ———— pass

Redundant thro' the sparkling grass.]

This object, which is extremely beautiful in nature, is not common in poetry ; particularly the image of which a picture is conveyed by " the sparkling grass." I do not remember that it is any where so nearly given as in Spenser :

Like to a discolour'd snake, whose hidden snares

Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht back declares.

*F. Q.* III. xi. 28.

Some part of the expression in the text is from Milton, who describes a serpent, with spires

————— that on the *grass*

Floted *redundant*. *Par. Lost*, ix. 502.

In *Ode for June 4*, 1786, we have " Nile's *redundant* flood." Ver. 40.

V. 95. Yet, in these prefages rude, &c.] Thomson thus concludes his description of a spring prospect :

————— the raptur'd eye

Hurries from joy to joy, and hid beneath

The fair profusion yellow Autumn spies. *Spring*, iii.

I quote the following passage of Rousseau's *Emilius* from Mr. Pye's Commentary on Aristotle's *Poetic*, where it is introduced together with this passage from the *Ode* before us : " To the appearance of Spring, the imagination joins that of the seasons which are to follow : to the tender buds that are perceived by the eye, the imagination adds flowers, fruits, shades, and sometimes the mysteries they may conceal. It brings into one point of view the scenes that are to succeed, and sees things less as they are than as it wishes them to be." P. 106. And it may be



Fancy, with prophetic glance,  
 Sees the teeming months advance ;  
 The field, the forest, green and gay,  
 The dappled slope, the tedded hay ; 100  
 Sees the reddening orchard blow,  
 The harvest wave, the vintage flow ;  
 Sees June unfold his glossy robe  
 Of thousand hues o'er all the globe ;  
 Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,  
 And Plenty load her ample horn. 106

here remarked by the way, that in the representation of these  
 " scenes that are to succeed," Poetry possesses one manifest supe-  
 riority over Painting.

V. 100. The dappled slope,] See note on *Sonnet* ii. ver. 8.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



